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MAY, 1927

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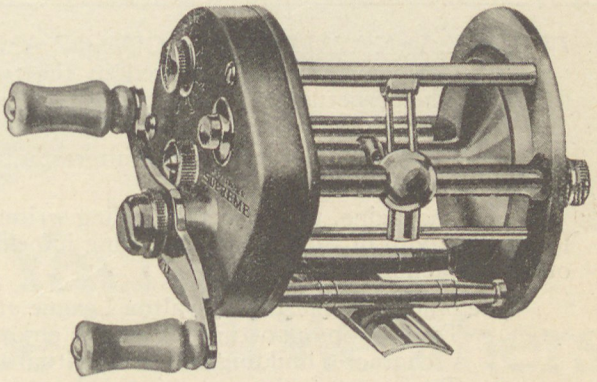

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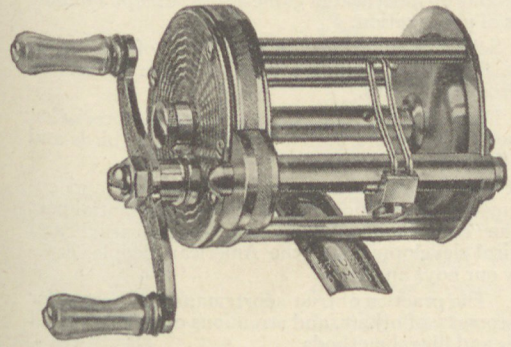

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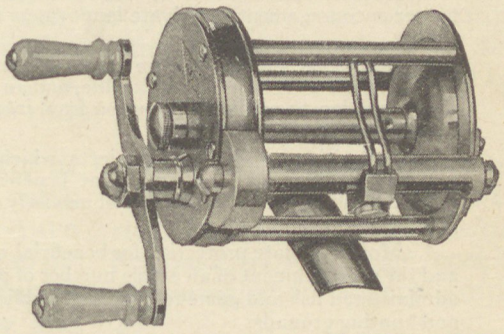

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2900 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

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9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

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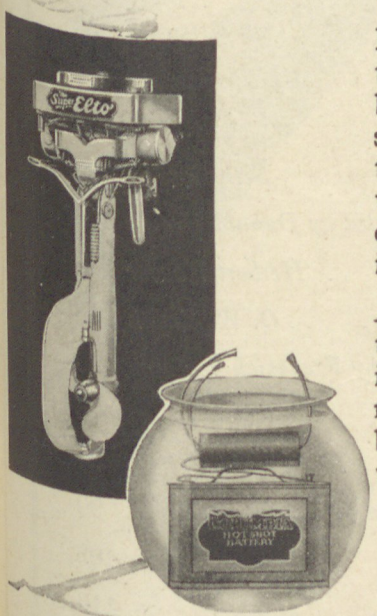


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# Western

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Etching by Lee Sturges

Should scenes such as this be desecrated by huge signboards exploiting a hair restorer or a cough drop?

# Where Conservation Begins

By STRUTHERS BURT

*Author of*
*"The Delectable Mountains"*

ETCHING BY LEE STURGES

CONSERVATION is a large word, formal and slightly grandiose as such words are likely to be. In the beginning terms of the kind are chosen, or invented, to save time, and as such serve their purpose, but the trouble is that almost instantly their fundamental meanings become a trifle misty and remote. Say, for instance, re-forestation to the average man, even the man interested in forests, and immediately he thinks of vast government projects and square miles of hillsides covered with new plantings of fir and spruce. He is not directly, vitally and personally interested. He, John Smith, is not planting these trees, and all he can do about it, and then only if he is an exceptionally alert and far sighted citizen, is to join some association which has as its object the upholding of the hands of the authorities in this respect.

But this is not the whole of re-forestation by any means. It is only a part of it and no more important, perhaps not as much so, as the other part which begins at home. Practically everything begins at home. Charity is not unique in that respect. There is practically nothing in which John Smith is not directly, vitally and personally interested, that is, if John Smith is clear headed. Re-forestation in its simplest terms means no more than replacing with green and necessary beauty, and usefulness, what a more hurried and careless decade has destroyed.

If John Smith plants an apple tree or a shade tree he is engaged in re-forestation, if he goes further and sees to it that the streets of his village or town are properly taken care of, he is beginning to be deeply involved in re-forestation; if his vision is sufficiently large to enable him to assist in the re-planting of his county, his state, and even his country, then, indeed, he is a complete re-forester. But whether he is wise enough to be interested in the last four processes or not, if he is interested in the first, the planting of trees on his own place, he is interested in re-forestation.

So too with Conservation. Let us see what it means reduced to its simplest terms. Like everything else, subjected to this analysis, it becomes a very simple and homespun affair; exceedingly personal, exceedingly pressing. It is not merely the question of the elk in Jackson's Hole, of the redwoods in California, of the pollution of streams throughout the country; it is not concerned entirely with the problems of the Forest Service or the National Park Service or the Biological Survey. It is all these questions, and the kindred questions unmentioned, plus the basic meaning of the whole movement. Both re-forestation and Conservation have their origin in every man's own backyard.

(Reprint from the Sandhill Citizen, Southern Pines, N. C.)

*"A BILL is pending in the South Carolina Legislature to forbid any signs that would deface the beauty of the highways. Big signs, such as mar the scenery near every city, are not only ugly—they are also dangerous. If a signboard on a public highway does not attract the attention of persons driving automobiles, it is a waste of money for business men to put them up. If they do attract attention, they make the highways unsafe. The highways ought not to be defaced.*

*North Carolina should find a way to end such desecration and danger. The billboards make the approaches to our towns and cities hazardous."*

*The above editorial which appeared in the Charlotte Observer of February 7th, shows that South Carolina as well as North Carolina realizes that the constantly increasing number of billboards that line our main highways are rapidly becoming a nuisance. No billboard should be erected within sixty feet of any highway as a matter of common safety to the motoring public. This immediately brings up the question as to the advertising value of a billboard that is placed more than sixty feet from a highway.*

*Another important factor in billboard advertising that tends to lessen its value is the fact that there is a rapidly growing feeling of resentment with the traveling public against this form of advertising.*

*This resentment against billboard advertising is steadily increasing and the time will soon come when the discriminating business man will decide that billboard advertising is no longer an aid to his business and will stop it. A number of the large corporations in the country have already taken this step and more will follow.*

Man, by the mere fact of his existence, finds himself in a dilemma, and one of the horns of this dilemma we chose to call Conservation.

In order to live, man must destroy, but—if we proceed further—in order to live he must eventually replace in some way or other what, in the first instance, he has taken. Originally and fundamentally destructive lest he die, sooner or later, lest he die, he must become constructive as well. Start at the very beginning if you want to. That usually is a good place to begin. Start at the Garden of Eden, whether you believe in it literally or merely as a symbol. When Eve broke the first twig in pulling off the first apple, when Adam, leaving the garden, turned the first spadeful, Conservation appeared on the horizon, although neither Adam nor Eve recognized the fact. Without doubt the world looked large at the moment and the question of guarding apple trees or replenishing the soil did not seem important. But as man rises in the social scale, as his wants increase, as his numbers multiply, his dilemma becomes more and more apparent.

The wiser an animal is the more varied its consumption, the greater its potential powers for danger. Primitive man did not injure his background or exhaust his environment, but modern man becomes each day, unless checked and guided, a more adroit, if unthinking, monster of annihilation. He no longer can exist merely by killing a few deer and bear for their flesh and pelts, or by cutting down a few trees for a fire, he can exist only by turning the world he lives in upside down. He must burrow into this world, he must level this world, he must ascend into the skies and descend into the oceans. There is nothing that he does not wish to cook, burn, transmute or carry away. Millions of trees and millions of rocks are needed to build his houses and his cities; millions of animals, tame or wild, are needed to feed and clothe him. Conservation becomes as vital a question as the perpetuation of life itself.

But, and here is one lively source of trouble, man not only is destructive but he is lazy. All men are lazy, no matter how energetic they think themselves, or how energetic they actually are. Don't let them fool themselves in that respect. Inertia is one of the laws of the universe. Man does only what he has to do, plus what his intelligence makes him do. The more intelligent a man is the more he does, the wider his interests. Man originally destructive, becomes constructive only because starvation forces him to regard to some extent the future, and most of the human race is today still in that state—the half way state where

work is done merely to escape starvation. The modern Conservationist, unlike the Jewish prophets or the headmen of savage tribes, does not have to point out the necessity for replanting crops or breeding animals carefully; that is taken for granted. He has a subtler and more difficult job.

Disregarding that large portion of the human race which does not think at all, the thinking remainder divides itself roughly into two classes, those, much the more numerous, who think only of the present, and those who think both for the present and for the future. Those, in other words, who believe that a bird in the hand is invariably worth two in the bush, and those who are canny enough to realize that before you make any such general statement you ought to find out what the birds are. Obviously a sparrow in the hand is not worth two Birds of Paradise, even if the latter are harder to catch. In the class of those who think both for the present and the future come all Conservationists no matter of what varying shades of opinion. The ability to think both for the present and the future is, indeed, the distinguishing mark of the Conservationist. Referring to the original apple again, it might be said that the Conservationist has to some extent approached the stature of man, while the person who gives no thought to Conservation is nothing more than an apple borer, living upon his environment and not caring what happens when that environment is exhausted. Yes, I think that is fair—the Conservationist is really a man; the rest of mankind are apple borers.

Now, part of the job of the Conservationist, clearly enough, is to try to convert, when he is not fighting them, the upper strata of apple borers—the strata, that is, who think, if it is only for the present. To convert the lower strata, the strata who do not think at all, is a well nigh hopeless task. Only generations of education will accomplish anything, and it does not make much difference. Despite universal suffrage the lower strata usually do what others tell them to do. But part of the job of the Conservationist, the more difficult and subtle part—and this is the point of what I am saying—**is to convert himself.** To make himself realize just what complete Conservation means; to make himself realize, as has already been said, that Conservation begins at home and spreads outward. And here again the inherent inertia of man comes in.

It is infinitely easier to be interested in a good cause at a distance than it is to be interested in a good cause near at home. Also it is safer, there is less treading on the toes of neighbors. You can see this in charity as well as in Conservation. We all know the man who weeps over the Armenians and sends them a check every year but who is deaf to the outrageous conditions in his own locality. There is a committee already organized to take care of the Armenians and all you have to do is to write a check; but to find out why the Jones family lives in a fever ridden tenement means a lot of work and perhaps trouble with your friend Brown who owns the tenement. The same is true of Conservation. It is a lot easier to support enthusiastically a National Park in Hawaii than it is to see that your own town is a lovely place to live in and your own factory a decent place to work in. No one in the world believes more in National Parks in Hawaii than I do, or National Parks anywhere else, and no one has done more in an humble way to uphold this movement than I have, but I will not call myself a complete, or even intelligent, Conservationist, until I am interested in my own garden, my own street, my own county, and my own state. It is illogical for me to care about the redwoods in California and not care that all the highways through my lovely home country should be ruined by signboards; it is illogical that I should insist that the National Park service should put up beautiful and appropriate hotels and then maintain myself a factory, or a store, or an apartment house that is a blot on the neighborhood. Nor is this local form of Conservation so difficult to put into effect as it might seem. A number of people are surprisingly amenable to persuasion and reason, and the Conservationist, local or country wide, has one unassailable argument. Comeliness—a thought for the future—does pay. Actually. In dollars and cents.

*"We have fallen heirs to what was once the most beautiful and varied land in existence."*

I think most people will agree that in our country, in America, we have fallen heirs to what was once the most beautiful and varied land in existence; I think many people will agree that physically we have treated this inheritance shamefully, and that we are continuing to treat it shamefully. We are beginning to be wise enough to set certain parts aside, to preserve them from spoliation, although even this obvious necessity meets with constant opposition, but we are not yet wise enough to realize that ugliness and spoliation need not exist anywhere. No, not in a single spot. No, not even if we are living in what is called "the industrial age." Whenever ugliness and spoliation are met with, selfishness and short sightedness are also met with.

Man is born to a dilemma, he must destroy in order to live, and man must also, in the present state of things, make what money he can. It is nonsense to talk otherwise. But he can destroy and construct again as beautifully, although differently, as if destruction has not taken place, and he can make money at anything without in the least destroying the scenery or inflicting misery on his more sensitive and intelligent neighbors. A factory can be beautiful, and lots of them are, a railway right of way can be beautiful. Game birds don't have to live thousands of miles away. The advertiser who talks to you about his love of fishing and camping and then blocks your view with a sign board is an illogical man and a stupid sentimentalist. The lumber man who supports the National Forests but slashes his own tracts assuredly doesn't let his right hand know what his left is doing.

We have a beautiful country—beautiful anywhere you choose to live. It has been defiled shamefully, hideously, unforgivably. Before we found it, it was the loveliest country in existence; what we have done to it has made it the most squalid. Let's, without in the least losing our ardor for more distant projects, start to clean it up. Perhaps we will be able to accomplish little in our lifetimes, or, on the other hand, perhaps we will accomplish much, but at all events sentiment will have been created. At all events, the advertiser who is strong for the Yellowstone but who plasters our highways, the manufacturer who supports duck preserves, but keeps a factory he wouldn't work in himself, the citizen who writes and talks about keeping certain spots hallowed but who permits the environs of his own town to look like a junk heap, and so on down the list, need not flatter themselves that they are really farsighted Conservationists.

# Rainbows *and* Rattlers

By GERALD PECK

I KNOW that is a queer sort of title but this is a queer sort of story, and at the outset I wish to say that we were not after the rattlers. It was in the days when Idaho was classed as a "tank town" but Richfield, Idaho, was so dry that any kind of a tank was out of place. Fortune dropped me there one evening and I struggled to make the best of a mournful outlook. Tar paper being the vogue in building materials a structure larger than the rest coated with this redolent material was pointed out as the hotel. Now tar paper may successfully exclude some of the undesirable elements, but it retains among other things, heat, and this with its complement of the smell of tar and so forth, well, at least it served as a constant fumigation, and so after writing my name and address on the register I escaped as quickly as I could. The outlook was sage brush and sand with lava outcroppings, and when I thought of all the places I might have been my spirits were very low.

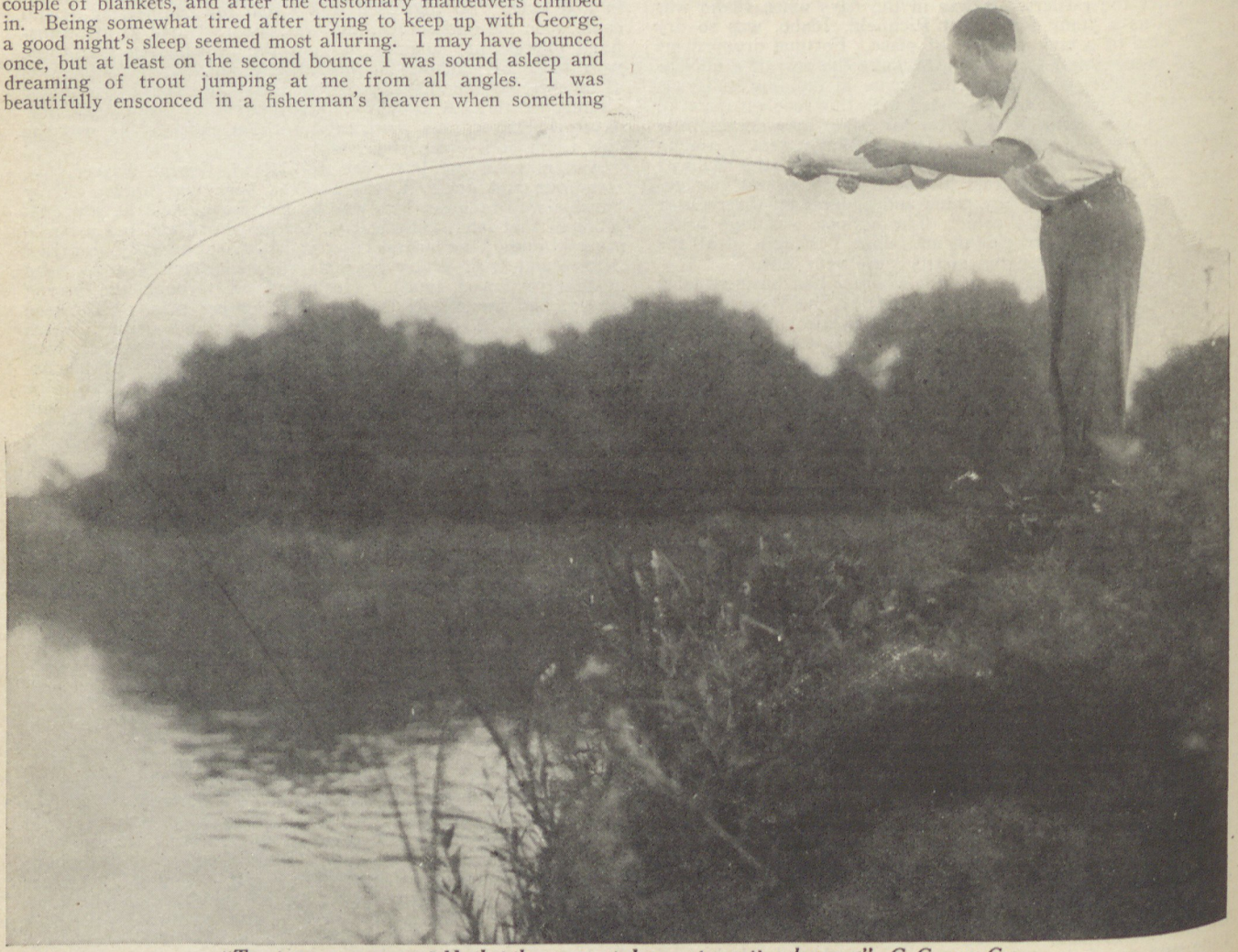
A nationally known engineer with whom I had business tried to cheer me up, saying among other things, "The West is God's Country, and after you have been here awhile you will never care to go back." The first statement I was too weak to dispute, but the last I fought tooth and nail. With the dust blowing into clouds so that it sifted into your pockets, your hair, your shoes, eyes, everywhere, and the prospects of several nights in that tar paper shack staring me in the face I was ready then to turn back. My friend had business before him and in the gathering twilight I wandered around like a lost soul. Had there been anything resembling a road I should have walked down the road hoping that it might lead to more inviting pastures. As it was I waded through that interminable sand cursing my fate and wondering how long it might be before I could leave God's Country and get back to my own. Coming from Wisconsin, which in those days was the land of the Free and the home of the Brew, I had my own ideas of what a real country should be. Here I might interpose that time has a way of altering opinions. Either my disconsolate footsteps or an intuition handed down from a Grandsire whose characteristics were entirely Waltonian led me in due course to a bridge over a small stream (the name I learned later was the Little Wood). What a tremendous spectacle that small stream seemed to me. No oasis in the middle of the Sahara was ever so welcome as the sight of that clear running water. I thereupon made up my mind that if anyone wanted to transact business with me they would have to leave the realms of tar paper and blowing sand and come and sit on that bridge. I had visions of a morning and evening plunge, and with the purling, gurgling music of the stream in my ears I was beginning to think that after all I might get through the job and live. Looking casually at the bridge rail I noticed a small grasshopper within an inch or so of my hand, and without thinking, an impulse made me snap him into the stream. No sooner had he hit the surface of the water than with a rush and splash, Oh! boy, what a rainbow! I stood as if a mule had kicked me, trying to decide about a hundred different things all centered in that trout. So engrossed was I that my engineering friend came upon me unobserved, and was much amused at my transfixed expression. Inquiry brought the information that there were loads of rainbows in the Little Wood, but if fishing was of interest to me the Big Wood was a hot-bed. Fishing of interest to me! A couple of thousand miles from home, tar paper shacks, terrible food, sand without end; fishing was the only thing of interest, and I said so.

And now let me introduce my friend, George Frazer, five feet four and one-half, 200 pounds, bone and brawn. Only possible way to upset him was by blasting (unless he slipped). More of that later. Ostensibly, George owned and ran a newspaper in one of the largest cities in Idaho, but actually he raised Setters and Irish Water Spaniels (he had fourteen in his yard at this particular time). He fished all through the fishing season, and hunted all through the hunting season. Between seasons he worked if he was not roaming and visiting, which incidentally, he always was. He was great at both. He was great at anything. I could compile a lengthy list of his accomplishments starting with fishing and shooting, including rough and tumble, or refined fighting, and ending up with eating and without reservation I can say I never met his equal. As a friend he wore the laurel wreath. Well, when it became noised about that I craved a fishing trip my host scanned that corner of Idaho, and finally located Frazer. They conveyed the news that a tenderfoot insisted on a fishing trip, and George dropped everything and the next morning, bright and early, was on hand. You see, I have skipped from twilight until the next morning. What I went through that night has no place in this story, or any other. The following night was worse, but it is still morning in this story. I will not attempt to describe how George looked for I might make a mistake, and he was always sensitive about his appearance but he did look funny to me though it may have been the way I felt. He looked somewhat like a wardrobe trunk wearing a Stetson hat. He wore in addition the friendliest of smiles, and the bellow of welcome that emanated from him put me at my ease. He grabbed my hand much after the manner of a gorilla and expressed his joy at finding some one with whom to go fishing. I was ready to start without waiting for breakfast, but he demurred, and I got my second thrill of the day. I do not believe that a Kewanee incinerator starting at scratch could keep up with him when it came to obliterating ham and eggs. First I thought it was an optical illusion, and then I thought of Houdini, then I knew it must be a gift. Certainly he never boarded long in the same place, for it simply couldn't be done. When the last sad rites were over he crashed through the door with me in his wake, and made for a buckboard to which was hooked a pair of bronchos, yelling "jump!" I jumped, he

jumped, the bronchos jumped, and we were off in the clouds of the before-mentioned dust on one of the most interesting and roughest rides I ever had. I have since thought that he stowed away that bale of ham and eggs for upholstery—certainly it was essential—twenty-five miles "cross country" composed of sage brush, gullies, lava rock and what-not is no balloon tired joy ride. This started out to be a story of trout, and I have been digressing so the details of the ride may well be omitted. In due course (according to my spine it was about six weeks) we drove up to a construction camp on the banks of Big Woods River. George being the self-appointed guide, I left the question of collecting the fishing equipment to him, and after numerous introductions I wandered around the camp examining everything with much interest. I noticed at some distance, boards about ten feet in length leaning against trees, any number of them all about the same size, and all in about the same position. Finally my curiosity was aroused, and walking nearer I inspected them, "thrill number three." Each board (there must have been 15) had, carefully stretched and tacked to it, the skin of a whopping big rattlesnake in the process of curing. Suddenly it dawned on me that these may have been the original inhabitants of this particular spot, and I decided forthwith not to move an inch until I was sure that all rattlers in that immediate vicinity had been skinned. I think they were the largest rattlers I had ever seen. As a matter of fact I am sure of it. I remembered in an early reading of Kipling, how after one cobra was killed the mate came back looking for trouble, and I wondered if all the rattlers' mates had been killed. From that time on I was preoccupied and walked with my eyes on the ground. Even at dinner I was uneasy, and had little appetite for the only good meal I had seen in two days. I could not get over the thought of what big snakes grew in that part of the country, and at the same time I harbored an idea that maybe the killers had made a mistake in the count and missed a couple. Someway we finished the meal and smoked and talked until bed time. The superintendent came over after awhile and allowed that as all of the cots were occupied, perhaps we could make a bed in the "feed box." The "feed box" looked like a mortar trough on four short legs, but as it was the ground with the possibility of a few nervous and deserted female snakes roaming around, or the "feed box," after little or no deliberation I chose the "feed box." We borrowed a couple of blankets, and after the customary manœuvers climbed in. Being somewhat tired after trying to keep up with George, a good night's sleep seemed most alluring. I may have bounced once, but at least on the second bounce I was sound asleep and dreaming of trout jumping at me from all angles. I was beautifully ensconced in a fisherman's heaven when something in the nature of a Chequenne war raid started. When the clamor subsided an analysis of the situation disclosed two mongrel shepherds coming our way, and finally they crawled under the "feed box" as if it was home to them. We lay there wondering what it was all about, and after awhile the cheerful wail of a coyote sounded some distance off. Under the "feed box" started a subdued rumbling that grew into a series of growls. As the coyote's mournful wail came near the growls increased, and finally the mongrels jumped, nearly upsetting the "feed box" and started off in full tongue. The coyote apparently heard them when they started, and I presume moved away in a discreet coyote manner, but the dogs acted as if they expected to reach him on the next jump. I never have heard quite as much ineffectual yelping and barking originate in two what I might call, haphazard, dogs.

This proceeding was repeated at regular intervals until daylight, and of all the restful nights I can remember, the night in the "feed box" contained the smallest quota of rest. Once I tried to drive the muts away, but they turned and started for me, so I retreated to the "feed box" with dignity if nothing else, and decided I would rather have them follow their instincts and pursue their natural hunting proclivities than vent their pent up feelings on me. When daylight came I was as near a wreck as ever the Hesperus was. At the zero hour, which in camp is a few minutes before breakfast, the cook tent began to belch forth sounds of a struggle coupled with garnishings of profanity, and we sat up in wonderment at how a place so far removed from the clamor of civilization could contain so much pandemonium. We were not alone for one after another the tents gave up their occupants, and after much yelling and questioning the cook emerged from his domain with a rattlesnake four feet long. The snake was dead.

This certainly made a perfect situation for George and me. Think of spending a night like that, and starting the day with a four-foot rattler, still warm. Never will I forget the pure joy of that breakfast in the cook tent. The cook swore that when he entered the tent the little stranger was curled up in his skillet. (He cooked the flapjacks and eggs in the same skillet.) I doubted this, of course, but of all the rotten flapjacks and fried eggs I ever tried to eat those were the worst. I could



*"Trout are so unaccountable that the unexpected may at any time happen"* G. Garrow-Green

*"Fly fishing is indeed the poetry of angling."*
*—Dr. James A. Henshall*

started. I yearned for the stream, not food—nor rattlesnakes.

Finally he emerged, and after some delay found a pair of boots. These were too small for me, so he elected to wear them saying that he would fish the stream, and I could go on ahead and fish from the banks. We divided the tackle and set out, I picking my way with painful care, and he singing and carefree. He could well be—out in the stream. Finally, I found a good looking pool and unlimbered. The details of the preparation are of no moment, for who has not found a pool to his liking; put his rod together, and after examining his flies, finally selected just the right one. Well I went through all of that, and finally with a selection to my liking, worked out enough line, and made a cast. All thoughts of snakes disappeared for I hooked a beautiful rainbow on the second cast, and in due course killed him. From that time on it was a riot of trout. Every pool and ripple seemed full of them, and all of good size.

Frazer started in the stream, but I left my first pool, and after a half mile hard going a stretch of fast water held me, and on working it a bit I hooked a hot one. The fish offered beautiful play, and about the time it seemed right to drag him in, a fast rush brought him to some brush, and lack of skill or something on my part permitted him to snag. Well, there I stood, the trout fast in the brush, apparently about a foot under water and looking to weigh about three pounds. Finally, I decided to wade in just a little and try to dislodge him. I did—I ended by walking in over my knees, reaching in up to my shoulder and losing the trout.

I came out on a sand spit and across from me was a steep lava cliff, and on that side (the stream was then quite narrow), the water was very deep and very clear. So far not a snake had clouded my horizon, and the trout were plentiful, of good size and hungry. Standing on this spot of sand I looked across at the deep water that seemed to move so much more slowly and deliberately, and a feeling of contentment took possession of me. I did look around a few times just to see if I had missed any snakes. Time came to move on, but I was loath to go and decided to try a few casts into the deep side at the foot of the lava cliff. Looking through what was left of my tackle I discovered that I had three Grizzly Kings tied on number 12 hooks, and something else. At first it did occur to me that it was a lure but closer examination proved it to be a small, gray-haired fly tied to a long shanked single hook. Attached to this was a small pearl button of about the size that the laundry knocks off your B. V. Ds. The workmanship was decidedly crude, and therefore interesting. Naturally I decided to see what it was all about, so rigged it up with a decided negative reaction. Well, the maker knew his way around without question. One cast—two casts—three casts—and I thought an aquarium had broken loose. A lunker grabbed it, and three or more of the same size, missing the rise, loafed around and then sank out of sight. A pretty play and I beached as trim a rainbow as anyone cares to take, accompanied by all the thrills and frills. And then again and again until I would take no more. The camp expected trout to eat that night, and we wanted a few to take back, but if Frazer was doing his part we were getting near the needed supply. Starting on and incidentally leaving the most ideal and crowded pool I ever expect to see I began climbing and after much exertion reached the top of what proved to be a cliff on my side of the stream. By that time the sun was well out, and it was becoming frightfully hot. Being quite a ways ahead of Frazer I sat down to rest. The river thirty feet below me was beautiful, and I thought how beautiful and peaceful it all was. Of course a creel nearly full of big trout would give one that feeling. After a bit a sight crossed my vision that is difficult to relate. It was George over his boots plunging and working to keep his footing. The Stetson over one ear, his face indicating apoplexy or something, but withal, catching trout. He saw me and yelled for me to "Come on down." This I started to do but a more or less sheer lava cliff needs careful manœuvering. I got about one-third of the way down, and was feeling comfortable at finding a rather broad ledge when Br-r-r-r (I do not know just how to write it). I stopped, looked ahead and there six feet ahead of me was—yes—nothing less than a rattler in full possession of all his faculties and much annoyed. Well, I still had my trout and my health, but neither seemed of any particular importance just then. I yelled at Frazer, telling him of my predicament and he seemed to think it held a large degree of humor. Being out in the stream he could well feel that way. His suggestions and comments were of no great help to me and they savored at times of irony. Finally I discovered a means of escape, and while his nibs was coiled and rattling to beat the band, I slipped over the ledge and climbed down to a lower ledge. If there was any pleasure in that snake's heart, providing he owned one, to see me disappear from sight it was as nothing compared to the way I felt. I came to a firmer footing and began to revel in the escape when this feeling of safety was interrupted with another Br-r-r-r, and I will be doggoned if there in front of me was not another rattler, perhaps a relative. Well, things were getting thick. I yelled at Frazer that here was another one. What he yelled back, and continued to yell back has no place in this story. I was frozen, and stood there looking at the ugliest customer I ever faced, and by that time I hated fish of all kinds. George's remarks did not soften my feeling in any way. I backed off and with the bravery born of desperation began to throw rocks at my companion. A clamminess enveloped me that in some way affected my natural accuracy, but after a while the snake uncoiled and slowly crawled into a crevice in the cliff. I was not willing to accept even this evidence for quite a while, but finally decided that I was alone (if a bee had buzzed by me then I would have jumped the rest of the way). Before I got to the river I encountered one more, and this one was the most belligerent. He (or maybe it was she, for all I know or care) was directly in the path of the only way over the ledge. I tried to climb back up the face of the cliff but the thought that the occupant of flat No. 2 might come out again, stopped me. Finally I put my rod together, and at ten feet began to whip at the snake. George called to me just in time and I stopped, but it had some strange effect for he, or she, uncoiled, moved about ten feet and then again coiled. This gave me courage, and I threw everything I could find including one two-pound trout with the result that I gained the ledge, and dropped over to the river. By that time I was ready to start back and talk to the gent who had said this was "God's Country." Frazer's conversation, if it may be so dignified, led me to believe that a snake would take one look at him and drop dead. That is a wonderful accomplishment, if true. By the time I reached the river I was weak and clammy. A four-pound trout might have begged without interesting me. Frazer went into (*Continued on page 121*)

*"Here is a meadow fit for giants to play in."*

# A Meadow that Belongs to the People

By HENRY VAN DYKE

*Reprinted by courtesy of the Outlook*

**Photographs by Wm. C. Gregg**

YELLOWSTONE is the largest of our National Parks. It was established by Congressional action on February 27, 1872. On March 1 of that year President Grant signed the bill which was significantly called "The Act of Dedication."

To whom and for what purpose was this domain of natural wonder and beauty solemnly dedicated?

The "act" leaves no room for question or dispute. After describing and bounding the territory, it declares that this portion of the National estate *"is hereby reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."*

A magnificent idea, uttered in language of noble simplicity and clearness!

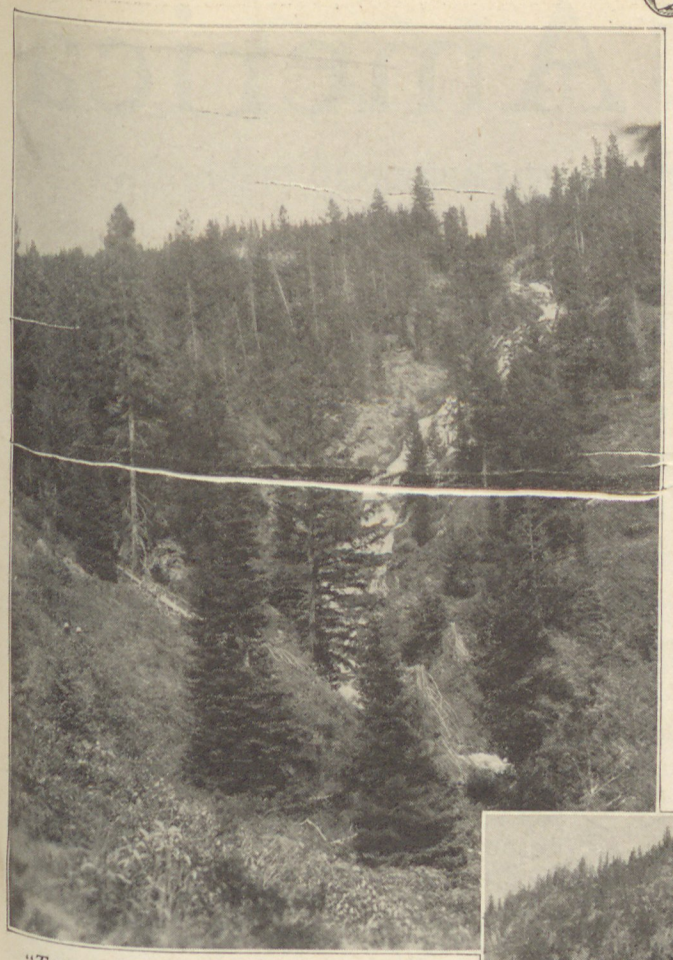
We, the people of the United States, are not only endowed, like other men, with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We have also a heritage of beauty in the wide land which God has given us for a habitation. Heirlooms of natural loveliness and splendor are ours in forest and prairie, mountain and glen, wild watercourse and shining lake. We have a clear title to the benefit of enjoyment in this inheritance. These pleasuring-grounds belong to us and to our children and to our children's children by a sacred entail. Our Government is pledged to protect them. Their common possession is a symbol of our National unity. The free and joyful use of them, in their unspoiled beauty, and still inhabited by the birds and beasts and fishes that find a refuge there, helps greatly to keep the people in mental sanity and bodily health. Joy is a part of the whole duty of man. And of all joys there is none purer than that of living happily among the wondrous works of the God of the Open Air.

This, I believe, is the fine philosophy of life expressed in the development of our superb system of National Parks. But against it the forces of material greed and financial avarice and political cunning have worked from the beginning. Year after year land speculators and power promoters come up to the assault upon our park lands, proposing to dam a river here, to destroy a forest or a prairie there, to grab for their own use this or that parcel of the whole people's pleasuring-ground in order to enrich themselves by selling water or electricity to a small portion of the people. These furtive marauders profess a zeal for the public good. But it would hardly move them if it were not for the hope of private gain.

Yellowstone has always been a favorite object of their attack. From the north, from the west, from the south, the specious proposals have come to despoil the Park of some natural beauty for the sake of an imagined commercial profit. Thus far, owing to the watchfulness and devotion of Stephen Mather, the National Director, and Horace Albright, the Superintendent, and other men of like mind, the attempts have been foiled. But this year a new and particularly dangerous raid on the people's property is on foot.

It is proposed (and the bill is now in the Congressional Committee on Public Lands) to bite off the southwest corner of the Park and turn the beautiful Bechler Meadows into a vast reservoir for "irrigation and domestic purposes" in Idaho. I do not know what these domestic purposes may be. But as a plain American (of the eighth generation) and a lover of the out-of-doors, as one of the hundred and fifteen million shareholders in the pleasuring-ground of Yellowstone Park, I protest against the ruination of the Bechler Meadows. This protest shall be made as clearly as my reason dictates, as solemnly as my conscience urges, and as vigorously as my pen can write.

I know what I am talking about. In the summer of 1923 I had the good luck to make a pack-trip with Struthers and Katherine Burt, my son, and my daughter Elaine into the glorious wilderness of the Bechler and Falls River Basin. We rode single file along broken trails, through dark forests, around the border of Shoshone Lake, across the Pitchstone Plateau, camping and fishing by the way. Then we plunged into the marvelous Bechler Canyon, narrow, pre-



*"Trees of no value for lumber but of great worth for beauty and companionship."*

cipitous, full of pointed spruce trees and shaggy firs, curtained and carpeted with spreading ferns and deep mosses, adorned with shimmering cascades and glittering waterfalls. Down this avenue of beauty we passed from cliff to cliff, from cataract to cataract, until the rough trail led us into a green wilderness of beaver dams and willow thickets. From these we emerged upon the border of the famous Bechler Meadows.

A wide expanse of tall grass and wild flowers opened before us—acres beyond acres of tranquil verdure and bloom—broken only by dark capes and islands of pine trees. It was unlike anything that we had seen before in our journey.

The glory of Yellowstone lies not alone in its *natural miracles*, like geysers, and obsidian cliffs, and rainbow-tinted terraces, and mysterious canyons colored like a solar spectrum. Yellowstone is rich also in *everyday beauty*—the common and familiar handiwork of nature in plain and hillside, woodland and wild pasture, raised seven thousand feet above the level of the sea and bathed in the bounty of the sun.

Here is a meadow fit for giants to play in, a pasture where the untamed cattle of a thousand hills might feed. The tall rich grasses are interwoven with flowers red and blue and golden—dark monkshood, yellow helianthus, scarlet-cup painted, sapphire gentian, and aureate jewel-weed. Through this tangle of beauty flows the Bechler River; tranquil now after its tumult in the canyon; coiling and meandering with a swift, smooth current of translucent jade over beds of sand and fine gravel.

What a stream for fly-fishing! Clean banks, fine pools, merry ripples. There are big red-throat trout in it, too, in spite of the gangs from Idaho who drive over in their "tin Lizzies," with spoons and spinners and worm-cans (and perhaps nets), and carry home car-loads of fish. The river is not yet "skinned out," as we proved after sundown, when the large ones began to come to our flies. Unless I am mistaken, the Bechler would be a magnificent stream for the introduction of grayling, a fine and dainty game fish, a splendid fighter, a delicate feeder, and a dish to set before a king—especially with Hollandaise sauce.

Our camp is in a little pine grove on the edge of the stream. It is true that the trees are of no value for lumber; but they have great worth for beauty and companionship.

It is true that some mosquitoes are camped in the same place; but they are not miraculously large nor abnormally poisonous, as the Idahonians boastfully claim. They are just ordinary mosquitoes, such as you may find in any summer resort on Long Island or the Jersey coast (except, of course, the particular resort where you have your own cottage). Most good fishing places have some mosquitoes to keep the anglers from imagining that they are gods.

It is true that the meadows are flat. But this is a common feature of meadows. When you understand it, you rather like it; it is comforting and tranquilizing. It helps you to appreciate the mountain peaks and lofty ridges which stand far off and round about, like gigantic guardians watching over the sleep of a child crowned with flowers.

Above us the great stars wheel in their slow parade, dripping with that liquid light which they shed only upon vast level spaces, where the silence is not broken, but deepened by the low murmur of a tranquil stream.

*"A green wilderness of beaver dams."*

As I remember the encampment in Bechler Meadows, the attempt to purloin them from the Park looms sinister and menacing. Their value as beauty is far above their price as a tank. Once spoiled, they can never be restored. The river that abundantly waters them flows through them; and there are plenty of places lower down where it can be damned for "irrigation and domestic purposes." Go down there, you land speculators and power promoters, with your dam and your domestic purposes and your stock company and all your money-making paraphernalia. It might cost you a little more to start your works, but it would keep your souls cleaner to carry them on.

I know not how many acres there are in the Bechler Meadows. But if there were *only one acre*, it would be too much to take away from the people of these United States, who own it as part of their pleasuring-ground, and give to a few persons in Idaho or any other State. Let the people of the forty-seven other States wake up and maintain their common heritage. The principle involved is vital and Nation-wide. We call on Congress, and the Department of the Interior, and the President of the United States, to protect us against any and every spoliation of our inheritance of beauty and joy in our National Parks.

# A Whole America

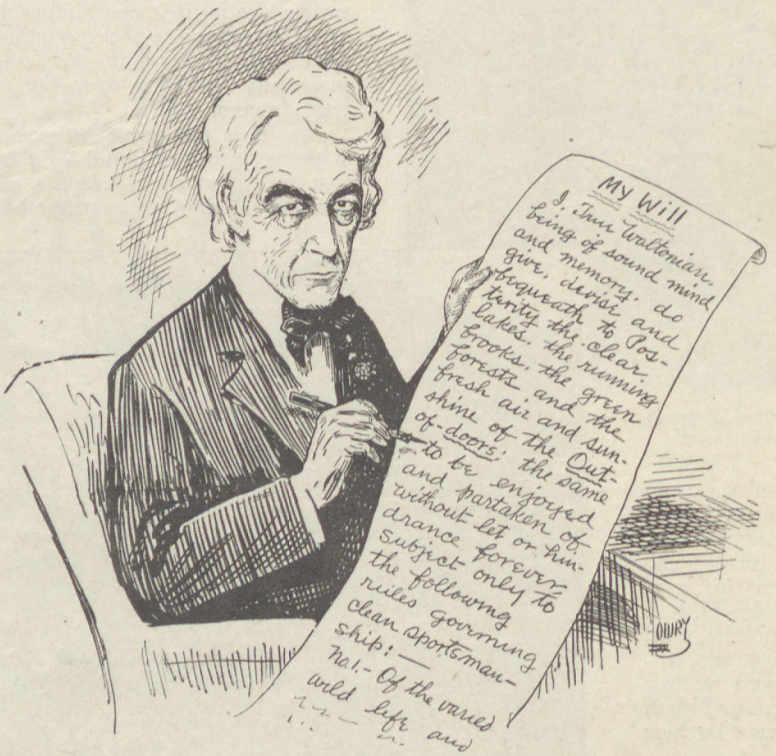
## By KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS

Cartoon by Everett Lowry

THERE is a loved figure in American history of which I always think, primarily, as an outdoorsman. Born in a cabin in the forest, reared in the backwoods, his every thought influenced by the forces of nature—the dreams of his boyhood along a streamside and before a log fire forming the nucleus of the sacred patriotism of his manhood—Abe Lincoln, outdoorsman and patriot.

The America he worshipped, the America he visualized and for which he died is venerated by us, *and its outdoor blessings must be preserved. But to do this we must fight.*

The Izaak Walton League of America has this task to perform. Its volunteer membership hears in the forest something besides an invitation to the axe. It sees in lake and stream something besides a depository for sewage and refuse poisons from industrial plants. And what this Izaak Walton League membership thus hears and sees is no phantom. It is a well defined vision perfectly realizable. But not by individual talkin' and resolutin', nor from the earnest, conscientious efforts of a few leaders at the head of a straggling army, even though those leaders be imbued with crusading fire, can this realization come. It requires an army recruited from all over the United States, from every class in city, town, and country—an army *united in purpose and effort and determined to do the job.*




There's nothing sectional about this program, nor does it concern just one or two elements of society. Thank God for that. North, south, east and west—rich and poor—the welfare of all is at stake. It is the wish, conscious or unconscious, of every right minded person that the next generation shall have a chance for individual development of mind, moral and intellectual. The trouble is that with too many of us it is nothing but a wish. And the book doesn't tell of many things brought about just by wishin'. *Work has got to be done.* And it has got to be done by a great big army—an army of men and women united and co-operating to the utmost in support of intelligent leadership.

I believe in the principles of the Izaak Walton League and I believe that it can carry out its great work of saving our outdoors. But it is a great big job—as big a one as Lincoln tackled. He determined to gain for his countrymen a *whole* country, a country under one flag, intact, secure. The Izaak Walton League is pledged to preserve a *whole* country, a country with an outdoors. I believe in the League's principles and purposes. I want to see every lover of the outdoors join in this movement, share in its efforts, and in the triumph of its work. The trouble is that because we have been blessed with so much outdoors we have grown wasteful of it and careless about it—damnably wasteful and criminally careless. But we can't plead ignorance. We have heard and seen the warning—the warning of polluted waters, poisoned streams, dwindling forests. We know it is up to us here and now to say yes or no on the proposition—*shall our children be cheated by our swinishness?* Remember, Mr. Sportsman, we are talking about a thing that belongs to the domain of sportsmanship. What do you say? Let's leave this next generation forests and streams and lakes where they can dream dreams. We want to let them have a chance at salmon and trout and bass and campfires, vast silent marshes with ducks and geese flying over (once in a while coming within reach!); cover with quail and partridge, mountainsides with goats, wild unspoiled spaces with caribou and moose. The pursuit of these sports will develop character and muscle and give happiness and health.

If this job is going to be done it can't be put off. "Do it now." Form our regiments—Izaak Walton League Chapters—enlist our soldiers—all outdoor loving and thinking men and women. We want a million of them from all over the country led by the principle of fidelity and fair play—fidelity to the memory of the deep sea rovers who discovered this land of ours—to the memory of the great founders of its government—to the memory of its brave, indomitable pioneers—fidelity to the memory of "old Abe" and in just ordinary common decency—fidelity to ourselves as Americans. And above and beyond all, fair play to our children and theirs, who are entitled to inherit from us a *whole* country.

A country without an outdoors isn't worth a damn. Let's not leave them a country with just a lot of outdoor traditions and legends and myths and fables. *Let's leave them a country with an actual outdoors really on the map.* Then may we say—"We, sportsmen, fishermen, hunters, outdoorsmen, bequeath to you, our children, a country where hunting, fishing and all outdoor sports may be yours. We leave to you a country with an outdoors, a *whole* America."

Other articles by
**Judge Landis**
*will appear in future issues of Outdoor America*

# POLLUTION

*A problem of nation wide importance which the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to solve*

Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

## Sewage Pollution in the United States is Appalling

By DR. WILLIAM D. HATFIELD

THE data presented in the tables and maps accompanying this article were furnished mostly by the State Boards of Health, though in a few cases other State Departments and other sources of information were used.

Pollution of our streams may be attributed to at least two main causes, i. e., domestic sewage (human wastes) and industrial wastes. Collection of data on the former has been quite satisfactory, and the data presented is sufficiently accurate to give a true picture of conditions as they exist. With industrial wastes the data is not so complete, and the Pollution Bureau of the Izaak Walton League will have to spend considerably more time in arriving at a true picture from this source.

At the present time we are emphasizing Sewage Pollution (1) because, we have definite data showing how extensive it is, (2) because it can be stopped by modern methods of treatment at a very reasonable cost, and (3) because it is a constant source for the dissemination of typhoid fever, other serious intestinal diseases and general obnoxious, health destroying conditions. **A civilized community is morally bound to take care of its wastes in a decent and sanitary manner and not throw its filth out the back door to incubate and spread disease.**

I say in all seriousness to my Izaak Walton brothers that Public Health must come before fish in our pollution fight. But, by accomplishing the Public Health angle we automatically accomplish the conservation of fish. **If all our sewage polluted streams were made sufficiently pure so that by modern filtration the water could be used as a city water supply, there would be plenty of fishing for all.** It is gross pollution that kills all the fish. Therefore, I repeat that we are killing two birds with one stone when we **urge sewage purification** from a Public Health standpoint.

The first column in Table I gives the urban population in each state which is served with sewers. The second column contains the population with sewers which have some form of treatment of its sewage. A large per cent of our smaller cities have old septic tanks which are of little service, are not properly cared for and are not very effective. Therefore, the population with sewage treatment as indicated in the table is better than actual conditions. The third column shows percentage of population which has treatment. The fourth column shows the sewered population in each state which has no form of sewage treatment and which is dumping its filth into the waters of the state and of the nation. In order that the difference in area of states may be taken into account the polluting population has been divided by the square mile area of the state and placed in Column 5.

Tables 2, 3, 4 and 5 are rearrangements of the above data in the relative order of the various states in purification and pollution of domestic sewage. **Where does your own state stand?**

Map Number 1 shows the data in graphic form and gives a fairly good picture of the intensity of sewage pollution in the United States. However, states of small area, such as Rhode Island, are made to look better than they should. Map Number 2 is made on the polluting population per square mile basis, and is a more correct picture of pollution.

TABLE I

DATA BY STATES OF POPULATION SERVED BY SEWERS AND BY SEWAGE TREATMENT

| STATE | Urban Pop. Sewered | Population With Septic Tanks or Better | Per Cent Urban Pop. With Septic Tanks or Better | Urban Population Not Treating Sewage | Population Untreated Per Square Mile |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 557,000 | ..... | ..... | 557,000 | 10.8 |
| Arizona | 163,000 | 58,000 | 35.0 | 105,000 | .9 |
| Arkansas | 343,000 | 137,000 | 39.7 | 206,000 | 3.9 |
| California | 4,000,000 | 1,489,000 | 37.3 | 2,511,000 | 16.1 |
| Colorado | 616,000 | 38,000 | 6.2 | 578,000 | 5.6 |
| Connecticut | 1,219,000 | 500,000 | 41.1 | 716,000 | 149. |
| Delaware | 151,000 | 3,000 | 2.1 | 148,000 | 75.4 |
| Florida | 680,000 | 414,000 | 60.8 | 266,000 | 4.9 |
| Georgia | 782,000* | 300,000 | 38.3 | 495,000 | 8.4 |
| Idaho | 130,000 | ..... | ..... | 130,000 | 1.6 |
| Illinois | 4,403,000 | 648,000 | 14.7 | 3,755,000 | 67.0 |
| Indiana | 1,588,000 | 457,000 | 28.4 | 1,131,000 | 36.2 |
| Iowa | 1,100,000 | 320,000 | 29.1 | 780,000 | 14.0 |
| Kansas | 728,000 | 285,000 | 39.1 | 443,000 | 5.4 |
| Kentucky | 650,000* | 117,000 | 18.1 | 533,000 | 13.2 |
| Louisiana | 628,000* | 45,000 | 7.0 | 583,000 | 12.9 |
| Maine | 360,000* | 4,000 | 1.2 | 296,000 | 10.2 |
| Maryland | 1,067,000 | 857,000 | 80.3 | 209,000 | 21.0 |
| Maryland inc. D. C. | 1,565,000 | 1,067,000 | 54.5 | 498,000 | 72.2 |
| Massachusetts | 3,350,000 | 555,000 | 16.6 | 2,795,000 | 343.0 |
| Michigan | 2,411.000 | 216,000 | 9.0 | 2,195,000 | 38.2 |
| Minnesota | 1,097,000 | 197,000 | 19.7 | 900,000 | 11.1 |
| Mississippi | 340,000 | 99,000 | 29.0 | 242,000 | 5.2 |
| Missouri | 1,620,000 | 254,000 | 15.6 | 1,366,000 | 19.9 |
| Montana | 253,000 | 56,000 | 22.2 | 197,000 | 1.3 |
| Nebraska | 514,000 | 121,000 | 23.5 | 393,000 | 5.1 |
| Nevada | 46,000 | 30,400 | 66.0 | 15,600 | 1.4 |
| New Hampshire | 300,000 | 12,000 | 4.1 | 288,000 | 31.9 |
| New Jersey | 2,086,000 | 708,000 | 34.0 | 1,378,000 | 183.0 |
| New Mexico | 88,000 | 51,000 | 57.7 | 37,000 | .3 |
| New York | 8,700,000 | 1,572,000 | 18.1 | 7,128,000 | 149.0 |
| North Carolina | 490,000 | 254,000 | 52.0 | 246,000 | 5.1 |
| North Dakota | 112,000 | 52,000 | 46.5 | 60,000 | .9 |
| Ohio | 3,877,000 | 1,939,000 | 50.0 | 1,939,000 | 47.5 |
| Oklahoma | 862,000 | 577,000 | 67.0 | 285,000 | 4.1 |
| Oregon | 459,000 | 43,000 | 9.5 | 416,000 | 4.3 |
| Pennsylvania | 5,608,000 | 2,396,000 | 42.3 | 3,212,000 | 71.6 |
| Rhode Island | 455,000 | 388,000 | 85.4 | 67,000 | 62.5 |
| South Carolina | 323,000 | 86,000 | 26.8 | 237,000 | 7.7 |
| South Dakota | 180,000 | 66,000 | 36.5 | 114,000 | 1.4 |
| Tennessee | 611,000 | 52.000 | 8.5 | 559,000 | 13.4 |
| Texas | 1,775,000 | 1,626,000 | 88.0 | 203,000 | .8 |
| Utah | 211,000 | 20,000 | 9.3 | 191,000 | 2.3 |
| Vermont | 110,000* | ..... | ..... | 110,000 | 12.0 |
| Virginia | 739,000 | 25,000 | 3.4 | 714,000 | 17.7 |
| Washington | 838,000 | 356,000 | 42.5 | 481,000 | 7.2 |
| West Virginia | 509,000 | 39,000 | 7.7 | 469,000 | 19.6 |
| Wisconsin | 1,337,000 | 766,000 | 57.3 | 571,000 | 10.3 |
| Wyoming | 64,000* | ..... | ..... | 64,000 | .6 |
| TOTAL FOR U. S. | 59,900,000 | 18,561,000 | 31.0 | 40,750,000 | ..... |

*Estimated Data

These tabulated data and maps show **the utmost necessity for arousing public opinion,** both locally in your own home city and nationally for the Izaak Walton League's pollution motto:

**(1) An adequately designed and operated sewage treatment plant for every municipality.**

**(2) Recovery and treatment of industrial trade waste as completely as modern science can do at the present time.**

You must arouse this public opinion in your own city through mass-meetings and the various civic clubs, newspapers and other agencies. The next step is the hiring of a reputable sanitary engineering firm to advise your city of the most economical method of handling your problem. Remember the advice of a real **specialist** saves money in the long run. Do not engage an engineer who has not had considerable experience in sewage disposal design. After preliminary estimates the construction must be financed either by City Bond Issues or extra taxation powers. The methods of financing differ in different states and in some states additional laws must be enacted to provide funds where a city is already bonded to the limit. If that is the condition in your state you should support state legislation which will provide additional bonds and taxes for the construction and future operation of sewage plants.

At least 40,000,000 people residing in the beautiful cities and villages in our great country are thoughtlessly polluting its waterways, breeding disease and destroying the outdoor recreational value of a large part of our natural resources.

This pollution can be stopped by modern methods of sewage treatment. It has been stopped by many cities. The cost is moderate. Your city can afford it as well as others.

Industrial pollution is stronger and harder to eliminate, but is localized so that it does not cover nearly so large a territory as does sewage pollution.

Industries in general should not be allowed to hesitate in the installation of save-alls, and other known methods to reduce the concentration and volume of its waste. Research on the final treatment of the wastes should go on with every possible effort of Industry, State and Nation.

The greatest agencies through which we can bring about these improvements are our State Boards of Health, State Departments of Conservation and State Water Surveys or Boards. They are often hampered by lack of authority, lack of appropriations, and in a very few cases, by politics. They deserve your wholehearted support. With proper support they can get authority, appropriations and where it exists, throw off the yoke of politics.

**If you really want pure streams you must work. "George will not do it."**

TABLE II

TABULATION OF SEWERED POPULATION WITH SEPTIC TANK TREATMENT OR BETTER

| State | Population Treated |
|---|---|
| Pennsylvania | 2,396,000 |
| Ohio | 1,939,000 |
| Texas | 1,626,000 |
| New York | 1,572,000 |
| California | 1,489,000 |
| Maryland Inc. D. C. | 1,067,000 |
| Maryland | 857,000 |
| Wisconsin | 766,000 |
| New Jersey | 708,000 |
| Illinois | 648,000 |
| Oklahoma | 577,000 |
| Massachusetts | 555,000 |
| Connecticut | 500,000 |
| Indiana | 457,000 |
| Florida | 414,000 |
| Rhode Island | 388,000 |
| Washington | 356,000 |
| Iowa | 320,000 |
| Georgia | 300,000 |
| Kansas | 285,000 |
| North Carolina | 254,000 |
| Missouri | 254,000 |
| Michigan | 216,000 |
| Minnesota | 197,000 |
| Arkansas | 137,000 |
| Nebraska | 121,000 |
| Kentucky | 117,000 |
| Mississippi | 97,000 |
| South Carolina | 86,000 |
| South Dakota | 66,000 |
| Arizona | 58,000 |
| Montana | 56,000 |
| North Dakota | 52,000 |
| Tennessee | 52,000 |
| New Mexico | 51,000 |
| Louisiana | 45,000 |
| Oregon | 43,000 |
| West Virginia | 39,000 |
| Colorado | 38,000 |
| Nevada | 30,000 |
| Virginia | 25,000 |
| Utah | 20,000 |
| New Hampshire | 12,000 |
| Maine | 4,000 |
| Delaware | 3,000 |
| Alabama | 0 |
| Idaho | 0 |
| Vermont | 0 |
| Wyoming | 0 |

TABLE III

PER CENT OF SEWERED POPULATION WITH SEPTIC TANKS OR BETTER

| State | Per Cent of Population |
|---|---|
| Texas | 92.0 |
| Rhode Island | 85.4 |
| Maryland | 80.3 |
| Oklahoma | 67.0 |
| Nevada | 66.0 |
| Florida | 60.8 |
| New Mexico | 57.7 |
| Wisconsin | 57.3 |
| Maryland Inc. D. C. | 54.5 |
| North Carolina | 52.0 |
| Ohio | 50.0 |
| North Dakota | 46.5 |
| Washington | 42.5 |
| Pennsylvania | 42.3 |
| Connecticut | 41.1 |
| Arkansas | 39.7 |
| Kansas | 39.1 |
| Georgia | 38.3 |
| California | 37.3 |
| South Dakota | 36.5 |
| Arizona | 35.0 |
| New Jersey | 34.0 |
| Iowa | 29.1 |
| Mississippi | 29.0 |
| Indiana | 28.4 |
| South Carolina | 26.8 |
| Nebraska | 23.5 |
| Montana | 22.2 |
| Minnesota | 19.7 |
| Kentucky | 18.1 |
| New York | 18.1 |
| Massachusetts | 16.6 |
| Missouri | 15.6 |
| Illinois | 14.7 |
| Oregon | 9.5 |
| Utah | 9.3 |
| Michigan | 9.0 |
| Tennessee | 8.5 |
| West Virginia | 7.7 |
| Louisiana | 7.0 |
| Colorado | 6.2 |
| New Hampshire | 4.1 |
| Virginia | 3.4 |
| Delaware | 2.1 |
| Maine | 1.2 |
| Alabama | 0 |
| Idaho | 0 |
| Vermont | 0 |
| Wyoming | 0 |

*"Rivers were made for wise men to contemplate and fools to pass by without consideration."*

IZAAK WALTON.

TABLE IV

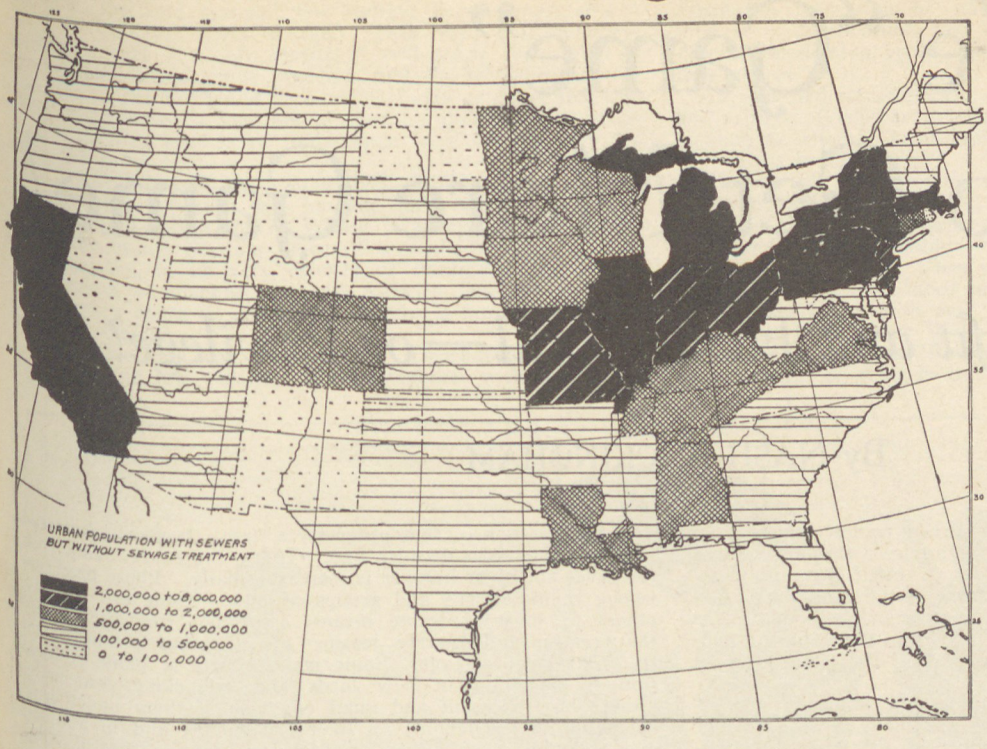
TOTAL POPULATION SERVED BY SEWERS BUT WITHOUT ANY FORM OF SEWAGE TREATMENT

| State | Population |
|---|---|
| New York | 7,128,000 |
| Illinois | 3,755,000 |
| Pennsylvania | 3,212,000 |
| Massachusetts | 2,795,000 |
| California | 2,511,000 |
| Michigan | 2,195,000 |
| Ohio | 1,939,000 |
| New Jersey | 1,378,000 |
| Missouri | 1,366,000 |
| Indiana | 1,131,000 |
| Minnesota | 900,000 |
| Iowa | 780,000 |
| Connecticut | 718,000 |
| Virginia | 714,000 |
| Louisiana | 583,000 |
| Colorado | 578,000 |
| Wisconsin | 571,000 |
| Tennessee | 559,000 |
| Alabama | 557,000 |
| Kentucky | 553,000 |
| Maryland Inc. D. C. | 498,000 |
| Georgia | 496,000 |
| Washington | 481,000 |
| West Virginia | 469,000 |
| Kansas | 444,000 |
| Oregon | 416,000 |
| Nebraska | 393,000 |
| Maine | 295,000 |
| New Hampshire | 288,000 |
| Oklahoma | 285,000 |
| Florida | 266,000 |
| North Carolina | 246,000 |
| Mississippi | 242,000 |
| South Carolina | 236,000 |
| Maryland | 209,000 |
| Arkansas | 206,000 |
| Montana | 197,000 |
| Utah | 191,000 |
| Delaware | 146,000 |
| Texas | 138,790 |
| Idaho | 130,000 |
| South Dakota | 114,000 |
| Vermont | 110,000 |
| Arizona | 105,000 |
| Rhode Island | 67,000 |
| Wyoming | 64,000 |
| North Dakota | 60,000 |
| New Mexico | 37,000 |
| Nevada | 16,000 |

TABLE V

TABULATION OF POPULATION WITH UNTREATED SEWAGE PER SQUARE MILE

| State | Population Per Square Mile |
|---|---|
| Massachusetts | 343. |
| New Jersey | 183. |
| New York | 149. |
| Connecticut | 149. |
| Delaware | 75.4 |
| Maryland Inc. D. C. | 72.2 |
| Pennsylvania | 71.6 |
| Illinois | 67.0 |
| Rhode Island | 62.5 |
| Ohio | 47.5 |
| Michigan | 38.2 |
| Indiana | 36.2 |
| New Hampshire | 31.9 |
| Maryland | 21.0 |
| Missouri | 19.9 |
| West Virginia | 19.6 |
| Virginia | 17.7 |
| California | 16.1 |
| Iowa | 14.0 |
| Tennessee | 13.4 |
| Kentucky | 13.2 |
| Louisiana | 12.9 |
| Vermont | 12.0 |
| Minnesota | 11.1 |
| Alabama | 10.8 |
| Wisconsin | 10.3 |
| Maine | 10.2 |
| Georgia | 8.4 |
| South Carolina | 7.7 |
| Washington | 7.2 |
| Colorado | 5.6 |
| Kansas | 5.4 |
| Mississippi | 5.2 |
| Nebraska | 5.1 |
| North Carolina | 5.1 |
| Florida | 4.9 |
| Oregon | 4.3 |
| Oklahoma | 4.1 |
| Arkansas | 3.9 |
| Utah | 2.3 |
| Idaho | 1.6 |
| South Dakota | 1.4 |
| Nevada | 1.4 |
| Montana | 1.3 |
| North Dakota | .9 |
| Arizona | .9 |
| Wyoming | .6 |
| Texas | .3 |
| New Mexico | .3 |

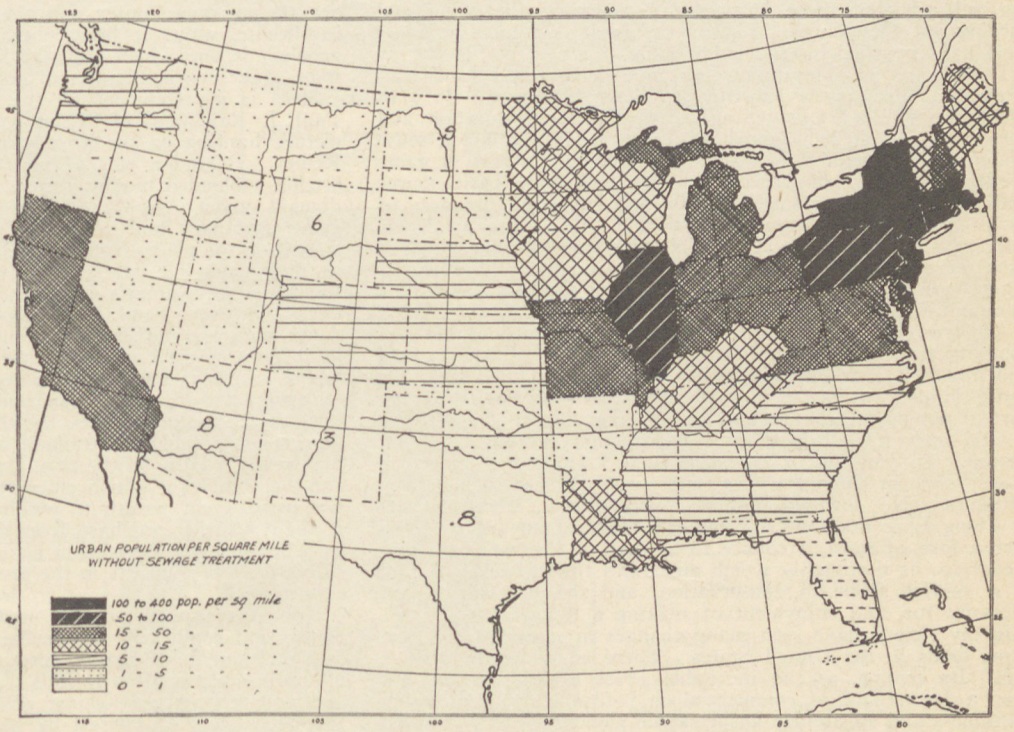



*"I WANT to tell you again, we can spend millions of money on hatching and planting fish, in looking out for recreation and outdoor life, and everything connected with it, but if our waters are not kept pure there will be nothing accomplished worth while."*

HENRY BALDWIN WARD

*"I THINK the problem of pollution in each community has got to be solved in a way by* **us**, *and we have got to talk it at home and talk it always and talk it to everybody until we get them all excited and all working."*

HENRY BALDWIN WARD




# The Community Will Get What It Demands

## *What do you demand?*

*KANSAS demanded an anti-pollution bill, and Kansas recently got what it demanded. Read the story of this victory in the June issue of Outdoor America.*

# Are We "Game" To Get More Game?

## *Sport, Profit and Food for all—or Privilege?*

By NASH BUCKINGHAM

IN beginning this, a quotation from current trade reading comes back to me. It reminds me of the advice a militant colored brother gave his spouse—"Don't let yo' mouf say nuthin' yo' haid kain't stand!" Here it is. "One of the penalties of giving publicity to one's thoughts is being misunderstood, so, as it is part of the game, all regular fellows in the game of publicity accept being misunderstood as part of the game—and let it go at that!"

In what follows I indict conditions and lethargy, not individuals and organizations. There are many of the former trying mighty hard and a like number of the latter functioning full tilt, but there is need for alarming the camp and turning out the guards. The enemy is at our gates, and the wolf has discarded his sheep's clothing.

I work for an ammunition company, being hired (and consequently liable to the substitution of an "f" for the "h") to cooperate with all existing agencies of game restoration and conservation! To help anywhere, any time, in a common sense practical way, tending to arouse constructive interest in game propagation and commercial game breeding as a basic source both for restocking gameless fields and supplying breeders of such game with a commercial profit. That this particular interest is a constructive attempt is based upon a three hundred (300) acre game farm upon which we are successfully propagating pheasants and Hungarian partridges in Illinois, and a four thousand (4,000) acre tract in Mississippi where an experiment is underway on upland sedge and pine to reproduce both in captivity and under natural conditions a supply of native quail and imported Mexican bob whites. I might add too, that the entire industry engaged in manufacturing pretty much every sort of equipment for hunting and fishing, has or should have a vital interest in this type of propagation in both field and stream. So you see in this discussion I am not coming "on stage" clad in flowing robes, big sleeves and wearing false whiskers. No lowered lights, weird music, trick cabinets or Ching Ling Foo stuff. I have no more of an axe to grind than a love of sport, a chance to be part of a great work that I conceive as thoroughly worth anybody's time to leave behind as a service stripe in conservation, and the necessary urge, necessity for, and enjoyment of making a living!

In my time I have seen many changes in many of the best game fields in the United States. There is no use to deplore this. Its coming, as the inevitable Press of Civilization, has been a Juggernaut of commercialism before which unthinking selfishness and apparently unshrinkable game resources afforded but little opposition. No predatory animal that ever lived has had much on me when it comes to tolling a share (or more) of our game and fish. And we boys were not so darn bad at that. Because, fortunately enough, we were brought up among hunters who even in their long ago day of abundant game and few game laws, were visualizing conditions which confront us now. When the time came to "rack up" we pretty much did. And I want to say this: When I attend game conservation meetings and conventions; when I realize what the Boy Scouts stand for and have to be thankful for; when I see demonstrated in better game conditions and improved citizenship, the value of instruction in bird and animal life such as is being taught in the schools of some states (notably Alabama, Oklahoma and the Nature Guardian movement among the school boys and girls of Georgia), I say to myself that no matter what our trials and tribulations in coming down to grips with the discouragements and defeats of conservation, that right there in the minds and hearts of our girls and boys lies our strongest line, not of defense but of attack and victory.

In order to get into our subject promptly, let me quote part of the story I wrote as introduction to an article for the Arkansas Conservationist published quarterly by the Game and Fish Commission of that progressive state. It shows the trend of more than two decades ago. Today there are many such preserves and their number is increasing daily. These preserves belong to individuals and groups of men. Some are wealthy, others of most moderate means, associated for just exactly that reason and merely leasing the shooting privileges on tracts of large acreage. Some make efforts at game restoration by bringing in new birds and restocking seasonally. Others buy pheasant and quail eggs, hatch them under hens belonging to the tenants on their lease-holds, and in addition give thought to cover, food planting and vermin control. But for the average hunter and the "one gallus" man who pays his license, wants to hunt, obeys laws of bag and season, the problem is one which only he, as one of a state's sportsmen, must give serious thought to and set about solving.

Here is my comment on the shooting preserve of the late Paul J. Rainey—"Last February it was my privilege to go picture hunting on the great game preserve founded by Paul Rainey. Behind a pair of merry-tailed, wide-going dogs, and astride a blooded mount, I rode for hours through a veritable domain, given over these many years to the highest ideals of game sanctuary and wild life propagation. Every bird and animal on the place, from quail, pigeons, poultry and wild fowl, to dogs and live stock, bore unmistakable evidence of the soundness of Rainey's judgment in the value of good blood lines. On every hand, in the food, planting, cover, vermin riddance methods and careful attention to all forms of wild life protection, original methods, instituted by Rainey, are still in vogue. And, as I rode over pine-clad hills and through valleys of golden sedge; across hardwood ridges and along the shore lines of lakes and marshes, the thought came and lingered that here rested a sublimely tranquil monument to the memory of a man really worthy of the title, "sportsman," who, with no alibis for the complexes which enter and level the ranks of all men, nor using great wealth to withhold from others the treasures it might selfishly purchase from the out of doors, sought on his own broad acres to write in plain hand a dedication to Nature of his life's best efforts in the great lesson and bequest of game restoration."

Now space need not be wasted here in recrimination of causes and conditions responsible for the so-called tremendous impoverishment of game resources. They have decreased, naturally and unnaturally it is true. But you can roll charges and counter charges against repeating guns, lack of law enforcement, lack of interest by sportsmen and the public, automobiles, good roads, drainage, deforestation and other enemies of conservation, so charged, into but one vast indictment and return what amounts only to a true bill against the Press of Civilization. Some of the listed counts in the indictment can be nolle prossed, while some need correction, but, in the main, the most obviously mechanical, constitute factors in progress which are here to stay because we cannot do without them and would not if we could. The best way to look at it is that we have been working along the wrong lines, counting on protective laws, and giving little or no thought to the real idea of actually replacing by propagation. So then, let us agree that from here on, the game sectors of the South or the North, must not only be provided with cover to harbor birds, but the game crop annually, actively and continually replenished as best suited to territory; planted as a crop is sown, reared, protected and shot over on a basis of substantial sportsmanship, cognizant of and willing to pay the increased cost of this maintenance and unwilling to see the results exploited.

After all, the game resources of our states, south or north, are nothing more or less, so far as the state game and fish departments are concerned in license issuance, than so much merchandise on the shelves of the states. Under what we call

presently, the "old system" the hunting license represents a mere privilege or "cover charge." Now that it is definitely established that our only means of real game restoration is through commercial game breeding, and the wholehearted co-operation of the farmer, it becomes perfectly apparent that our game departments, if they are to function along modern propagative lines of productive study, must have more money "to make the mare go."

So whose job is it to assume responsibility for increasing game and fish, or see it pass into the purse of "Privilege"—if you choose to call it that? Whose is a responsibility which means the united handing down of a virile heritage capable, and necessary, in its very essence of hardihood and decent unselfishness, of enabling that real America (needing as never before, every ounce of character) to solve a number of tough, knotty problems?

Is it—Game and Fish Departments? Dependent upon nominal license and law violation moneys, together with such additional revenue from appropriations more or less worried and squeezed past legislative embroilment? And the latter due in many cases to political preferment and compromise due to antagonisms of the sportsman-farmer feud?

The Government? With no policy—no well outlined, constructive workable and working national platform and plank for Game Restoration? With scant appropriation and scantier protective forces to adjust permanent salvage of our migratory wildfowl? And with faith to be kept thereby with Canada?

Several years ago, before my present association with conservation work, and speaking from what one might term the reflection of a decently predatory past, I made this prediction in writing and I have made it since: "The day will come when conservation and game restoration will be administered by a portfolio in the Cabinet of the United States. It is properly essential that states devote their intelligent energies to the business-like conservation of their game, fish and forest resources, but inevitably our government, having assumed the protectorate obligation over our migratory wild fowl, must acknowledge and assume a leadership of impartial, generous and prodigious interest in conservation, and administer upon its needs with a dignified leadership, becoming its import as our greatest reclamation project."

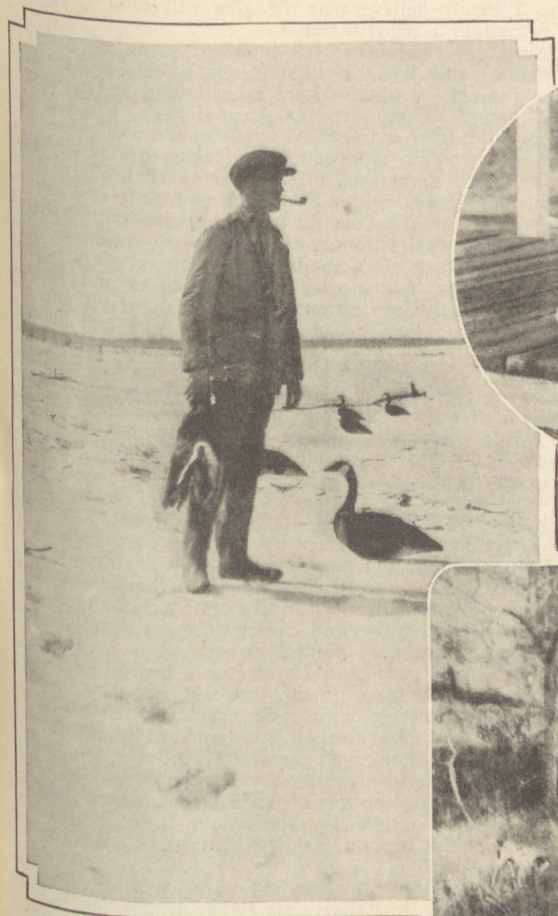
An esteemed contemporary, one deeply versed in political law and aspects of conservation far beyond the horizon of a mere layman, to whom I mentioned the above paragraph, thereupon penned me in haste:

"Let me call your attention to one thing in your letter to prevent your making a false step, that you might regret. You state that you predicted in writing that some day conservation in this country would be administered by a portfolio in the Cabinet of the United States. Then you call attention to the fact that such a bill was introduced in this Session of Congress. This idea is also hoary with age. It was one of the pet ideas of Honorable John Henry Wallace of Alabama. He is dead now and peace to his ashes. But he preached this thought for fifteen years before he died, so this present bill is nothing new. A similar bill was introduced in the year of our Lord 1920, and the plan and bill were endorsed by the National Game Conference in 1921."

Obviously my good friend feared that in commenting as I did my motive might be construed as one of self-exploitation. I appreciate this, and inject the thought that if such a plan was preached for fifteen years and another such bill introduced in 1921, that it is no great credit to progress in conservation to look back across the "muddy chasm" in which such ideals have been engulfed recently. Frankly, there have been few accomplishments to date.

The States? With some, their departments out of politics, forging ahead through the inspirational evidences of game restoration through game refuges and propagation? Others lagging and at factional loggerheads or simply plodding along? And all of them selling licenses at figures barely up to expenses for seasonal wardening?

The Farmer? Simply because he lives on or controls a large percentage of the cultivated, timbered and waste lands harboring what is left of our game? His forests and fields, to which we turn hopefully after paying our hunting licenses?



*Are those geese or ducks coming, Capt. Paul Curtis reflects.*

*What is his future afield?*

*Which is the bigger goose?*

*Puzzle—Which way is he coming out?*

That haphazard "some place to hunt on and the game on it"—that belongs to someone else? The Farmer, who pays taxes for state service which includes wardening against trespass, crop burning, cattle shooting, fence cutting and other indignities against state and individual right? Is it his—the farmer's responsibility?

Sportsmen's Associations? With their zeal, individual and personal worth in dollars and pure sportsmanship? With their spellbinding orators, resolutions, conferences, mandates and promulgations? (I belong to one, too.) Theirs is a percentage of the six million, five hundred thousand hunters who annually spend on an average of a dollar a piece for the privilege of shooting a hundred shells and put nearly a hundred million dollars back into commercial circulation through the "etceteras" of their hunts? Is theirs the Responsibility? How much of that does the Farmer get?

The General Public? Entirely overlooked and said in acceptance to know little and care less because it is none of their funeral until it costs something?

The Industry? Not merely gun and shell makers, but manufacturers of all merchandise for hunting and fishing and outdoor sport travel. Makers of duck boats, and decoys—game calls, hunting boots, and clothing; motors, dog collars and whistles, fishing tackle—all the items dear to hunters and anglers?

Conservation and Wild Life Protective Agencies—organized and privately financed and officered?

Outdoor Publications interested in and devoted editorially to High Purposes in the Preservation of Vanishing Wild Life?

I'm not a Pessimist! I don't wear a belt and suspenders at the same time! I am not one of those well meaning, distraught gentlemen who allege sinister motives to gun manufacturers and in the next breath charge the hunters of the country with being bristle backs beyond redemption.

And now for the English System or "Privilege"! First, where there is game in the British Isles there is more game to the square mile than in any similar area in Europe. Eighty per cent of the game killed by shooters in England is shot by estate owners, their guests, or individuals or small associations who lease "shooting" from persons who have had game grown on the premises. Long ago England met the Press of Civilization and is standing it off successfully and satisfactorily by annually raising a game crop. Let us see! There are 121,391 square miles in the Isles. About half the size of Texas, or about the area of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. The average population per square mile of the British Isles is around three hundred and ninety-five. England produces about two hundred and twenty-five to fifty million shells a year, exporting a quantity which leaves approximately a hundred million for home consumption. Of these perhaps three million are used for trap-shooting. So the shell average per square mile is about nine hundred.

On a basis of three million square miles and average population thereto of thirty-five, we shoot less than two hundred and fifty shells per square mile of the six hundred and fifty million produced. In other words, the English outshoot us four to one in a manner thoroughly enjoyable and satisfactory to themselves, and at game quite as hard to hit and just as wild—despite a general misconception to the contrary over here. They shoot big bags of game with double guns and, by law, well observed and better enforced, sell what portion of their game they choose to dispose of under such regulation. In other words, they have studied their problem intelligently, worked it out, found its answer in game propagation and "carried on"! Pick up practically any outdoor magazine in this country. You'll see literally hundreds of advertisements of where game can be killed. In the English periodicals may be found not only more advertisements of shooting—but most of them read something like this—"To let, 2,000 acres of rough mixed shooting, 2,500 birds raised last season!" The man who owns that "shoot" will be well paid for it if he is a farmer or landlord. If it is "owned" ground it has cost the owner or group some money. And so it goes from grouse, partridges, pheasants and wild fowl to even big game of the highland!

I now quote from a letter just received from a man who has toiled for many long years for better hunting conditions in his state. He has not only preached Game Restoration through Game Propagation, but he practices it. He writes (and it comes pretty nearly calling the turn): "The more I think and read of this whole thing, the more I believe that changes in the way of sound conservation must first come through our departments. Take our own state for instance of four hundred thousand hunters and a department steeped in politics. We have a state organization, in fact a couple of them, yet we find only a fraction of a per cent of men among them who will ever try to do anything at all. How much faster things would move with this four hundred thousand if, realizing the situation, they would step in, take their department out of politics and put it in a position to take the right stand. In other words, how much better we could feel about the future if our department were putting out a greater part of the constructive information which is being broadcasted only in outdoor and sporting publications. I am very much afraid that a lot of the well-prepared articles in many such magazines are read simply as pieces of news by sportsmen who are well fixed with places to hunt. I honestly believe that the four hundred thousand men I have mentioned seem to be one of the most intangible bodies of human beings that one could run across. The burden rests on the individual sportsmen of the states to help themselves and in so doing, arouse the general public into seeing that when the game and game shooting goes, something will have gone out of their lives as well. And by concerted action the departments can be re-organized, taken out of politics and kept out of them, and our fields and streams once more given a chance. The state of affairs is not encouraging, what with political fights and governors, to whom conservation of wild life is little known and appeals less. Their one idea of conservation appears to be conservation of their own selfish interests. But anyway, I am going to keep hammering away at propagation as being the only thing that is going to get us anywhere and I firmly believe that the idea will some time take hold and grow into a fruitful tree."

Never, since the obviousness of impaired game and fish resources became acute has the time been riper or the stage better set for remedial action. There is still time and a goodly nucleus of game. There are yet great forests, game herds, waste lands, wild fowl marshes, rivers, streams and upland.

Sometimes I wonder if organized agencies of conservation are not almost too numerous, to say nothing of being as such unwieldy in many cases, without cohesion and more or less subject to lost motion. Why should not Game Restoration be of interest to the General Public? Thanks to the automobile we have become a nation of Nomads. The General Public is on wheels, buying new appliances for the outdoors and looking eagerly and curiously into strange remote lovelinesses and out across new waters. People have come to fishing and hunting in the last ten years who never dreamed of such pleasures. Are they interested in bagging game and catching fish? What chance have most of them? It is a statistical regret to requote Mr. Corsan that today "not one person in ten thousand has ever seen a live wild swan, not one person in a thousand a live wild goose, nor one person in a hundred a live wild duck—much less shot one."

Real Game Restoration versus Privilege will assert itself: 1st, When our Government adopts a national game and fish policy properly financed and given its just due of Congressional study and support reflected by the national conscience.

2nd, When states, appreciative of what is termed rights, elect Governors who are anxious to beautify state fields and streams by making game restoration and conservation an open and shut platform plank, divorced of political aspects.

3rd, When small town and city hunters instead of talking about poorly enforced laws, go out into the highways and byways, meet and cooperate with their farmer friends and together send representatives to their legislatures, pledged to bring about and support constructive conservation codes and measures. The time is here when town and city sportsmen had best give grave consideration to the farmer's, not potential, but actual power. He is still the best ally, and a long suffering and hospitable one, too. But he is a sleeping giant. He will first "get wise" and then "hard."

4th, When states and all their individual sporting and conservation interests realize that state departments cannot function on the present license fees and get very far with game propagation unless business methods are put into these departments. States need game farms and game refuges. They must somehow get game on the ground and fish into the streams for the sportsmen to see. States need game commissioners elected for terms of office long enough to show results and paid salaries in proportion to their value to the state. States need game wardens who work hard all the year around, as eighty per cent game farmers and twenty per cent peace officers.

5th, When state game and fish departments are under commissioners with power to advance and retard seasons and regulate their department's business without submitting same to months and even years of legislative wrangling.

6th, When state sportsmen's associations are divided into small, active county groups far more interested in assisting to survey and control their county resources and assist the farmers in game breeding than they are in supporting wardens in unproductive idleness other than the collection of a few fines.

7th, When game restoration and game propagation are taught in all schools, public and private, and lectured upon as commercial game breeding courses (to include vermin control) in our Agricultural High Schools and Colleges.

8th, When the county is divided into zones, with states comprising these zones in charge of Division Managers responsible to a national game and fish commission or department under Cabinet control or else elected for life and as respected as the United States Supreme Court.

9th, When state license fees, penalties and propagation activi-

(*Continued on page 120*)

# A Record Climb

## *Being a most modest and sportsmanlike account of a most daring and difficult feat*

By BEN THOMPSON

Photographs by B. W. Huntoon

IT was late in the afternoon and the sun already was beginning to settle behind the western peaks when we climbed up and out of a swirling mass of clouds onto the broad dome-like summit of Mount Baker. Since daybreak we had been on the glaciers. Hard climbing and step cutting, sometimes for hours at a time, had earlier in the day taken its toll in strength and energy. But now all this was forgotten. We were happy and satisfied, for had we not just completed the successful ascent of the northeast side of Mount Baker? It was fun now to stand on the summit of this great peak and look back down over our route, to muse over the treacherous snow bridges and crevasses below, those sinister evils that earlier in the day had tried hard to block our ascent. What a half an hour or an hour before had been heart-breaking work was now turned to sport. It was as though some fairy godmother had touched the mountain with her wand and had wrought a wonderful transformation.

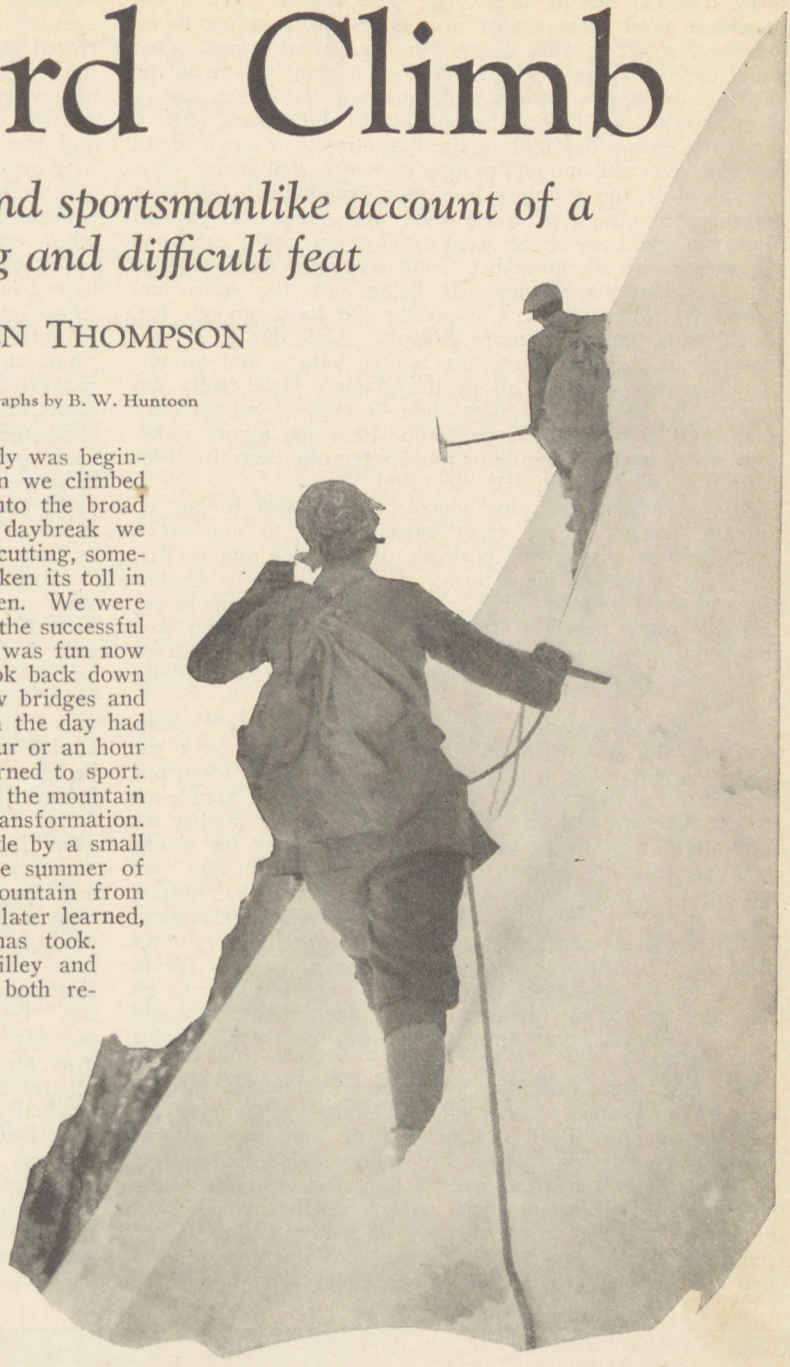
The first ascent of Baker by this route was made by a small group of the Mazama Mountaineering club in the summer of 1906. Since then other attempts to scale the mountain from that side have been unsuccessful. Our climb, we later learned, followed much the same route that the Mazamas took.

Comprising our party was Miss Dorothy E. Pilley and Professor I. A. Richards, of London, England, both renowned mountain climbers and members of the English, French and Swiss Alpine clubs; and myself.

Mount Baker, or "Koma Kulshan," as called by the Indians, rises seemingly almost from sea level to an elevation of 10,750. The peak lies in an untamed mountain wilderness of Washington, one of the few remaining strongholds of nature, and overlooks the calm waters of Puget Sound. Being volcanic in origin with still a few remaining live craters and many large glaciers, rivalling the finest in the Alps, Baker makes one of the most interesting and picturesque ascents in America. The mountain is situated just below the Canadian border in the heart of the Cascade mountains and from its summit one looks out across a vast expanse of glacier-covered peaks, gutted with narrow canyons and valleys, whose sides are covered with forests of virgin timber. In reaching the summit the climber very often enjoys the delightful experience of finding himself completely surrounded by a sea of rolling clouds, with the mountains shoving their crests upwards like islands in an angry sea.

For several days we had waited anxiously and hopefully at Mount Baker Lodge in Heather Meadows for a drizzling rain and cloudy spell to blow over. Late one night the clouds broke and stars began to show through the mists. Preparations were made then for the start of the climb the next morning. Morning dawned with the fog thicker than the day before. It was terribly depressing. Old timers in the mountains said that fall weather had set in and we discussed calling off the climb. At noon a few patches of blue sky began to show and we decided to "trust to luck" and hurriedly gathered up equipment for the start.

Six persons were in the party that left the hotel. Three of us were to make the final ascent and the others went along to bring our sleeping bags and tents back from the temporary camp.



*Miss Dorothy Pilley and Professor Richards, well known English mountain climbers making the perilous ascent of Mt. Baker.*

Leaving the stage at end of the highway we loaded our equipment on two long eared mountain canaries, which we took as far as Table Mountain. From there the packs went on our shoulders and we struck out for Coleman Peak, near which we planned to make camp that night. While crossing Sholes glacier the dense fog settled over us again, making all visibility impossible. Just before dusk we climbed off the ice and rocks and quickly descended to a small patch of heather and scraggly Alpine timber where we pitched camp.

Two light tents were set up near the edge of a small snowbank. A fire was soon burning and before long a meal was ready. We had faced the tents in the opposite direction from Baker and for the moment mountain climbing was secondary to eating. Someone suddenly remembered that the mountain was still there and turned his attention in that direction. It was fortunate that he did so, for at that moment the clouds parted, showing the peak, gigantic and over-powering, with its slopes bathed in the rich colors of the sunset. It was a wonderful sight—some-

thing that can hardly be expressed in words. We gazed in silence until a curtain of mist closed in, bringing to an end the first act of what was not unlike a great drama. One could even imagine the rumblings of avalanches to be the shifting of stage settings and was not the night just a short intermission before the opening of the second act?

Shortly before daylight, as the first streaks of dawn began to show over the mountain tops we were well under way. For a while the going was rather rough across a long uninteresting slope of loose rock and shale. Here and there we could see fresh goat tracks, but could catch no glimpse of the sly animals. Soon we were on the upper slope of Mazama glacier. It being fall, the snow had melted from the glaciers, exposing the hard smooth ice, which made the ascent more difficult. Also, due to a light snowfall in the mountains the winter before and an unusually warm summer, all of the glaciers were badly cut and broken up with countless huge crevasses, which later in the day were to make us detour time and again, sometimes swinging half a mile or more from our route in order to gain a few hundred feet elevation.

After reaching Mazama glacier we stopped to put on colored glasses and to apply grease paint to our faces. Putting paint on exposed portions of the face and neck is necessary to prevent snow burn. The glasses must be worn to avoid snow blindness. We also fastened crampons to our feet and roped ourselves together. A crampon is an iron arrangement with long sharp prongs that the climber straps to the soles of his boots to keep from slipping on hard ice or snow.

From Mazama glacier we passed between Epley Portals, two towering pinnacles of rock standing high above the glaciers below. For a while we left the ice and picked our way across a narrow belt of pumice-stone and lava rock and on down to Rainbow glacier. Half a mile farther we encountered a series of rocky cliffs that dropped off to another part of the glacier that lay below us. There was nothing to do but to descend through the rocks, despite the fact that in so doing we lost considerable elevation. Once on the glacier again we stopped for a few minutes while Mr. Huntoon, who had accompanied us this far to take a few photos, bade us good-bye. We left him to go back and started on towards the summit, which we could see miles ahead. Our entire route was nearly all visible from this point.

We had little difficulty in crossing Rainbow glacier. Most of the fissures were small and offered no trouble. As we crossed onto Park glacier a little step cutting was necessary in skirting two or three crevasses. In one place we crossed and cut steps over a long ice bridge scarcely more than a few inches thick. It was ticklish work. Had the bridge broken, or should one of us have slipped, we would all three have tumbled down into the depths of a deep cold crevasse, from which we could hear sounds of running water. It was impossible to see the bottom of this opening or even to estimate its depth, for the walls narrowed in and showed only a dark blue hole below. Leaving this we made our way in and out of a group of seracs, or towers of ice, formed both by the moving and by the melting of the glaciers. Narrow pinnacles of ice, so thin and transparent that sunlight shone through them, stood fifty or sixty feet high and seemed almost to be on balance.

A mile of comparatively easy going now awaited us, broken here and there by beautifully formed crevasses, whose smooth white walls gave the appearance of having been carved out with a mammoth cleaver. On one side we looked across to the precipitous sides of Skyline ridge, down whose sides innumerable waterfalls dashed. To the rear we gazed down on Rainbow glacier with rough old Mount Shuksan, a peak slightly lower than Mount Baker, in the background. To the east we could see dozens of rugged peaks and glaciers, whose unclimbed summits threw out a challenge that seemed hard to resist. To the north we could pick out the snowy crests of the Canadian Selkirks. A large opening on our right at the foot of a long rocky ridge caught our attention. This was one of Baker's live craters. We could see clouds of steam and sulphur fumes as they rose from the hole.

From this point our hardest work began. Many times after steep climbing and step cutting we would find progress balked by a huge crevasse. Sometimes these would be only a few feet across, almost narrow enough to jump over, and other times large enough to swallow up an express train. Usually by following the edge of the crack we were able to find a way around. Other times snow bridges afforded us passage across the breaks. Great caution had to be taken in crossing these, as many were flimsy affairs. One bridge had a covering of fresh snow that had to be carefully scraped off before we dared risk using it. In another instance we found ourselves compelled to cut steps across a bridge that was scarcely more than a foot wide and not much thicker, tilted at an angle that made using it especially dangerous. However, we kept climbing on, up and up, always getting nearer our goal. Soon we came to snow that had fallen within the last fortnight, snow that had to be packed down with the foot to afford solid footing. Going was not so good here. We climbed slowly, possibly 100 or 200 yards in an hour, but always with our eyes turned upward toward the last steep ice wall that separated us from the summit. The slope of the glacier gradually became steeper until the pitch of the snow was such that great precaution had to be taken to avoid a slip, for one false move would have dragged the entire party down into the cold depths of the dark blue crevasses below. We stopped for a short rest and a little nourishment—nourishment in the form of oranges that had to be peeled and eaten with one hand while we used the other to brace ourselves against the steep slope.

It was getting late in the afternoon when we finally climbed over the top of the long smooth ridge that lay between us and the top. For the past hour we had been in clouds and now found ourselves rising above them. Directly ahead of us rose Baker's rounded crest. We felt better now, forgetting all feeling of fatigue as we stepped along across the smooth surface of the snow, kicking up a fine spray of shiny ice particles ahead of our feet. In a surprisingly short time we found ourselves standing on the summit, happy conquerors of a steep mountainside that for twenty years had spelled defeat to numerous climbers.

*Route taken up Mt. Baker in this remarkable ascent.*

*"Conquest of Mt. Shuksan" Later Issue.*

# Battling Pike

## *A True Story of the Great Northern Pike*

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Illustrations by R. Fayerweather Babcock

THE position that the Great Northern pike occupies among our inland freshwater game fishes is one that is uncertain and generally open to question. With some it belongs to the class of the unmentionables, and is not considered to be a game fish at all. It is a fish that awakens disgust, especially when it gets on the hook when one is trolling for muscallonge for instance and everything seems propitious for the bringing to gaff of the largest grey warrior that ever came out of a watery fastness, then to have a three or four pound pike grab the lure is enough to cause the man holding the rod to go into tantrums and swear so lustily as to bring up a storm. It seems almost without fail that a pike of minute size will do this thing. Just when you are entering the grounds where you are quite certain that an old leviathan of a muscallonge is holding out, waiting to pounce upon your offering, a saucy little pike will sally forth from the weeds or the pads and sink his bristling teeth in the spoonhook. You are quite sure that you would have gotten the mightiest one the lake has ever produced—and then this had to happen!

It is rather humorous when you think of it, in viewing the pike question from all angles, that it is the small pike that come in for the mental lacing. Now if a pike of eight or ten, or fifteen or more pounds should clamp its jaws down on the glittering spoon, that is all well and good. At once a smile will appear on the face of the fisherman. The line will sizzle out of the reel and the chances are strong that the pike will come out the winner if your tackle is not of the very best. What seems to be the truth about the Great Northern pike as a fishing proposition is that be the pike small, it will unloosen the phials of wrath, and the fisherman will be so vexed that he will "talk damn" as the Indian has it. But let that pike be of well rounded dimensions, something out of the ordinary, not a murmur will be heard against the fish. The reason for the above state of things is simply that every fisherman is looking for the unusual fish, as catching an unusual fish will make him (the fisherman) an unusual fisherman!

I have always had a certain warm regard for the Great Northern pike as a fighter at the end of a line although it would be hard to convince some that it has any merit at all in this respect. I will admit that in some lakes the pike you catch will offer very little resistance; they will come up to the boat with little fight, and may be lifted in with the bare hand as one would take up a piece of unanimated driftwood. A few exhibitions of the sort will no doubt fix in the minds of many fishermen the thought that the Great Northern pike is a useless performer on the hook. On the other hand catch a pike of the same size in another lake and it will fight with a cunning and pugnaciousness that is astonishing. Just what is the reason for this? One reason seems the obvious one of spring-fed water producing a more energetic fish and non-springfed water producing a sluggish fish with little fight and nothing to its credit as a member of the game fish delegation. A lake that is well fed by springs therefore is a lake where one can expect to meet up with the Great Northern pike at its best. It is in such lakes that one had best look to his tackle and his every art.

I do not believe there is a lake among the ten thousand in the state of Minnesota where the pike so consistently break lines and get away as in the famous Lake Mille Lacs. This lake is one of the large bodies of water in the state, a mysterious sort of a lake, and always full of possibilities in the line of fish, the Great Northern pike being one of the finny tribe that is generally sought. This lake has about three hundred square miles of water surface so one is able to gather that the opportunities for spoils in the line of fish are not few and far between. But above all, as a point of distinction, is the fact that the lake is fed by veritably millions of springs and as a consequence the pike are full of the spirit of fight which puts them in a class by themselves. When the fisherman comes in with the usual story that a big one just simply snapped the line as one would a cotton thread, and that this same big one was no less than four feet in length, one does not smile because, forsooth, the possibility is there and large pike are breaking lines day in and day out during the summer in Lake Mille Lacs. It would indeed be a place to send the man who is an avowed foe of the pike, who rests assured that the specie has no more fight under their skins than an ordinary sucker. It would be well, however, that he took along a forty or fifty pound test line or the chances are very strong that he would never be able to see what he had on at the other end of the line.

The Great Northern pike of Lake Mille Lacs are not only tackle breakers by main strength and innate resourcefulness, but they have the weight behind them to make certain their ability to break loose from any average tackle that is used. Whatever may be said for the sportsmanlike spirit that prompts one to go forth for vicious pike with light tackle it

### From The Compleat Angler

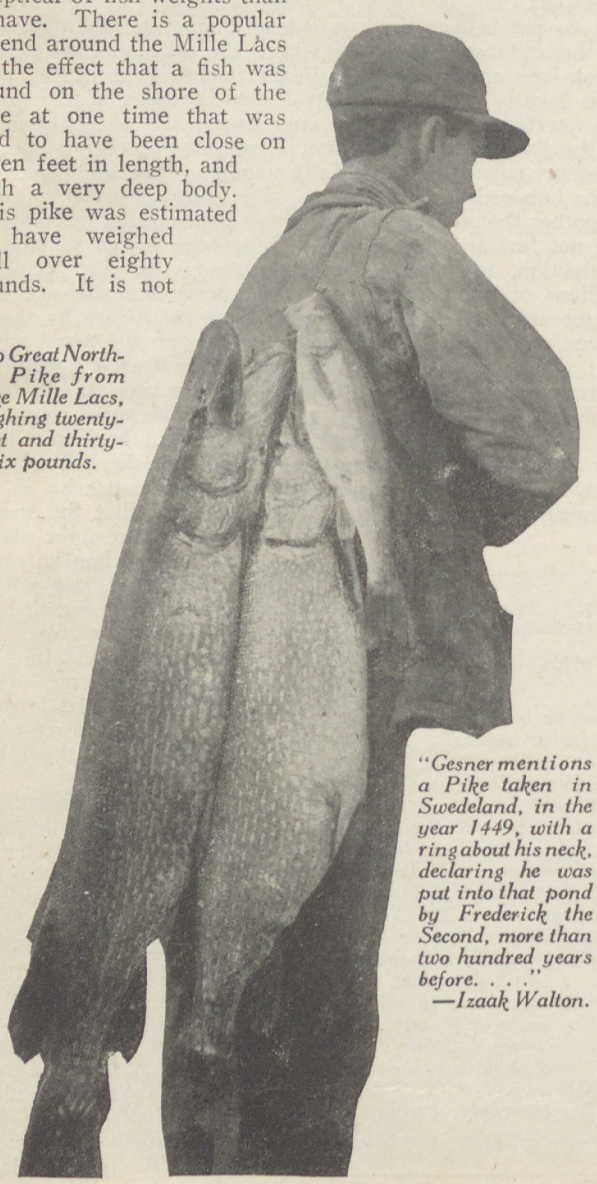
Fifth Edition, 1676

*THE mighty Luce or Pike is taken to be the tyrant, as the Salmon is the king, of the fresh water. . . . Sir Francis Bacon observes the Pike to be the longest lived of any fresh water fish; and yet he computes it to be not usually above forty years. . . . Gesner relates, A man going to a pond, where it seems a Pike had devoured all the fish, to water his mule, had a Pike bite his mule by the lips; to which the Pike hung so fast that the mule drew him out of the water; and by that accident, the owner of the mule angled out the Pike. . . . I have been assured by my friend Mr. Segrave that he hath known a Pike, in extreme hunger, fight with one of his Otters for a Carp that the Otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water. . . . And, doubtless, Pikes will bite when they are not hungry; but as some think, even for very anger when a tempting bait comes near them. . . . And doubtless a Pike in his height of hunger will bite at and devour a dog that swims in a pond; and there have been examples of it. . . . The Pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish; melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone.*

would be rank heresy to try it in Lake Mille Lacs. I have known fifteen pound pike elsewhere to be caught on five pound test surgeon's thread but the fish had been taken in semi-stagnant, lukewarm water where the fish was half dead of heart failure before he was brought in. But not in Lake Mille Lacs. Not so you would notice it!

To have fish after fish break my line was what happened when I first fished in this wonderful lake. Such a thing had happened before, but never when I did not have a solution for the problem. Then I decided that I would invest in a forty pound test muscallonge line, with a lot of it assembled on a large-sized reel, so that when the fish was properly hooked I could let him make a run for it. To the end of the line I attached a special wire leader that would resist the gashing fangs of any pike that ever sank them into a lure. The moment a big fellow struck I would drive the hook into the jaws of the mighty one, and then just simply feed out line, for the first impulse of the Great Northern pike is to make a run for it when hooked. Sometimes this worked all right. At other times weeds would prove the debatable factor, for once one of these husky battlers would dive into these it was almost impossible to get him out in spite of any probing and pulling tactics one could use. But if the place of battle had been selected wisely then it was inevitable that the fish would lose out for a strong line is proof against any fish finally.

Many of the pike in Lake Mille Lacs that have gotten away have gathered to themselves a reputation for weight and length that is little short of staggering. It is doubtful how large the largest pike in this famous lake happens to be but that there are some ranging up to sixty or more pounds is not exaggerating in the least, and no one has been more skeptical of fish weights than I have. There is a popular legend around the Mille Lacs to the effect that a fish was found on the shore of the lake at one time that was said to have been close on seven feet in length, and with a very deep body. This pike was estimated to have weighed well over eighty pounds. It is not at all impossible that there are pike in Lake Mille Lacs that would scale sixty pounds. When one considers that the average fisherman goes out with a twelve or fifteen pound test, soft braided line, and generally a frayed one at that, is it any wonder that so many lines are snapped off? Add to this the fact that very few fishermen make sure of protecting the line from the fangs of the fish with a wire leader, and the reason for most big ones getting away is readily detected.



*Two Great Northern Pike from Lake Mille Lacs, weighing twenty-eight and thirty-six pounds.*

*"Gesner mentions a Pike taken in Swedeland, in the year 1449, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by Frederick the Second, more than two hundred years before. . . ."*
*—Izaak Walton.*

I remember having made a run down from a more northern section of Minnesota to Mille Lacs in company with a fisherman who had caught muscallonge in every known musky water of North America. He had been having poor luck that year. He had been in Wisconsin and then had come on to a certain chain of musky lakes in northern Minnesota, some of the few lakes in the state, by the way, that have muskies in them. He had heard me compare the fighting ability of the two fish, the Great Northern pike with that of the muscallonge, my opinion being then, as it is now, that the pike is by far the greater battler of the two in that the pike is cunning and full of tricks. This gentleman had been listening to my views, and finally remarked, not without a touch of scorn:

"And where, may I ask, do we find any such scrappers in the state of Minnesota? I should like to try my hand at a few of them, for I have never yet met up with a pike that had the fighting ability that the musky possesses."

"Well," I answered, "you can get just as much fight out of a pike along the Minnesota-Ontario border waters as out of any musky. If you don't want to go that far just drop down to Lake Mille Lacs, and you will find a breed of pike that will give you all the tussle you are looking for."

He agreed to go with me down to Mille Lacs, and a few days after we were busy trolling and casting. I felt that I had to make good in my statement, or I would be properly ridiculed. What I wanted this man who fished for muskies to mingle with was a pike of an out-of-the-ordinary weight, something that I knew had tackle-breaking possibilities caged under its scales. And one day we ran into a big whopper. The fight that ensued was one that I will always remember, and while it was going on I studied the face of the man with the rod. I could see that he knew he had met up with something that he had never run into while musky fishing, and to say that he had his hands full is saying the least. One time he very nearly lost his rod, at which I paused to remark that he keep a firm grip on it, for a fellow was found drowned there the year before with a fifteen pound pike on a hook, and the drowned man clinging with a death grip to the rod. "Well," remarked the man who fished for muskies, "if this fish takes me out of the boat, chalk me down for holding on to the bitter end!"

Now this gentleman knew how to play a fish, and I nodded to myself in satisfaction as I watched the fight, the fish always sparring for an opening and testing out the man at the rod end. That the hook had been sunk deep in the bony jaw of the pike I knew, for the process of driving the barb had been sharp and seemingly enough to poke it through a board. Then suddenly the line grew limp, and the man at the rod reeled swiftly. It was the usual pike trick of permitting himself to be reeled up to the very boat purposely to see what things looked like at the other end of the line. I regard this trick that the pike plays as one of the most ingenious and cunning attempted by any fish in our freshwaters and stamps *Esox lucius* as a finny antagonist meriting more than ordinary consideration. Eventually this fish hove in sight. I sat at the oars, I suppose with mouth open, and the man who fished for muskies held his rod a little high and reeled slowly, intently marking the spot where the line entered the water.

"Suffering mackerel," I exclaimed, when the fish could properly be detected, "that brute fish will weigh thirty pounds"

"Thirty pounds," breathed the man who fished for muskies, "ah, come now, they don't grow that big. Not thirty, your eyes are failing you."

"Failing, my eye," I said. "The fish runs to a deep body and that's always the sign of a heavy pike. Look at those eyes. Ever see anything quite so savage in all your life? Looks as though he'd like to grind our bones to make his bread, eh."

All this happening, by the way, while the fish was idly

swimming in, his tail barely fanning the water, and yet I knew, if my friend didn't, that right there was a bunch of dynamite with a skin and scales drawn over it which the least disturbance in the boat would send off like a streak of lightning into the dim unknown of the lake. I had barely moved in all this time, and I had a kink in my neck. My friend who fished for muskies sat as though transfixed. I knew that for the first time in his life he was looking upon a real, good sized Great Northern pike, not the skinny little pickerel that had probably been fooling away with his musky spoon the greater part of his fishing days.

"I'll shoot him through the head," I suggested, indicating with raised eyebrows the .22 caliber pistol beside me.

"You will *not*," said the man with the rod. "I've landed about every fish I have ever caught with my bare hands, and this should be no exception to the rule."

The fish had gradually been brought in as docile as a lamb—playing 'possum as cunningly as though intelligence of the keenest stripe were being used. Eventually the moment arrived. The man with the rod extended his hand with the intention of inserting a thumb and fore-finger in the eyes of the huge fellow. But no sooner had the hand reached within an inch of his eyes than the pike took fright. Let me mention that he did not exactly shoot away like a flash. I know that I saw his belly several times. What he had contrived to do was to veritably roll himself around and around the line as he bored down. What a test this was on the tackle can be imagined. Had the line shown the least flaw the fish would have snapped it like a gossamer strand, but the man who fished for muskies used lines that were not of an ordinary sort, and they were religiously tested and inspected foot by foot. So our friend, the pike, was out of luck. No weeds obtained wherein to dive and wind the line. The line held; and the hook was deep seated. Two vicious runs the fish made after the first one, and then the two fingers pinched into the eyes, and the lordly one was dragged by main force into the boat. At the conclusion of it the man with the rod was quivering all over. As for myself I smiled up my sleeve, for I had proved to my satisfaction, and to that of a dyed-in-the-wool musky fisherman that a large Great Northern pike is a fish to contend with indeed, and, borrowing liberally from Dr. Henshall it is under advantageous conditions pound for pound by far the leader over the muscallonge. Probably my friend admitted as much, but with certain reservations. It was not the only large pike that we hooked, and when we left the lake it was with the agreement clinched that we would come again, and bring a moving picture machine along!

A peculiarity with this great lake is the fact that on the average it is not very deep. For this reason one is all the more apt to run into really large pike, for they are almost always somewhere close to the bottom. There are, of course, choice places to look for them, and I am come to believe that some of these places are especially haunted by the truly large pike. It is to find these select places that means all the difference between failure and success. Pike, like muscallonge, select what may be called vantage places, snug retreats into which they can back up and lie in wait for such prey as comes along. The truly large pike are found more or less close to the bottom, and rarely work up into the shallows as the muscallonge will do. The smaller pike ranging two, three, up to eight pounds may be caught in the shallow water, but the large pike, rarely. The reason for this is that as a pike grows older it spends more and more of its time close to the bottom principally for the reason that its daily fare is composed to a large extent of yellow perch, and as these always keep a close-to-the-bottom level, the pike, to get at them, must follow them deep down. The pike fisherman who would get large pike therefore must fish so close to the bottom that his lure is fairly scraping on the sand. It is because nine-tenths of the trolling for pike is done in more or less shallow water, where the pike are not that so few of them are ever brought to the light of day.

*"Ever see anything so savage in all your life?"*

"GOD *grant that I a fish of such a size may land*
*As even to myself to truly tell its weight."*
—A. D. GODLEY.

# Shall the Wolf River Be Sacrificed?

By MARK S. CATLIN

Photographs by Harwood, Appleton, Wis.

*Protest against this river being ruined.*

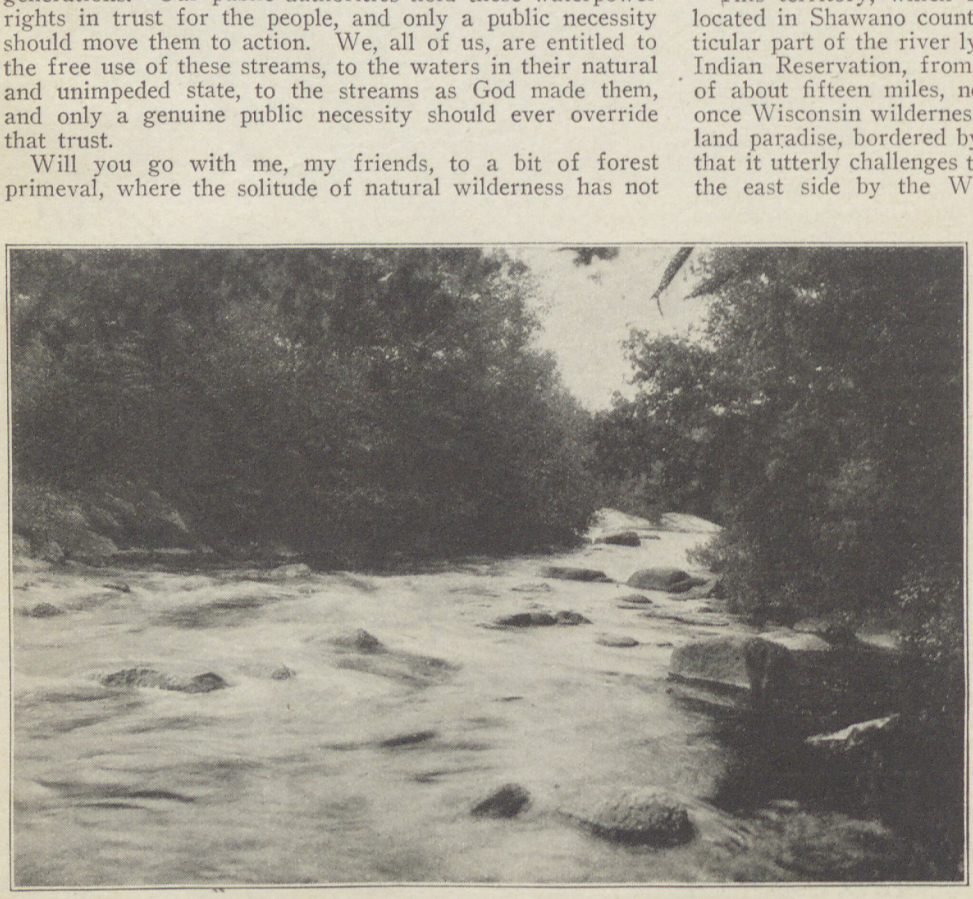
I HAVE often wondered whether those of us who are now active are concerning ourselves sufficiently with posterity, or whether we are taking a purely selfish attitude and making no provision for those who follow us. Has the world become so commercial that the present is all we see, or should we, as good citizens, look farther? I believe that we should, that we should use every means at our command to see that the great outdoors is preserved. It seems to me that anything less than that would be unforgivable.

I have now in mind the erection of power dams by public service corporations along many of our beautiful scenic streams. Has the time now come when public necessity demands that such be done? I cannot and do not believe that that time is here, nor do I believe it will come for several generations. Our public authorities hold these waterpower rights in trust for the people, and only a public necessity should move them to action. We, all of us, are entitled to the free use of these streams, to the waters in their natural and unimpeded state, to the streams as God made them, and only a genuine public necessity should ever override that trust.

Will you go with me, my friends, to a bit of forest primeval, where the solitude of natural wilderness has not yet been entirely desecrated, where the whippoorwill, in the summer time, nightly sings his song, where the ruffed grouse still raises its young in peace, where a beautiful river, with roaring, tumbling, laughing water, wends its unceasing way to the sea; where the brook trout still lives, where you may forget your troubles and rest in peace among God's creatures and creations, and there contemplate the mighty workings of nature.

This territory, which I speak about, is the Wolf River located in Shawano county, Wisconsin, and being that particular part of the river lying wholly within the Menomonie Indian Reservation, from Keshena Falls North, a distance of about fifteen miles, nestling in the heart of what was once Wisconsin wilderness, and yet today, a patch of woodland paradise, bordered by a stream of such scenic splendor that it utterly challenges the imagination. It is bordered on the east side by the Wisconsin State Highway No. 55, which parallels the Wolf River over this entire distance, some places near the river, and some places far away from it.

There is a rock formation in Wisconsin consisting of a granite rock, in some places of a reddish cast and in other places blue, which starts near the northeast corner of the state and extends in a southwesterly direction diagonally across the entire state, and wherever any of the streams cross this rock formation, nature, through all her years, has wrought for mankind wonderful waterfalls and gorges. The Dells of Wisconsin are formed by the Wisconsin River cutting through this same formation and similarly the Dells of the Wolf River are formed by this same strata. This rock formation varies in width and depth. At this particular place, to which I am calling your attention, this rock formation is about twelve miles wide.



***Write your State legislators you want this stream protected.***

This territory itself is totally wild and uninhabited except where a few Indians have their place of abode, and they do not live regularly in any of these shacks, but migrate back and forth over the entire territory. The country through which the Wolf River passes is rough and broken. The river passes at some places through sandy, barren country which is covered with jack pine and scraggy oaks; at other places, white pine, oak, birch, and beech are the predominating forest trees, and at a number of places over this stretch of territory, the timber still stands in its original form, giving us glimpses of what this wonderful and beautiful country was before the white man came with his axe and sawmill.

Starting at the north end of these wonderful rapids and waterfalls of the Wolf River in the Menomonie Reservation, we have the first falls of any consequence, known as Sullivan Falls. The entrance to Sullivan Falls is marked on the left side of Highway No. 55, as you go north, and is about two and one-half miles off the main highway. Sullivan Falls is located just below the mouth of the Evergreen River, and has a drop of perhaps twelve or fourteen feet. Above the falls, for a distance of about fifty or sixty rods, are tremendously swift rapids.

Below Sullivan Falls, the river becomes again somewhat tranquil, but yet very rapid for a distance of perhaps one-half mile, where again it shoots down at a sheer drop of about the same distance through a broken gorge. Then again it pours into a great, deep pond, this pond having been formed by the narrowing down of the river and the tremendous rush out into a soil that could be eroded, forming a large, round pool. So far the hand of civilization has not yet been laid upon this spot to transform it from its primeval wildness. There is not even a path there, but it lies in its original, native grandeur, a spectacle for anyone, and a marvelous showing of the works of nature.

About one mile below this place appears that territory known as the Dells of the Wolf. At some places, the cut is sixty feet deep and twenty-five to thirty feet wide, with the water going through with the speed of a mill race, and forming a picture of almost indescribable beauty. The roar of the waters can be heard from a great distance. The lonely pine grows from the cracks in the rock upon its very edge, and all the physical marks upon this granite mill race speak of the ages of time that must have elapsed for such a cut to have been made. I have visited this territory for more than twenty years, and as far as I am able to see, there has been no perceptible erosion on it in that length of time; therefore the action of the water must necessarily, in such natural elements, work its way very, very slowly.

Following down from this point, the river winds and bends its way around and over the rock strewn bottom, with vegetation growing to the very water's edge, until the next place that is reached, where there is any considerable fall, is known as Smoky Falls. Here is a fall of from thirty to forty feet in a continuous drop, where the spray coming up over this marvel of nature gives the appearance of fog or smoke, and hence the name that the Indians have given it, "Big Smoky Falls."

The grade of the Wolf River all down through this territory is very strong. I have no idea of what the drop per mile is, but there is over this entire area of twelve miles almost a continuous set of rapids and waterfalls, and the grade must be extremely heavy.

The next falls below Big Smoky that amount to anything in size are those occurring at a place known as the Big Eddy. Here is a sheer drop of about twelve feet or maybe more, and below this falls is a large whirlpool, which has given to the territory the name of Big Eddy.

The Wolf River over this entire territory abounds in trout of two kinds, rainbow and brook trout, and small mouth black bass, all living together in the same water. The trout in this river are not native to the stream, but were planted there and have taken possession of it over its entire course. The stream is annually fished by a great many sportsmen and furnishes wonderful recreation and entertainment for them.

The hand of the despoiler is now reaching out for it. Some of our people, who can see more beauty in stock certificates and in dividends than in nature, are after it for hydro electric plants. They have filed application with the Federal Waterpower Commission, who claim jurisdiction over this territory, for a permit for a preliminary survey. This permit, if issued, is an exclusive permit, good for three years from its date, and totally within the power of the commission above named. At the hearing before this commission, held at Milwaukee, September 16, 1926, I appeared and made such objection as I could. I there learned that the application had been filed by the Wisconsin Power & Light Company; that they proposed to erect six dams on the Wolf River within this beautiful and what should be, inviolate territory. The theory of the entire transaction is that the Menomonie Indians are wards of the government, and in "their" interest this territory should be sold. A few of the poor devils were at the hearing of the commission, not knowing what it was all about, giving assent to something that they did not know the meaning of and will only understand when their fishing grounds are swallowed up.

Some of the Indians had employed an attorney from Milwaukee to talk against the issuing of this permit. He was silenced, however, when some of the Indians that had asked him to come were called up and spoke in favor of the permit. Do you know how their childlike minds may change?

It is probably true that the Bureau of Indian Affairs at Washington, and the Federal Waterpower Commission have very little interest in conserving the natural resources of Wisconsin for the enjoyment and recreation of its people, or any other people. We have no way of judging the future but by the past and it is a significant fact that in the great majority of cases where corporate interests conflict with the public interests, the people suffer. What can one voice do, what can one man do? Only what I am now doing, broadcasting to you the cry of alarm of any encroachment upon our public domain, an encroachment that will despoil forever, in a short space of time, what nature has taken centuries to build. Dividends alone will not bring health or happiness to any man. It takes something more.

From those beauty spots that already have fallen into the hands of the despoiler, let us learn our lesson anew; let us be inspired with increased devotion to carry on to the end, that our beauty spots shall be saved for all the people, and that our children shall say, "You did your full duty." Let us present a united front that will raise up a righteous, public indignation. Let us, with determination, vigorously and continuously and courageously, insist to our State legislators, upon our rights to retain OUR river as we want it.

# Outdoor Lovers of Wisconsin

**What do you want done with YOUR Wolf River? We believe you want every bit of this outdoor heritage of yours preserved intact and kept forever inviolate.**

*WRITE YOUR STATE LEGISLATORS*

# What's Happening in Conservation

*Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities*

Edited by SETH E. GORDON
National Extension Director I. W. L. A.

## Commission Administration Before Legislatures

THE non-salaried, non-partisan plan of commission administration for game, fish, forests and other natural resources, as already functioning in a number of states, has been up for consideration in one form or another in the Legislatures of almost one-third of the states this year. Kansas and North Carolina were the only two states from which information had been received when this was written, indicating that this plan has been adopted.

### Kansas and North Carolina

Kansas has had an advisory Forest, Fish and Game Commission for two years, but with no actual executive authority. The Legislature this year changed the law so that this Commission will have direct control in all matters of departmental policy, acquisition of lands, establishment of refuges and finances.

North Carolina, for the first time in the history of that state, has launched upon a rather comprehensive program under the direction of a non-salaried commission, as will be noted in a special article elsewhere in this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Other states in which commission bills were considered or are still pending, at least some of which will likely be adopted this year, are Arizona, Colorado, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, South Dakota, Washington and Wisconsin.

### States with Commissions

In addition to Kansas and North Carolina, the states which already have the non-salaried commission form of administration for their game and fish work, and in a number of instances forests and waters, are Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Kentucky, Michigan, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, West Virginia, Wyoming, also Alaska. With the two recently added to the list, there are now twenty states in which the Commission Plan of administration is in effect.

### Mississippi and Washington

Mississippi was successful in passing a good statewide game law in 1926, but failed to establish a state department to administer it. The question of a statewide non-partisan administration of game and fish matters also has been much debated in the State of Washington, but with no concrete accomplishments to date, except to enact a statewide law with a Supervisor of Fish and Game in charge. Every county in that state still has a separate game commission with almost unlimited administrative authority.

Many of the other states with single-headed departments are doing splendid work, but in a number of other instances the game and fish work is merely a part of a larger department. Several of these latter states are producing quite good results, but on the whole they are not making the progress being shown by states with departments or commissions devoting their entire effort to promoting game and fish work.

### Leadership and Teamwork

The effectiveness of any system of game, fish or forest administration depends greatly upon the ability, integrity and aggressive leadership of the man actually in charge of the administrative work, whether as a single-headed department, or under a commission. However, too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the value of unstinted organized support by the sportsmen and other outdoor people of the state. The system which will produce the best results in a state is the one which should be continued over a long term of years. Frequent changes are both unwise and destructive.

The general trend today is toward simple, uniform, statewide laws, uniform statewide administration devoid of all political or other entangling encumbrances, the fish and game work adequately financed through license fees contributed by the sportsmen, and to continue trained efficient employes indefinitely. Unfortunately, the fish work has not kept pace with the game activities in most states, both because the laws have been inadequate and because necessary financial support has been lacking. In other states the entire cost of the fish work has been borne by the hunters, which is a decidedly unfair and unsportsmanlike arrangement.

## Western Grazing Problem

ADMINISTRATION of grazing on the National Forests in the West has been a rather difficult problem for many years. The questions of range allotment and equitable fees have caused Federal Forest officials much difficulty, and the adjustment of the differences of opinion between the stock and sheep men on one side and forest and game conservationists on the other has been equally as difficult. These questions have been aired quite frequently in Congress and in the public press. In 1925 a special Congressional Committee held hearings at a number of points in the West, but contrary to expectations their deliberations did not result in a final solution of the problems involved.

Later sheep and cattle interests introduced bills in Congress which in effect would have taken the control of the question of grazing on National Forests out of the hands of the Federal Government and, practically speaking, would have recognized private ownership and transfer of grazing privileges. After considerable effort these bills were defeated.

### Casement Made Study

Later Secretary Jardine of the Department of Agriculture succeeded in having Mr. Dan Casement, an experienced stockman of Colorado Springs, make an impartial study of the entire question. As a result an equitable basis has been agreed upon so far as National Forests are concerned.

Under this plan the scale of fees will gradually be increased until the grazing fees will more nearly equal the cost of grazing privileges on private lands, and some of the past difficulties in connection with grazing area allotments will be overcome.

### Public Domain Conditions Serious

While most of the grazing differences in the West have centered around the National Forests, this has been due to the fact that the National Forests are being well administered, while the public domain is neglected. The National Forests in the United States amount to only 89,000,000 acres; the public domain outranks all other classes of land and embraces over 184,000,000 acres.

Mr. George D. Pratt, President of the American Forest Association, speaking of our public domain lands, recently said:

"They are in a sense a 'no man's land' in that the Government has not seen fit to administer them under any plan of conservation or permanent management. They are being utilized for grazing without charge or control by the Federal Government. * * * Wide areas have been almost denuded of native grasses. In contrast to the Public Domain are the National Forests, almost equal in area, efficiently administered under the Roosevelt policy of conservation. Here is a striking example of how the Federal Government on the one hand is failing to conserve the natural wealth of certain of our lands, and on the other hand is wisely and efficiently enriching other areas of public lands. The situation is inconsistent and a reproach upon national economy."

With this conclusion we most heartily concur. Steps should be taken to correct this shortsighted policy at the earliest possible date. Not only is the grazing on the public domain being destroyed through lack of control, but new forest growth and the wild life on those areas are disappearing. How long will the American people permit this condition to continue?

## Wild Life Refuges

THE creation of wild life refuges as one sure method of saving our game and fish has been before the conservationists of America at almost every turn for the past ten or more years. Fortunately, all of this agitation has already produced concrete results in a number of states, even though Federal legislation on this subject has been unsuccessful to date. The laws in most of the states now definitely provide for the creation of game and fish refuges. States not having such provisions are making an earnest effort to obtain the necessary legislative authorization.

### Upper Mississippi Refuge

The Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge, authorized by Congress at the instance of the Izaak Walton League after a long hard battle is rapidly taking form. This area, covering over 300,000 acres, is destined to become one of the outstanding wild life and recreational areas in America.

### Bear River Marsh

As a result of the agitation for Federal Refuges and the need for special protection for wild waterfowl, especially in the western states, the Phipps Bill appropriating $350,000 was introduced in Congress to dyke the Bear River Marshes, so that the almost two hundred square miles of this present death trap area may be reclaimed and again become one of the largest feeding, breeding and resting grounds for wild waterfowl in America. This bill was killed in the jam at the end of the session.

The sportsmen of California, because wild waterfowl from the Bear River marsh area spread to at least twelve western states, including California, started a campaign to raise a fund of at least $10,000 to be placed in the hands of the Biological Survey for use in making necessary surveys.

### More Refuges Needed

What every state needs is many more well defined and regulated refuges, and not merely large areas set aside on paper and called refuges, but which in reality are not clearly defined on the ground and are not controlled in any way. Rarely can such refuges be expected to produce worthwhile results. The State of Oklahoma established thirty-nine game refuges in as many separate counties in one year, and Texas has the record of setting aside fifty-two such areas in one year. Pennsylvania led the way in this matter and has established more game refuges than any other state.

The sooner we set aside many more desirable areas on which our game and fish are absolutely protected at all times the longer we can hope to defer Europeanizing the wild life of America, which means hunting and fishing for a favored few only.

## Right of Search Upheld

A RECENT Missouri Supreme Court decision again definitely establishes the right of a state to control game and fish for the benefit of all the people. While quail hunting, J. H. Savage was arrested by a Deputy Game Warden of Missouri for refusing to allow said warden to inspect and count his game, claiming that under the constitution he could not be subjected to such search or the seizure of any property in his possession, even though the state game law provides specifically for such inspection.

From experience the officer evidently knew that any hunter or fisherman who objects to examination of his creel or game coat when approached in a decent, respectable manner by an officer of the law usually has good reasons other than his constitutional rights for objecting to such an examination.

Upon being prosecuted the defendant was discharged by the lower court, but on appeal by the state the Supreme Court of Missouri reversed the judgment. The Court said in part:

"The defendant by taking out a license to hunt and kill game, the title to which was in the State, acquired a mere privilege to hunt, subject to the restrictions and limitations of the statute; that the statute requiring him to permit the game commissioner or his deputies to inspect and count the fish, birds, animals and game in his possession to ascertain whether the requirements of the statute were being faithfully complied with, is a proper and necessary police regulation to discover and prevent easy evasions of the statute. * * * Such inspection and count of quail in the defendant's possession is not an unreasonable search and seizure. * * * The statute, being of general application to all persons alike, is not repugnant to the due process and equal protection clauses of the constitution. By accepting a hunter's license he waived the constitutional rights invoked so far as applicable to the facts in this case."

## Rearing Game Birds

REARING game birds to stock depleted covers has long been considered a worthy field of endeavor in England and Europe. In comparatively recent years it has become a prominent factor in game restoration in America. Many states and individuals established game farms and induced trained game keepers from abroad to take charge of them. Others soon adopted their methods and today America has a goodly number of men who devote their entire time to rearing game birds.

The game farms with a large annual output in most instances are rearing imported pheasants. The Virginia State Game Farm is rearing native bobwhite quail successfully.

Many amateurs have been quite successful; thousands of others have failed miserably because they did not have proper information upon which to proceed. Others failed because they did not realize that intense personal application is absolutely essential. The Biological Survey has just issued a most helpful bulletin on the subject (Farmers' Bulletin No. 1521-F) which is available through the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

# Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

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# WILL H. DILG

Editorial reprinted from the Chicago Journal of Commerce, Tuesday, March 29th

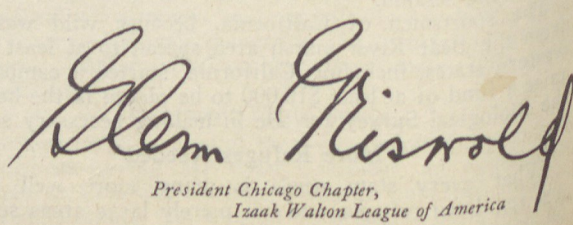
THE death of Will Dilg means sadness to everybody who knew him for the ardent preacher and the untiring fighter that he was. The ill-health against which he struggled for years, and despite which he led a great national movement, has brought him down at last.

In January, 1922, fifty-four conservationists and sportsmen met in a room of the Chicago Athletic Association to found an organization which should be devoted to saving America's outdoors. Out of that meeting grew the Izaak Walton League. Today it has 2,875 chapters and nearly 200,000 members. The fifty-four founders are regarded as the "patriarchs" of the five-year-old organization. Every year, on the anniversary of their first meeting, they meet again in the same room in which the league was founded.

Of that group of fifty-four, Will Dilg was the evangelistic leader. His soul was on fire with his belief in the patriotic value of the league. He was caught up in an ecstasy no less real, no less ardent, than that of any religious evangelist. And by the ardor of his own belief he enlisted the rapid support of thousands of people who, in their own walks of life, were many times as practical, as cool, as Will Dilg. The evangelist led them. He provided the inspiration for thousands of people who, without knowing it, were ripe for such a movement; thousands of people who loved the outdoors and had a genuine belief that it should be saved for the future generations of America.

Will Dilg was the evangelist. And as is the case of nearly all men of great qualities, he had the defects of his qualities. The evangelist is seldom a practical guide in daily matters. Will Dilg could inspire; but he could not show the highest ability in practical affairs. This was all the more true in view of the fact that his illness grew constantly worse, and constantly kept him in a strained, tense mood. As a result, Mr. Dilg retired from the presidency of the league a year ago, and Charles W. Folds was elected in his stead. Since that time the league has grown more powerful than ever, and has exerted a steadily stronger influence at Washington and in the state capitals for the conservation of America's outdoors.

But all this influence, all this total of good works, would have been utterly impossible without Will Dilg. It was he who made the league possible. It was he who united conservationists and lovers of the outdoors in a great fraternity. The rapid spread of the league was due to Will Dilg. No other man could have accomplished that result. It was an amazing result, and the more one thinks of it the more amazing it seems. And the man who brought it about was an amazing man.



*President Chicago Chapter,*
*Izaak Walton League of America*

# Golden Trails

*The darkest scriptures of the mountains are illumined with bright passages of love that never fail to make themselves felt when one is alone.—John Muir*

By PHILIP KINSLEY

*PHILIP KINSLEY, noted feature writer of the Chicago Tribune, whose assignments on important stories have taken him all over the world, followed these golden trails in the summer of 1926. This is the second installment of the story of his walking trip over the King's Canyon trail from Giant Forest, over the John Muir trail through Evolution Basin and over the Mono trail to Lake Huntington. He went alone, carrying a forty-pound pack and was for twenty days out of touch of civilization.*

REACHED King's Canyon about 12:30 this noon after a long grind down hill for a mile in straight drop, but several miles by the trail, which is zigzagged along the ridges and follows the courses of several small dry streams and two or three torrents. The view of the canyon became more glorious with each turn. Back ached and I rested frequently, also took several short cuts, regardless of snakes and possible falls. No real rest or food for six hours on this trail. At Sheep Creek had a wash in ice water and lay in the shade under a waterfall for half an hour. The inevitable water ouzel came to inspect me and make its funny little bows and curtseys, sitting on a rock in the spray. No matter how hard and steep the trail, the mountains always give this reward. There is always a shady spot where a cool little wind lives and longs to caress fevered brows. Saw three Mariposa lilies at altitude about 8,000, coming down the trail. They held up sweet pansy faces beside the dust of the trail. Also three snow flowers, their brilliant red coats a little rusty.

The roar of the river mingled at last with the music of the mountain trees and at noon I entered Cedar Grove, a flat meadow on the edge of white water. The old hotel or rest house here is abandoned. But I have my own hotel, now weighing, it seems, about a ton. I called at the ranger station here and found a lad alone and homesick for the city streets. The forester, he said, was away in the forest fire zone, and he was alone and so glad to see me, or anyone, that he asked me to dinner. I was on the point of begging a bit of real bread from him, when he dragged out a big Dutch oven and mixed a batch of dough. He then started a fire in the yard and put the oven over the coals, also raking a lot of coals on the cover. This gave an even heat for the bread and while I rested at ease, listening to the welcome sound of the river and the gentle breezes there in the cool grove, he prepared beans and soup and other things that seemed enough for a week's rations. There was an onion, raw, and rice with prunes. I was very hungry and ate three enormous biscuits and all the other things that he put before me, washed down with copious draughts of strong tea. The best meal in a week. I chatted with the young forester who lived in this place, which seemed paradise to me and which he was ready to leave at once and forever. I gathered that the loneliness, the nights, depressed him, that he was a little timid to face himself all the time, that he had little reserve of thought to fall back upon. After dinner I walked over the bridge and down the stream a few yards, found my exhausted San Francisco friends stretched out on blankets, too tired even to cook lunch. But the rest and the coolness revived them and they soon had a fine bean soup going and Hudson and I went prospecting for fish. After eating some of this bean soup and catching a few fish in front of camp, I had my first good wash in the cold stream, sitting on big, clean rocks, and also gave my clothing a soaping and rinsing and stretched it out in the sun.

**July 7, Wednesday**

FISH for supper and breakfast, also a few fried and wrapped in cheesecloth for carrying in the pack. They keep well in this altitude and there are plenty of medium sized ones here, all rainbow. Said goodby to my good friends, the Hudsons, and they gave me a little salt, sugar and real tea, as they are turning back from here.

Left Cedar Grove camp at 6:30 a. m., arriving at Copper Creek about 9. The way was mostly level along the river bottom, but it was hot. A sign at the Copper Creek trail says "To Middle Fork on King's river and points north." Then a dim trail bends off to the left. That is all. Met a man and boy on horses this morning.

This is where I pick up the John Muir trail. The climb out of the valley became rough and steep almost at once. Far off to the right, or east, I could see Bubb's Creek come tumbling down out of the mountains, a long white ribbon stretching for miles. Sphynx Mountain dominates this region. The climb for two and a half hours was steady, steep, hot and dusty, my pack becoming heavier all the time. My goal tonight is Granite Basin, more than a mile above the valley, several miles by trail, evidently, but doubt if I can make it. My back begins to ache in new places. The pace up here is about a mile an hour. It is necessary to rest frequently, just long enough to keep the breath even. Never mind legs, back, arms, I must get on to water, which does not show on the map until altitude 7,000. It is a great relief to get out of the canyon. The higher air is food and drink and new life.

**12 o'clock**

AT last a trickle of water appears on a rock. I will push on to the next blue line on the map. It is near, for I can hear the fall of water.

Now for an hour of perfect peace, a good wash in ice water, a cup of cold milk made from this water, cold fish and a bite of chocolate. What a reward it is to lie under a pine tree, have a good rest, smoke a pipe or two and regard the valley out of which I have climbed, now dim in the distance. More trouble ahead, truly, but this is sufficient for happiness. Have thrown away my hatchet. After a nap of an hour pushed on to the second stream on the trail at 2 p. m. Back and legs are stiff and sore now.

**5 p. m.**

HAD to stop before reaching Granite Basin, as the work was becoming too hard and the basin seems still several miles ahead. I looked for a suitable camping place along the five streams marked on the map, but they were small and brushy and I pushed on. About half a mile from the last stream, before the long dry stretch to the basin begins, I found a nice open camp. The spring there had dried up, but I took my three dishes and went back along the trail to the last stream, then arranged bed and fireplace. I can see the Alpine glow from my bunk, as it lights the mountains along the back trail and on the other side of the canyon I have been leaving all day. I am well out of the South Fork Canyon and have made about nine miles. The trees here are large, but wood is not plentiful. I saw a copper colored snake in the trail while going for water, but

we did not disturb each other. Heard a noise in the brush and looked up to see a doe feeding on the bushes and flapping her long ears to keep the small black flies away. It is cold up here, but refreshing, and my bed is good for any altitude.

Have not seen anyone today except the old man and the boy. Nothing but the evening song of the birds and the sound of the wind from the canyon in the pines.

This has been a hard day. I am glad that I have been able to endure it and can sit here in the evening taking my reward. The crests of the bare granite ridges that shut in this valley are still bright with the sunlight, but my camp is in the shadow, steadily deepening. The creek murmurs far below. The night breeze begins to sing in the tree harps. The shadow is creeping up the hill. One side of the Sphynx is dark, the other bathed in light. From my bunk, under twin trees, I recline at ease, watching the fire and the dying day. No king could have a lovelier bedroom.

### July 8, Thursday

BETWEEN 7:30 and 8 o'clock last evening, for just a few minutes, the mountain ridges across King's Canyon were flooded with rosy light, then the shadows fell suddenly. The night was rather restless. The wolves and coyotes came with the dark and made the rocky walls echo with their long wild cries. Several times, as I was dropping to sleep, these startled me awake. Ancient fear of the forest and the night would lift its head. At midnight I built up my dying fire until it lit a wide circle under the trees. Went to sleep again until 4 o'clock, when the birds began to sing again, the animals were silent and the eastern face of the mountains began to be light. The doe that I noticed last evening must have circled around my camp last night, probably feeling a sense of protection against those wild hunting cries, for she was there in the morning. A sharp cry of agony came from the woods during the night. Some hunter had made a kill.

Left camp at 6 a. m. Muscles still protesting, but the upgrade was still there, and in an hour I felt all right. At 7 o'clock found the sign pointing to Granite Basin, so I knew that I was on the right trail. An inch on this map is very deceiving. It means a step a second, resting every 40 or 50 steps, then going on until you feel like dropping in the trail. A little rest, however, works wonders in this wine-like air.

### 11 a. m.

REACHED the crest leading into Granite Basin after five hours of bad climbing. This was the most difficult of work and once or twice I doubted whether I would ever make the top. It seemed always to recede. The crest is 6,000 feet above King's Canyon, altitude 10,450. It opened into a basin that was a wilderness of bare rocks, with a few patches of vivid green meadow and pools of melted snow. The west side of the basin rises above timber line. There were a few dwarf pine and tamarack at one end of the basin, and flowers and birds gave a touch of gentleness to the wild and desolate scene. A humming bird came by and I heard a singer that sounded like the oriole of boyhood lanes. The flowers in the little meadows were of brilliant hue. I stopped at the first pool and had a drink of the nectar of the high places.

It took me two hours to get through the loose rock to the head of the basin, where there was a running stream and a group of trees. The maps and records show that this is the only available camp for miles. Had a cup of lemonade, made of powder and snow water, probably the most delicious drink in the world. Then some beef tea and rye biscuit soaked in it, and a little chocolate. I am too tired to move on over the pass tonight anyway, so will camp right here. Have seen no traces of humans today. Someone with hobnailed shoes has been over this trail within a few days, and many deer, but that is all.

On Granite Pass at last. Sign here says 15 miles from Cedar Grove, which I left the day before yesterday. Getting here at all is something. After my morning struggle of yesterday to reach the basin I was treated to a new mood of the mountains. The basin seems to be the place they brew the thunder and lightning for the lower world, for about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as I was resting in the sun, it began to grow dark and a cold wind whistled through the trees and the bunch grass by the little stream, and soon I heard the rumbling of thunder. I made haste to get a new camp in a little open meadow, as several trees nearby had been split by lightning in other storms, and it did not look like a safe place under there. I started a fire at once and got together a great pile of wood. The first drops began to fall and soon the basin was buried in clouds. But the fire mounted higher and higher, defying the rain, and even the hail and snow that fell for about two hours. At first I got into my comfort bag shelter and thought I would sit it out in Indian fashion, but soon preferred to stand out in the storm, next to the fire, which kept toasting me until I steamed. The thunder rolled and the light flashed all around my camp. My bed was covered with snow. I hid my bag under a big rock. This would be a good test for my outfit, I thought, especially the bed. I made a little tea finally, standing in the rain over the fire, munched raisins and biscuit and went to bed. It was still dripping, but the storm was passing over. No sunset beauties tonight. I had to kick snow and water off the bed before crawling in. I was dry, in waterproofed shirts. The outer cover of the bag was wet through and there were little pools of water on the eiderdown. The meadow was running with water under the bag. I took off hat, boots and trousers and got in. The fire made a great blaze and must have kept going for hours.

I went to sleep soon, for the bag was warm enough. I awoke once and peeked out to see the stars that had arrived after the storm. The outer flaps of the sleeping bag were frozen together, but I was warm. In the morning it was still dark and wet, but I had hidden away a little dry wood under rocks and was soon able to get breakfast of coffee and bacon, with wheat mush. Rolled up my stuff, which seemed to have taken on several pounds in moisture weight.

Off at 6 a. m. and at 8 o'clock reached the actual pass and got my first view of the Middle Fork country beyond. Quite a bit of snow in this pass and it was slippery and difficult. Farquahr says this pass is hard on animals. I wonder how many men have seen this, foot by foot, in this way. It is no trick to pack a mule with provisions, ride a horse over the trail behind a guide. Farquahr says the altitude is 11,000, but my map shows 10,677 here. The guardian peaks beyond the Middle Fork look even more rugged and high than the ones I have passed through. This is the heart of the Sierras at last, a place that few care to seek. The sun is now out of the clouds and I will go down hill for a welcome change, hoping to reach Daugherty Meadows for camp and do a bit of fishing.

### 3 p. m.

MADE the meadows about noon over the roughest way yet encountered. This camp is on a high granite bench over a creek, with two waterfalls in sight and the

# A Nomad

By May Kennedy

*I AM tired of man-made wonders,*
*Shafts of stone and bars of steel,*
*Ships that throb with mighty engines,*
*Wires that see and hear and feel—*
*I am tired—and sick with longing*
*Just to hear the night bird's call,*
*Just to scent the open desert*
*With the moonlight over all!*
*Let me hear the roar of pine trees.*
*Let me feast my world-worn eyes*
*On the artistry of angels*
*In the glorious western sky;*
*Or some great and lonely mountain*
*Which no woodman ever mars,*
*With its feet in dark blue water*
*And its head among the stars.*
*I am tired of man-made wonders,*
*Domes so vast and towers so high.*
*Let me pitch my tent forever*
*'Neath the blue of God's own sky!*

canyon of the Middle Fork just beyond. The meadows are a bit disappointing, full of mosquitoes and apparently no fish. My strength seems to be about gone after five hours' walk with this pack, and I plan to rest a day at Simpson Meadows in the valley itself. But there is another divide, 10,000 feet high, between here and that meadow.

Had lunch of mushroom soup, with biscuit broken into it, and tea. Had planned fish for supper, but will have to have bacon and flapjacks. Bacon and tea are the great standbys on a trip like this. Dried out my bed roll on a granite shelf this afternoon. The sun kept behind clouds all day and rain came at intervals. Have not seen anyone for three days now. Only the birds and squirrels. Some little chap stole my pepper and carried it away to a log. I hope it made him sneeze. I am in forest zone again, though the trees not great. Lost the trail three times today over this wilderness of rock. It is poorly marked by ducks and I have to watch for tree groves where blazes have been made.

### 6:30 p. m.

No sunset glories tonight. After supper I went out on my high veranda, a glacial ledge with ice markings plain upon it, and saw a patch of blue in the west. All the rest of the sky was gray. The clouds formed in the valley below me drifted up like smoke and at times I thought there was a camp down there. But it could not be.

It is strange how quickly one makes a home in the woods. Though 50 miles from a store and 25 miles from the nearest abode of a forest ranger, yet I have a home here. My camp is under a grove of pines. I have a pile of firewood that will last far into the night. My dishes are set out in a pantry among the tree roots. Socks hanging on a line near the fire, but not too near. A stream flows by the door. The birds are giving me their soft evening concert. I can hear the wolves, like echoes down a far canyon. The rain is dropping on this book and it is time to dry my feet and crawl into bed for a final pipe before sleep.

### July 10—Saturday

FROM an observation point jutting out over the trail above the meadows of the Middle Fork, I have the most breath-taking views of the High Sierras that has yet come to me. Each day unfolds new wonders. To the left, Tehepite Dome arises above the valley of that name, another Yosemite, it is said. On the right the Palisades glacier pours down the slope of the ragged peak of that name. Agassiz Needle shoots into the sky just beyond. Here is the earth in the making. I slept last night on a shelf carved by a glacier thousands of years ago. Every crevice is filled with rotted needles and pulverized rock. Trees that are felled in storms rot there. Some day a soil is formed and a meadow is made.

I discovered today that my last night's camp was not in the true Daugherty Meadow. I found the real one after walking a mile or more, and coming to a larger meadow, with a sign. This had a larger stream, but the mosquitoes were so thick I had to put on my headnet and gloves. I fished for half an hour in some fine looking pools, but without luck, and was glad to get away into the higher trail where the winds blew the insects away. Pushed on over a ridge to a new 10,000 foot level or contour, and on through a level deep forest, on as pretty a piece of trail as I have yet encountered, well marked, winding and soft and cool.

This is the end of my first week out and I am feeling fine and getting used to the pack at last. I find myself forgetting it as I trudge alone. This is my favorite altitude, between 9,000 and 10,000. Here is real solitude, fine cool air, and a silence so deep that it seems to belong to another world. Here is the peace that Muir speaks of. There is beauty here, yet much of terror and apparent evil, for the things that dwell here. There is apparent blindness to individual welfare. Yet the big processes of life go on. Time and our sense of evil seem to be lost.

*(To Be Continued)*

*King's River near Simpson Meadows, as near Paradise as one will ever find on this earth.*

# Camera Hunting With Hal G. Evarts

## Well known outdoor writer and sportsman

(1)

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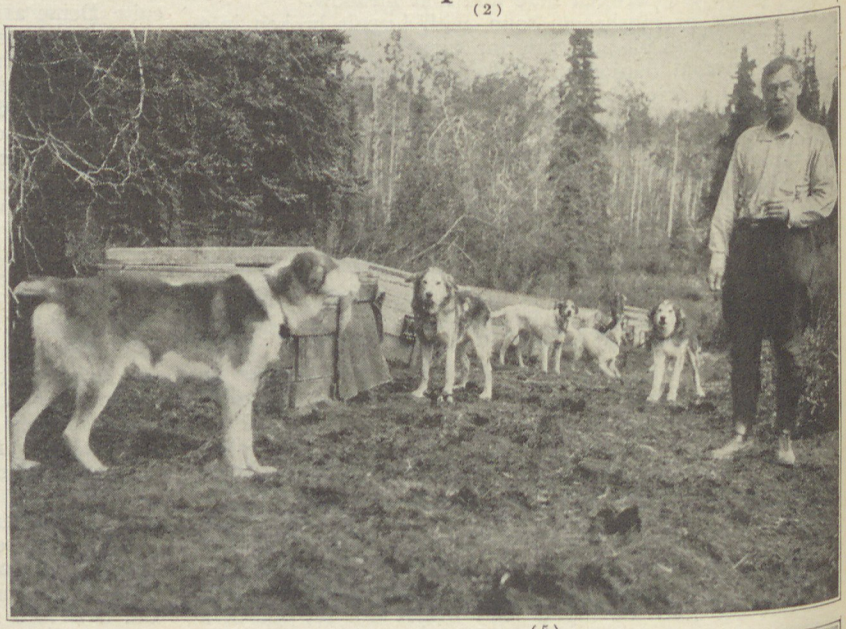

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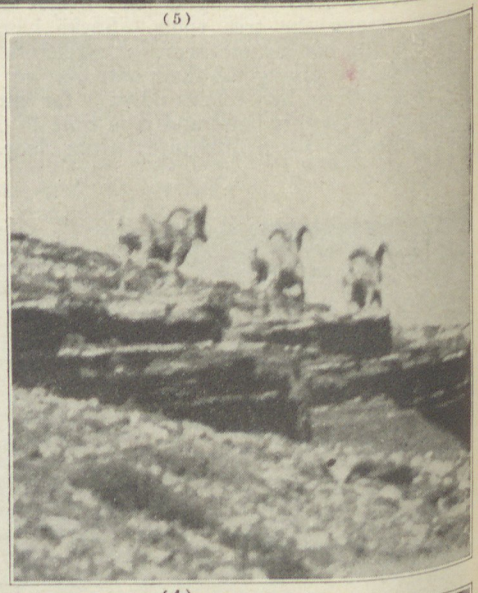

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*Hal Evarts has taken outdoor pictures all over the world*

1. *New Brunswick deer in velvet.*
2. *Henry P. Karstens, Sup. McKinley National Park. Achieved only ascent of McKinley ever made.*
3. *Alaskan squirrel.*
4. *Fawn asleep in high grass.*
5. *Mountain sheep in southeastern Alaska.*

(3)

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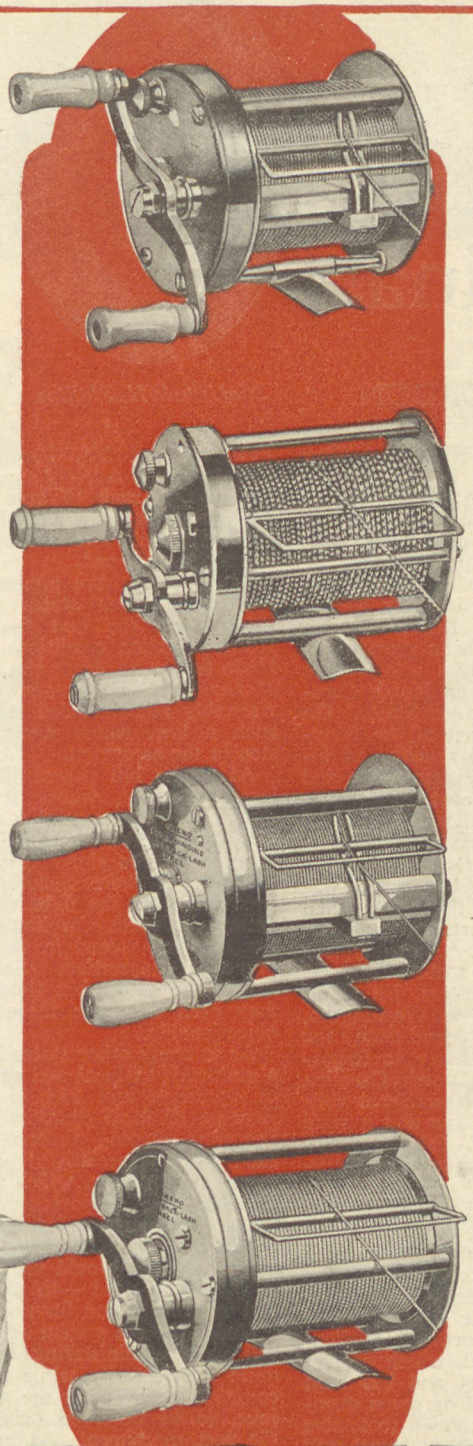

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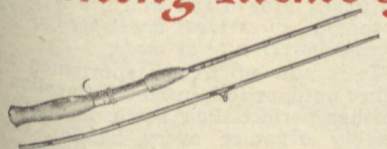

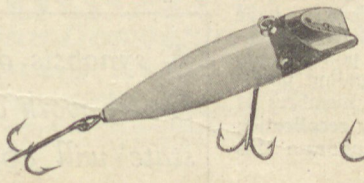

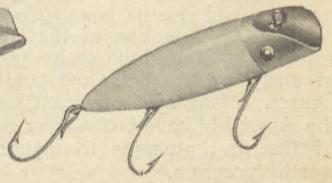

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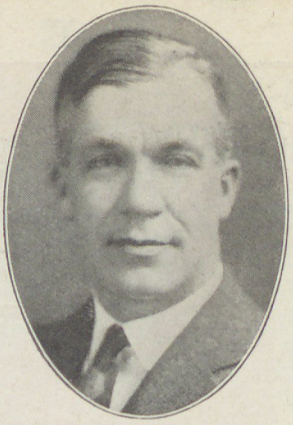
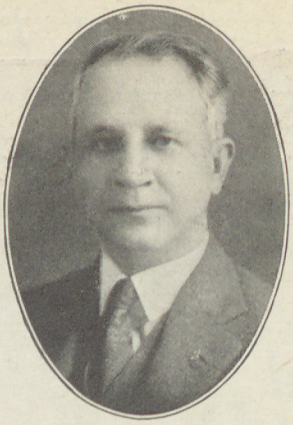
# Hurrah for North Carolina!

By SETH GORDON



*Maj. Wade H. Phillips*



*Hon. Fred Sutton*

*James F. Hoge*

FEBRUARY 22 is a National holiday in memory of one of the world's greatest men, and that day will also always stand out as a red letter day in the conservation history of North Carolina. That was the day upon which the State Senate finally passed the Sutton statewide game bill, sponsored by Representative Fred Sutton of Lenoir County, one of the state's enthusiastic sportsmen.

February 22, 1927, marks a milestone not only for conservation in North Carolina, but for the entire United States. On that memorable day the last of the forty-eight states shook off the shackles of innumerable separate county game laws and inaugurated a constructive statewide program of wild life protection and administration.

Mississippi was the forty-seventh state to enact a statewide game law, which was accomplished in 1926, but that state failed to establish a state department or commission to administer it. Mississippians hope for better luck in 1928. Goodness knows they need it! Oh yes, I'll admit that the system in vogue in Washington, with a separate game commission for every county, is pretty nearly as impossible as the situation in North Carolina and Mississippi, but in Washington they at least have a statewide law and a state supervisor of game and fish who has been given certain statewide administrative powers.

North Carolina did both at one big bite —passed a statewide game law and placed the administration of it in the hands of a non-salaried state game commission, with an executive officer directly in charge. Later it was deemed best to merge this commission with the Department of Conservation and Development, which department was created in 1925 and has been functioning under a board of seven members. This board was increased to twelve members, and the consolidated board will direct the policies of all of the activities within the Department of Conservation Development, of which Major Wade H. Phillips is the active Director. This department will now have control of game, fur-bearing animals, wild birds, fish, forestry, water resources, geology and mineral productions.

Struggles for a good state law to protect the wild life of North Carolina have occupied the attention of the General Assembly for almost the entire political life of many of the state's outstanding public figures. Many of the present members of the Assembly have but a hazy recollection of the first attempts to inaugurate this worthy program.

This winter through united effort, led by the North Carolina Game and Fish League, of which Mr. R. T. Stedman is President and Mr. James T. Hoge the Secretary, and actively supported by chapters of the Izaak Walton League, a definite program was agreed upon by the proponents of this measure before the Assembly convened.

Laws which have produced satisfactory results in other states were carefully studied and the best features fitted to North Carolina conditions, and Secretary Hoge helped to draft the bill. Governor McLean in his message to the General Assembly recommended the enactment of such a law, which was a very helpful step in the campaign.

After the bill passed the House by a large majority, where it had survived many efforts to amend it in such a way that its effectiveness would have been destroyed, it was similarly attacked in the Senate, but there Senator W. L. Long once more led the fight to guarantee the future of North Carolina's wild life, and the bill was passed in the face of well-organized opposition. Some concessions had to be made, but time and education may even eliminate these if they prove objectionable.

As in many other states in earlier years, a multitude of local and county laws were in operation and had to be eliminated. Because of local conditions certain counties were reaping a considerable revenue each year, especially from non-resident waterfowl hunters, which was being used principally to support public schools and roads. These counties naturally strenuously opposed a statewide conservation measure which would use this revenue as it should be used —to protect the game and wild birds, and for no other purpose.

Under the old system some of the counties were administering their local laws quite satisfactorily while the majority of counties looked upon the game laws as a joke, to be observed only by a few of the best sportsmen. As has always been and ever will be the case with county control and conflicting county and other local laws, much jealousy and an entire absence of cooperation between neighboring sportsmen existed. The wild life suffered terribly, and the non-resident who attempted to enjoy a few days afield with dog and gun, unless accompanied by the local sheriff or county judge, invariably ran afoul of the more than one hundred different laws. The wonderful game supply of former years was gone except on the large private estates where it was jealously guarded by the owners.

Under the new law, uniform open seasons, bag limits and license fees apply throughout the state on all upland game. The resident license fee is fixed at $1.25, and the non-resident or alien fee is $15.25.

The creation of game refuges was given special consideration, and the new law wisely follows the Pennsylvania plan and provides for the establishment of these very necessary conservators of wild life. Tracts are already being offered to the state for this splendid purpose.

Another desirable feature of the law places in the hands of the commission the power to change open seasons and bag limits within the restrictions of the general law, or to close seasons entirely whenever necessary to give game proper protection.

The former county game commissions have been allowed to continue in an advisory capacity, but are properly, entirely without administrative authority.

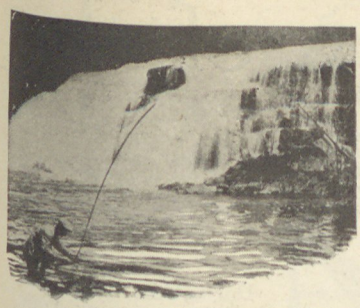
In view of the difficult situation confronting the wild life of North Carolina in the past, the Audubon Society for a number of years functioned in the capacity of a statewide agency to direct the game and wild bird protection work. Under the new law the Audubon Society of North Carolina is dissolved and all of the property in their hands has been turned over to the new commission.

Although North Carolina has been slow to adopt a statewide plan of protection for her wild life, her progressive spirit and natural advantages as to cover and climate should enable the new commission to make rapid progress and within a few years to win back the reputation of being one of the best hunting grounds in the United States.

Two-thirds of North Carolina is still classed as forest land, and during the past twenty years the forest area has not been encroached upon by the demands of agriculture except to a very limited extent. Forest fires are said to be the greatest enemy of that state's timber resources, almost a half million acres having burned over in 1925. The effect of this red terror on timber growth and wild life is readily apparent. *Fires must be stopped if forward progress is to be made.*

**It is now up to the sportsmen and other outdoor folk in North Carolina to further perfect their battle lines, thoroughly organize every hamlet, town and city, lay aside all petty differences, and by one grand united effort see to it that the new law and the officials administering it are given every bit of support possible.**

*A synopsis of the Conservation work of at least one state will appear monthly. Watch for it*



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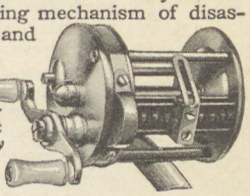

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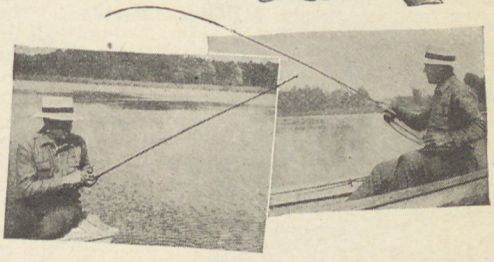

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The long desired true frog imitation that would be a practical fish getter. Here it is—unmistakably frog, yet embodying every vital element of wooden bait success. Buoyancy, real casting quality, proved hooking and holding—all there plus that lifelike deceptiveness that entices the BIG ones. Note how it sits up when at rest like a real frog. Goes down, swims and wiggles when you reel. Meadow Frog or Green Frog colors. (get both). Double hook nearly weedless, instead of treble if ordered - - - - - - - - - - - - $1.25

## Heddon Rods, $6 to $35 *in Tempered* BROWN-TONE *Split Bamboo*

PIONEERING in original design, Heddon was first to show what a rod should be and how it should serve its owner. And never has that lead been overtaken or mildly threatened.

Go into any waters—or wherever rods are sold—and find any other known and pridefully referred to by name. Heddon Split Bamboo. That tells the story of all the quality that can be put into a rod.

And now it is Heddon TEMPERED bamboo—a wood treatment exclusive with Heddon, resulting in *added strength* with lightness, poise and spring. More active life with greater casting force through smarter "return." Better and longer service life.

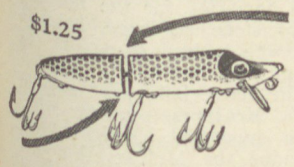
It is this tempering process which imparts the rich brown tone to Heddon rods—not a stain but evidence of a new quality taken on by the wood itself—running through its every fibre.

Bait Rods, Light, Medium or Heavy, Standard Lengths, 7 patterns $15 to $25. In untempered bamboo, $6 to $10.

Fly Rods, Bass and Trout Weights, 8½, 9, and 9½ ft. No. 14, $15. No. 20 (Standard) $25. No. 35 (Heddon) $35.

Descriptive circular free. If your dealer can't supply you the right Heddon Rod, order direct and send us his name.

$1.25



## The New Swimming Vamp

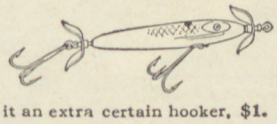
No wooden bait ever surpassed the slim pike-like Vamp in attractiveness. Now note the new jointed feature, adding still more allurement—the rear section fanning with a decided tail kick! All standard and scale finishes, $1.25. Reg. (unjointed) Vamp, and Baby Vamp, $1.

## Basser

Extreme limit of side darting and dipping, especially adaptable for the famous "Heddon Tease" movement, $1.

## Torpedo

Sinking minnow with spinners, giving a crawling appearance. Slim body makes it an extra certain hooker, $1.



## "The Box with the Red Edge"

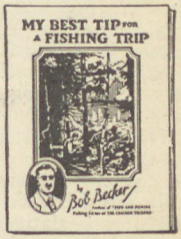
Seen and recognized in more anglers' kits and tackle stores than any other feature in the fishing tackle world.

# Heddon Fishing Tackle

*Genuine Dowagiac*

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, *Dowagiac, Mich.*

FREE Heddon inside tips on "How to Catch More Fish" and this lively book by Bob Becker, Fishing Editor of Chicago Tribune, outlining a practical trip insuring big fish and plenty of them. Send for both these instructive booklets.




NATIONAL CONTESTS — *For the 16th successive year in Field & Stream's contests, more prize winning bass taken by Heddon baits than on all others of similar type combined — proving not only successful results but most universal choice.* — FIRST HONORS 16th TIME

# Fifth Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League

## Reported by DONALD HOUGH

SPORTSMEN from all parts and corners of the country, sportsmen from the East and sportsmen from the South, muskie anglers from the North and trout addicts from the West, met at the Sherman Hotel in Chicago on April seventh. There were more than 600 of them. Each wore the bronze button of the Izaak Walton League, each was a representative of hundreds of other Waltonians back home.

The placards of twenty-one states were in place in the convention hall of the hotel, and the men who gathered around them represented every angle of thought on conservation affairs; every possible opinion on outdoor matters had its adherents among them.

The occasion was the Fifth Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, and the purpose of the convention was to enable these men to get together, exchange ideas and opinions, more firmly establish the common ground of sportsmanship upon which their various hobbies were based, and to work in unison toward the preservation of America's outdoors.

Four times previously the delegates from the far-reaching membership of the Izaak Walton League had gathered together, and each time the League had been more firmly established as the meeting ground of the sportsmen of America, and as the vehicle of their conservation activities. The Fifth National Convention carried on this idea, established it more surely than ever.

On Thursday morning, the seventh, the convention was called to order, and the invocation was by Dr. William Beachler, of Dayton, Ohio.

The death on March 27 of Will H. Dilg, founder of the League and its president until last year, was undoubtedly outstanding in the minds of all as Dr. Beachler closed, and the convention was opened by President Folds with a tribute to Mr. Dilg. Mr. Folds said in part:

"I must first address you upon a subject which is right now uppermost in the hearts of all of us. On Sunday evening, March 27th, in the city of Washington, Will H. Dilg, after a long illness, passed away. He had been the President of the Izaak Walton League from its inception on January 14, 1922, to the last Convention in April, 1926. It was his enthusiasm, initiative, vision and self-sacrifice that made this League possible. It was he, my friends, who brought us together and impressed upon us the need for a national body of conservationists. It was Will Dilg and his lavish but effective use of superlatives who focused attention upon the League and its work. Often he seemed unreasonable, and at times many of us could not agree with him, but upon reflection we realize that it was because he was an extremist, an evangelist-crusader type, that he was able to do so much in a few years.

"The members of this League should honor the memory of Will Dilg. Whatever seems most fitting and lasting will be supported, I am sure, by all of you. The suggestion has been made that upon some hill or bluff overlooking the Winneshiek bottoms a pillar or monument be raised to him. The creation of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge is itself a monument to Will Dilg which will live forever. This Convention should appoint a memorial committee to take proper and fitting action.

"In memory of Will H. Dilg I ask you all to arise and stand in silence."

The business of the convention was disposed of with dispatch under the guidance of Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, editor of the pollution department in OUTDOOR AMERICA and a member of the faculty of the University of Illinois, who was elected permanent chairman to succeed Senator Smith W. Brookhart of Iowa, who acted as temporary chairman at the opening of the convention.

Committee appointments and similar routine held the attention of the delegates during the first morning. The afternoon session was marked by the annual address of the President. The message of Mr. Folds to the convention was analytical in regard to the past year of the League, constructive as to future plans.

*Jacob M. Dickinson, newly elected President of the Izaak Walton League. Judge Dickinson, who was Secretary of War under President Taft, is a sportsman of renown and originator of the famous phrase "Fish and Game cannot Vote."*

*Membership.* During the year three new state divisions, those of New York, Kentucky, and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, were organized, increasing the total of state divisions to twenty-one. Eleven thousand new members and six thousand renewals developed as a result of the 1926 membership drive. Total chapters, 2,875.

*Magazine.* During the past year the newsstand sale of OUTDOOR AMERICA has been more than doubled. Advertising increase, thirty per cent. The magazine is on a profitable basis.

*Jackson's Hole Elk.* Nearly 1,000 tons of hay were available on the League's lands for the elk this winter. Since it costs the League about $5,000 a year for administration of the hay lands, and since the only purpose of the lands was to insure hay for the elk, the League lands were turned over to the Federal government during the past year, and accepted by Congressional resolution.

*Pollution.* The League has undertaken to make a survey of the inland waters of our country. To carry on this work we have had to organize a special department with an expert in charge. We are compiling information as to the condition of our lakes and streams. Where there is pollution we are endeavoring to find the cause. This is a great task, and we have asked the help of all our chapters. I believe this is the most serious work we have ever undertaken.

*National Legislation.* During the past year the League has supported many important measures in Congress. The final passage of the Hawes black bass bill was noteworthy, also passage of a bill to stop the sale of black bass in the District of Columbia. Another important bill supported was that making additions to the Absaroka and Gallatin National Forests and the Yellowstone National Park to improve winter feed facilities for the northern Yellowstone elk herd, antelope, and other big game of the region.

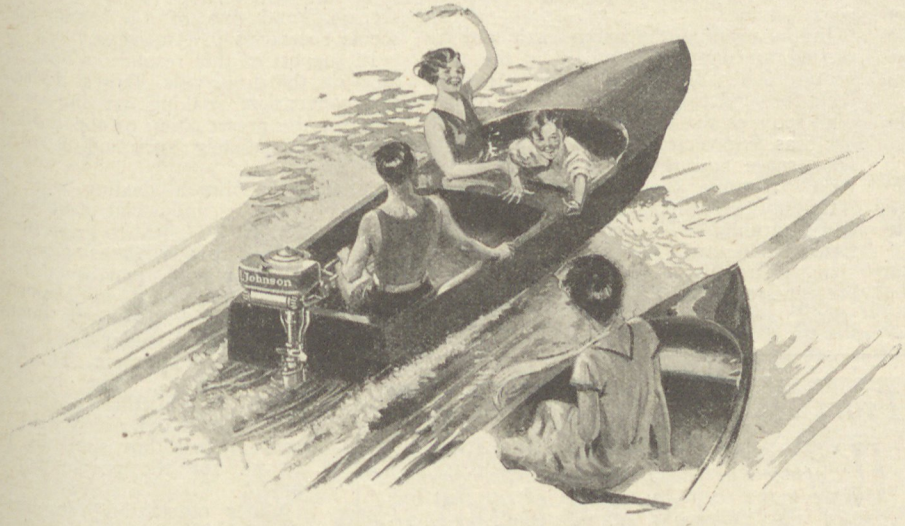
The above bills were successful. Measures pending which were supported by the League included the McNary-Woodruff bill to purchase large areas of forest lands in the East for use as National Forests, the federal migratory bird refuge bill legislation to reclaim large areas of wildfowl feeding grounds in the Bear River marsh district of Utah.

*Migratory Bird Bill.* The need of sanctuaries as provided in this bill, including the provision of public hunting grounds, is very urgent. The objections because of a small license fee, or Government supervision, are hardly worthy of notice. The one who objects to the fee is unwilling to pay for his own sport, and the objector to Government control, which is al-

(Continued on page 40)

# Setting a New Pace

## *in Power - Speed - Performance*

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—it means the setting of a new pace in motor efficiency for outboards

—it is the realization of *new* riding comfort, smoother, more enjoyable, through minimized vibration and shock absorbed steering

—it means the thrill of *increased speed*—speed you never before thought was possible with an outboard motor.

Johnson attains its greatest triumph with the new 1927 Twins.

An entirely new model for 1927 is the Standard Twin. It is for those who want power and speed midway between the Light Twin and Big Twin.

The new Light Twin is advanced in power and speed. Think of 13 miles per hour for a 37-pound outboard. Driving or propelling force in this model is increased 40%.

And lastly, there's the new Big Twin with 21% greater piston displacement and a new four port motor design. Power is increased 33⅓%.

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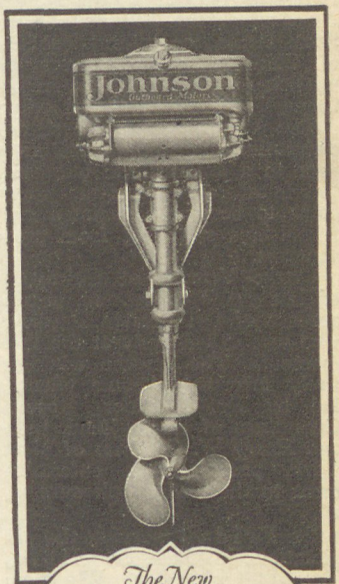



*The New* Standard Twin

An all-purpose motor. For lake and resort cottagers. For racing, planing-type boats, as well as large rowboats. Weight, 55 pounds. Speed, 2 to 22 m. p. h., depending upon type of boat used. Priced at $165.

### The New Big Twin

The ideal motor for small runabouts, Baby Buzz boats, racing hydroplanes, and commercial craft. Weight, 85 pounds. Speed range, 2 to 27 m. p. h., depending upon type of boat used. Priced at $210.

### The New Light Twin

Ideal for tourists, fishermen and cottagers. Lightest twin outboard made. Weight, 37 pounds. Speed, 1 to 13 m. p. h., on proper boat. Priced at $140.

### The Light Single

Weight, but 26 pounds, Speed, 1 to 7 m. p. h. For rowboat or canoe. Priced at $115.

# Johnson
## *Outboard Motors*

ready in effect, can hardly be sincere in his wishing that the birds be protected.

*Department of Conservation.* It is possible that the agencies dealing with conservation and recreation could be correlated in one of the present departments, with an under-secretary in direct charge. This would have the value of having someone to head the government's conservation activities who would not change with each administration. I believe the Convention should give the matter the most serious consideration.

*Co-operation.* While the League can accomplish much working alone, vastly more benefit will come to the cause of conservation if we constantly strive for still better teamwork. The outstanding national organizations with which we have co-operated very harmoniously during the year are the President's National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, the American Game Protective Association, the National Audubon Society, the American Forestry Association, the National Parks Association, the National Conference on State Parks, the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, the Western Association of Game Commissioners, and others.

The evening of the first day of the convention, according to custom, was given over to a smoker, the purpose of which was to afford an opportunity for the delegates to become acquainted or to renew friendships springing from previous conventions.

Clarke Venable of Chicago, chairman of last year's convention, presided in the absence of Dr. Preston Bradley, who was called away at the last moment. The smoker was entirely informal; "home talent," led by Dr. Beachler, Rogers Cummings of South Bend, Ind., and Harry W. Goodwin of New York, provided the entertainment to the obvious pleasure of all.

On Friday morning the elk situation in Jackson's Hole, Wyo., in which the Walton League is especially interested because of the League's active participation in the work of preserving this magnificent herd as a permanent unit, was discussed by Dall De Weese of Canon City, Colorado, who was in the Hole on behalf of the Walton League this past winter. Mr. De Weese, backed by a lifetime of experience in the cattle business and in the administration of ranges in the West, made a thorough investigation from the saddle, and was able to give to the delegates a comprehensive picture of the situation.

Mr. De Weese was followed by Arthur Ringland, secretary of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation and secretary of the Elk Commission, who discussed the findings of the commission at the recent conference held in Washington, and outlined the plans for maintaining the Jackson's Hole herd. Dr. T. E. Winecoff of Riverton, Wyo., and Mr. Rachford of the Forest Service completed the discussion.

Henry O'Malley, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, who came from Washington to address the convention, told of the success of the "bass ponds" idea of Herbert Hoover, first set forth in OUTDOOR AMERICA. So widespread and enthusiastic has been the response to Mr. Hoover's offer to supply community bass and trout farms with small fish that the department has already furnished fingerlings, both trout and bass, to the number of more than four millions, stocking fifty such ponds, in co-operation with interested sportsmen. The system of fisheries control used in Alaska was explained by Mr. O'Malley, and his talk was followed by motion pictures of salmon, seal, and whale fishing in Alaskan waters.

Paul G. Redington, new chief of the Biological Survey, discussed the problems of that bureau and its relation to the work of the Izaak Walton League. William Kershaw, Milwaukee, spoke on "The American Indian and Conservation."

The balance of the afternoon was given over to a comprehensive review of the pollution situation. Various phases of this vital problem were discussed by Gordon Maskew Fair, head of the department of sanitary engineering of Harvard University, Howard N. Eavenson, of the National Coal Association, and Dr. William D. Hatfield, director of the Walton League pollution bureau. The discussion was led by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, editor of the pollution department of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

In the evening the annual bait and fly casting tournament was held in the convention hall. Delegates have learned to look forward to this event as one of the high spots of the convention and the entry list was imposing. All of the available floor space and the galleries were filled with spectators.

Committee reports were heard on Saturday morning. The committee on the Constitution and By-laws made minor changes, usually of wording only, in the present articles of the League. The most important action of this committee was in providing that the place of the national convention was to be determined by the convention, rather than by the board of directors of the League. The adoption of this change threw the convention into an uproar of competition for the next convention, and soon Detroit and Omaha loomed as the ultimate contenders. Lines were sharply drawn, and after strenuous campaigning and many speeches, pro and con, a formal vote was taken and the 1928 convention awarded to Omaha by a one-fourth majority.

The report of the committee on resolutions, which largely determines the general policies of the League as well as directs its attention to specific questions, was inclusive in its scope. It backed up the recommendations of President Folds, especially in its treatment of the commercial exploitation of natural beauty spots.

In opposing the present plans for development of the Wolf River, in the Menominee Indian reservation of Wisconsin, the following was accentuated:

"The Izaak Walton League of America reiterates its declaration that it is not antagonistic to necessary industrial development, including necessary water-power development, but that it believes that such development, when it will destroy great natural beauty spots, must meet a real public need and must be justified by more than mere private profit."

The Wolf River resolution called on President Coolidge and the Federal Power Commission to halt the project unless thorough investigation proved that a genuine public need would be met.

On the same principle, the project of hydro-electric development of Cumberland Falls in Kentucky was opposed. It was the sense of the report that it was obvious that the need was not sufficient to excuse the destruction of the largest waterfall between Niagara and the Rockies, and one of the most unique scenic spectacles in America.

In support of this resolution Tom Wallace of the Louisville Times addressed the convention, making an impassioned plea for the preservation of the Falls and of the immediately surrounding recreation area.

A third resolution dealing with the same problem of industrial development of recreation areas applied to the proposed construction of power dams along the international boundary just outside the Superior National Forest in Minnesota, which would result in flooding the beautiful wilderness lakes of the boundary region. This resolution read: "The boundary waters of Northern Minnesota shall not be turned over to private interest, but shall be preserved for the people for all time."

Other outstanding resolutions adopted by the convention included one declaring the League to be in sympathy with the Migratory Bird Refuge bill, and one favorable to the idea of coordinating the various government agencies dealing with conservation matters into a more closely knit unit.

The text of these important resolutions follows:

"Resolved, That the Izaak Walton League is heartily in sympathy with the effort being made to provide safe places where migratory wild fowl may find rest and food on their semi-annual migrations, and requests the Congress to pass S. F. No. 2607 of the 69th Congress, known as the Migratory Bird Refuge and Marsh Lands Conservation Act, as amended."

"Resolved, That the Izaak Walton League endeavor to secure enactment of a law which will co-ordinate the various agencies of the Federal government dealing with forests, fish, game, public parks and allied interests under a special subdivision of one of the existing executive departments."

Other resolutions favored the following:

Placing of the extensive low class grazing areas in the West known as "Unreserved public domain" under the administration of the Department of Agriculture which, through the Forest Service, administers the grazing within the National Forests.

Co-operation, to an increased extent, with all other conservation and similar

*(Continued on page 118)*

## From President Fold's Message

*"WE recognize the need of industrial developments useful to mankind but, my friends, shall we make them to such an extent that our country is left bare and naked? Shall we sacrifice every beauty spot that a munificent Providence has given to us? Shall we always step aside and permit dollars and cents value to rule?*

* * * * *

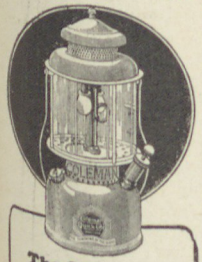
*The year has taught me the greatness of the League. Few of you really know what a grand organization you have, and what potentialities for good it holds for the future.*

*To you, my friends, I ask but this—rise above the petty annoyances of life; look towards the great opportunities that are on every side and let us join together in the firm resolve that we will work for greater and better things in the Izaak Walton League and in our country."*

# Coleman Camp Stove

## Crowd Into This Picture!

Gather 'round, boys—it's ready! Sugar-cured ham, fried to a tempting turn. Eggs straight up and smiling. Rich, flavorsome Coffee. All cooked on the Coleman Camp Stove and served piping hot. ***Some*** breakfast for tuned-up outdoor appetites! Crowd into a picture like this—take a Coleman on your next outing.



**The COLEMAN LANTERN**

Take this handy outdoor light on your next trip—camping, hunting, fishing, hiking—wherever you go. Brighter than 20 old-style oil lanterns. Built to stand hard knocks. Has mica chimney—is rain-proof, wind-proof, bug-proof. Makes and burns its own gas. Prices in U. S.: with Separate pump, $7.50; with Built-in pump, $8.50.

Morning, night and noon—anytime you're hungry, the Coleman Camp Stove answers "ready". It's a miniature kitchen range that cooks anything you want, anytime and any place. Fries, broils, roasts—bakes, boils and toasts. Everything Built-in—Oven, Hot-Blast Starter, Wind Baffles, Air Pump. Starts in a jiffy. No hunting for wood, because fuel is any good grade of motor gasoline. No danger of starting a forest fire, because burners are all enclosed. The Coleman folds up like a suitcase with everything inside; nothing to get lost or damaged. When you get a camp stove—***be sure it's a Coleman.***

***Two Feature Models:*** No. 2, With Built-in Oven, U. S. Price $12.50: No. 9, Without Oven, U. S. Price $9.00.

A nearby Dealer will be glad to show you Coleman Camp Stoves and Lanterns. If he is not supplied, write us for descriptive literature and full information. Address Camping Dept. OM 59

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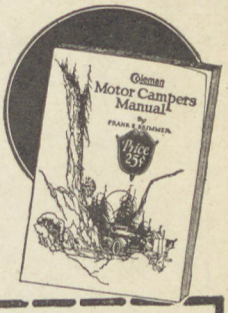
### *A Book for Campers!*

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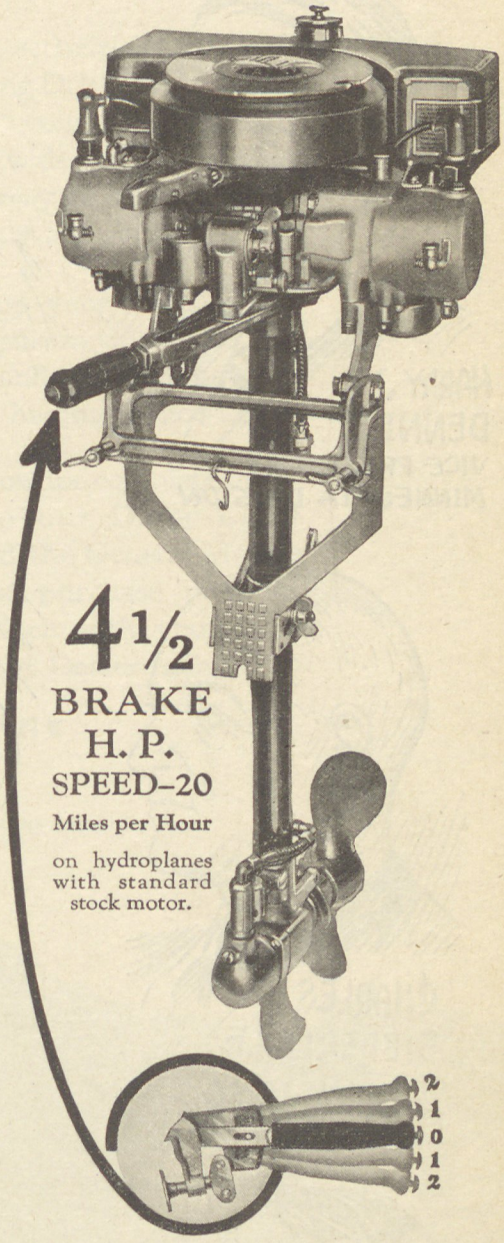


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*Distinguished Visitors and Delegates to the Fifth Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League.*

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ELECTRIC light in the early morning to prepare for the start at dawn—light in the cottage and about the camp for reading, playing, or rigging up tackle—and electric power—all the power you need for a D-L Water System, for Frigidaire electric refrigeration, and for any number of other electric conveniences—that's what you have when your vacation home is Delco-Light equipped.

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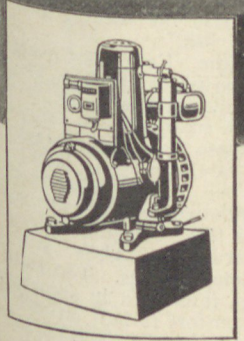

*Dependable*
# DELCO-LIGHT
*ELECTRIC PLANTS*

# Less Time Between Bites

## A Fact, a Condition, an Experiment, a Proposition and a Protest

By HERBERT HOOVER

*Secretary of Commerce and Honorary President Izaak Walton League*

AS the head of the Department of Commerce and thus charged with such responsibilities for our game fisheries as weighs upon the mind of the Federal Government, I wish to state a fact, to observe a condition, to relate an experiment, to lay before you a proposition, to offer a protest, and to give the reasons for all. I shall not discuss the commercial fisheries on this occasion because I wish to be cheerful and philosophical.

The fact I refer to is that our game fishing is decreasing steadily and rapidly.

The condition is that the present method of rehabilitation through hatcheries and distribution of fry and fingerlings is a failure because of high infant mortality.

The experiment in the case indicates that artificial hatching can be made successful if the fingerlings are carried through infancy to childhood.

The proposition is to further extend these nurseries in cooperation with the Izaak Walton League and all fish clubs.

The protest is that even this is useless unless we can check pollution of our streams.

The reason for it all is that fishing is good for the soul of man.

### The Fact

Man and boy, the American is a fisherman. That comprehensive list of human rights, the Declaration of Independence, is firm that all men (and boys) are endowed with certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which obviously includes the pursuit of fish. America is a well-watered country, and the inhabitants know all of the fishing holes.

The Americans also produce millions of automobiles. These coordinate forces of inalienable right, the automobile and the call of the fishing hole, propel the man and boy to a search of all the water within a radius of 150 miles at week-ends alone. He extends it to a radius of 500 miles on his summer holidays. These radii of operations of all these men and boys greatly overlap. All of which has overworked the fishing holes, and the time between bites has become longer and longer, and the fish have become wiser and wiser.

Some millions of fishermen have invented thousands of new lures of seductive order and devised many new and fearful incantations with a host of new kinds of clothes and labor-saving devices to carry them about.

We have indeed made stupendous progress in physical equipment to overcome the mysteries of fish. We have moved upward from the rude but social conditions of the willow pole with a butcher-string line, fixed with hooks ten for a dime, whose compelling lure is one segment of an angleworm, and whose incantation is spitting on the bait. We have arrived at the high state of a tackle, assembled from the steel of Damascus, the bamboos of Siam, the silk of Japan, the lacquer of China, the tin of Bangkok, the nickel of Canada, the feathers of Brazil and the silver of Colorado—all compounded by mass production at Chicago, Illinois, and Akron, Ohio. And for magic and incantations we have progressed to application of cosmetics to artificial flies and to wonders in special clothing with pigeon holes for varied lures and liniments, and to calling a bite a "strike." Nor do I need to repeat that fishing is not the rich man's sport though his incantations are more expensive. But I ask you if in the face of all this overwhelming efficiency and progress, is it any wonder that there is less time between bites?

However, our fishermen can put in many joyous hours at home polishing up the rods, reels and lures, discussing new flies when the imponderable forces of spring begin to move their bones. They could not get such joy out of a collection of live angleworms, and that is all a part of what we are trying to get at anyway—recreation and soul satisfaction. Having done everything to improve the tackle, lures, and incantations we must conclude that the distance between bites has been increased because of rising ratio of water to fish. In other words, there are less fish.

And I might mention that there will be no joy on long winter nights making reinventories of the tackle unless there be behind it the indelible recollection of having caught a few bigger ones last summer.

Based upon the number of fishing licenses issued in licensing states, the Bureau of Fisheries estimates that 10,000,000 people went game fishing in the year 1926. Any calculation of twenty years ago will show that not 1,000,000 people went fishing during those years. But I have no sympathy with attempts at disarmament of the gigantic army which every year marches against the fish, nor any limitations on its equipment of automobiles, tackle or incantations. I am for force, more force and more fish.

Despite the statistical efficiency of our Department, I do not know how many each one of the army captured last year. Judging by my own experience it was not so good. I spent several days searching fishing holes at various points between Chesapeake Bay and the Pacific. I tried to find some spot where not more than six automobiles had already camped, or where the campers did not get up before daylight, and thus get the two or three fish which were off guard at that time of day. The State of New Jersey secures an accounting from its licensees of the number of game fish they caught. It works out at about 4.5 fish per fisherman per annum. Fishermen are not liars and therefore I conclude that even in that well-organized state it was heavy going.

Now I want to propose to you an idea. I submit to you that each fisherman ought to catch at least 50 during the season. I would like more than that myself, but that ought to be demanded as a minimum under the "rights" as implied in the Declaration provided it included one big one for purposes of indelible memory, conversation and historic record.

And at once I come to a powerful statistic—that is, 50 fish times 10,000,000 men and boys, the purpose of which I will establish presently. This minimum ideal of a national catch of five hundred million game fish is of the most fundamental importance, if we as a nation are to approach a beatific state for even two weeks in the year.

And as we are thinking nationally, 500,000,000 fish divided amongst 120,000,000 people is not so much as you might think at first, for it is only about 4.1 fish per person, and it includes the little ones as well, and each of us eat 1,095 times a year, less whatever meals we miss while fishing.

At this point someone will deny that we have ever taken any 500,000,000 fish in a year. I agree with him that we have not attained any such ideal per fisherman in long years. If it had been true the moral state of the nation would have been better maintained during the last calendar year. There were lots of people who committed crimes during the year who would not have done so if they had been fishing, and I assure you that the increase in crime is due to a lack of those qualities of mind and character which impregnate the soul of every fisherman except those who get no bites. Unless we can promise at least 50 fish per annum, including that occasional big one for recounting and memory purposes, we may despair of keeping the population from further moral turpitude.

### The Condition

Nearly fifty years ago the game fishermen in certain localities began to complain bitterly to their Congressmen about all this expanding distance between bites, which in economic terms is called the lag. As an equal opportunity for fishing must be properly considered by any great government as a necessity to public tranquillity, measures were at once taken. The great government said: "We will now apply artificial means to the natural birth and distribution of fish."

Thereafter the Federal Government built forty game fish hatcheries. The state governments built 191 hatcheries for game fish, and private enterprise has constructed 60 more. In these mass production works, the maternal carelessness of laying eggs out loose in the water to be eaten by cannibalistic relatives and friends was to be halted, and they were thereafter carefully safeguarded in glass jars and troughs and temperatures. The baby fry and fingerlings thus born in security and reared up in comfort to half an inch long or so were then placed in private railway cars and distributed back to the streams,

(*Continued on page 116*)

# No more insect pests!

WHEN you go camping, fishing, hiking, boating, hunting, or play in the outdoors—why put up with the discomfort of buzzing, biting insects? Spray Flit! End the nuisance of annoying flies, mosquitoes, fleas, ants and other insects.

Close the flaps and fill the inside of the tent with Flit vapor. Also spray the top and the walls of the tent—cots and bedding. In a few moments, you can kill all flies, mosquitoes, and other insects present—and keep them away. Spray Flit before retiring and enjoy restful sleep during the night. Flit is non-poisonous and harmless to mankind.

## *Standard Equipment for Camping*

While Flit spray is not as deadly to insects when sprayed outdoors—it will serve to repel and keep them away for some time. Spray Flit on your leggings, woolen stockings, breeches and sweaters. Does not stain. Spray boats and canoes. Spray Flit outdoors—anytime, anywhere—when you want freedom from tormenting insect pests. Millions now use Flit and enjoy new summer comfort and healthful cleanliness at home or at camp. Now essential equipment for all outdoor expeditions. Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer, today. For sale everywhere.

DESTROYS
Flies Mosquitoes Ants
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**PRIZES FOR VACATION PICTURES**

**We will pay $5 a piece for the fifty best snapshots of camping scenes or close-up views of camping and sporting equipment, awards to be made on the basis of clearness and interest of photograph. Include a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer, if you already own them, although this is not essential for consideration in contest. Photographs must be received by Dec. 31, 1927, plainly showing your name and address. Address Flit, Room 832, 26 Broadway, New York City.**

*"The yellow can with the black band"*

# The Angler's Notebook

## *Written at Odd Moments* by O. W. Smith

### Limbering Up

*These are the days when it is good to be alive, when the urge of the Open is strong upon us, the Red Gods calling Insistently. "Send the road is clear before you, when the old spring fret comes o'er you, and the Red Gods call for you." Amen.*

## Spring Trout Fishing

WHILE we all observe Opening Day for trout religiously, as a rule, the fishing is not overly good. I can well remember when the season opened on the 15th of April being caught in a belated blizzard, actually being snow-bound for three days. In the North, the 1st of May is early. I have gone out to those streams emptying into Lake Superior when great fields of ice floated hither and yon on its cold bosom, cuffed by the winds that set the rollers gnawing and nibbling. The creeks and rivers themselves were bank-full of snow water, their sources choked with masses of ice and snow. Now I doubt if fly-fishing can ever be much worth while under those conditions. A few fish can be forced to strike, using a small spinner or deeply sunken fly. I have seen so-called fly-fishers employing spinners, the hooks of which were adorned with earth worms, and taking considerable credit to themselves that they were not bait fishing! "Folks are funny, except you and me, and sometimes you are a little funny."

There are Opening Days, might I say unseasonable Opening Days, when fly-fishing is the winning method, but in the territory visited by me, I have found it so only once in all the years I have been a fly-fisherman. I have said the trout will not take flies when the streams are over their banks, and here comes a letter from a man whose veracity is beyond question, telling of filling his basket under exactly those conditions, and using nothing but feathers. To my inquiry if the water was roily, he answered, "that it was not," but that the stream was "away up in the willows." Now, does that prove that my assertion is untrue? I trow not. His experience was the exception which proves the rule. I can't understand high water without earth-stain. That is something beyond my experience.

I don't want you to think that a slight earth-stain always spells poor fly-fishing, for it does not. Fishing one of those northern streams, one which makes its way through red-clay country, I was caught by a midsummer deluge. The clay hills run blood and soon the stream was stained. For some time I took trout, plenty of trout, big trout, until at last the water became so murky that the flies could not be seen. Those fish took on the surface just as long as they could see the feathers. They took long after I thought the artificials invisible. "Why?" I don't know. That happened with me once. Again the exception to bolster up the rule. No, I am still willing to be quoted as saying that flood-water, ice-water and snow-water spell poor fly-fishing.

After all, it is not so much the fishing on Opening Day that calls us, as the pull o' the Open, the smell o' the brown earth, and the invitation o' the delicate spring blossoms. I personally am perfectly satisfied, even if I take no fish. Just to sit by the little crackling fire, my nostrils tickled by the sweet-smelling smoke, my eyes filled with the sight of the arching backs of tiny willow-cats stroked into action by the South Wind. I can sit on the dry side of a log, or perch on the top of a stump, and let the world go by. What care I for fishing, even, when I can get out into the Open? I have been pent up so long, so long I have been doing my fishing in retrospection and anticipation, I can enjoy another day o' dreams. Nowhere can one dream such dreams as by the side of a smelly camp-fire, hard by the banks of a purling trout-brook. I generally get enough fish to odorize the skillet, and that's enough.

Now I am going to surprise you a bit, and open on myself the vials of wrath. "Ye-s-s-s-s-s—I sometimes use garden-hackle." You can all rise up and say anything you want to, and I will not attempt to defend the practice. You are perfectly safe. There will be no "retort courteous," or any other kind. Why

*"Those fish took on the surface just as long as they could see the feathers."*

# This Advertisement — written by fishermen who use CREEK CHUB TRUE-TO-NATURE LURES

"These fish were all caught on your Pikie Minnow and Injured Minnow, while fishing on horse-back in Florida. I consider these baits the best I have ever used. The old Moss-backs of our Florida lakes seem to have a special weakness for the Injured Minnow and we have been bringing in a larger percentage of big fish since using it." David M. Newell, Fruitland, Fla.

"Am sending you two pictures of the 44-inch pike weighing 18 lbs., I caught on one of your Jointed Wiggle Fish No. 2400. Have always had good luck with the same bait taking bass, wall-eyed pike, etc." W. A. Preece, Lake Bonaparte, N. Y.

"While fishing in Chautauqua Lake, I caught a 36-lb. and 24-lb. musky with your baits — the smaller one I took on your Wiggle Fish. I am very much pleased with these lures." Chester E. Smith.

"Again to convince the world that the Injured Minnow No. 1500 is a sure winner. The fish down here seem to 'hit it harder' than any other lure I have ever yet used. Whether it is moved slowly through the water and appearing half dead or why it is, I do not attempt to figure out though I know positively from all past experience with other lures that this particular bait is the peer of them all." B. E. Wettstein, Leesburg, Fla.

"As I have written you before, this Floating Injured Minnow No. 1505 is the 'World's Best'. I have had this bait for about a year and like the 'men of '49' who notched their guns, I started notching the spinners and mouthpiece with a file for each fish caught that weighed more than four pounds. My 1505 now has 11 notches which is more than twice as many as any other." T. E. Lipscond, West Palm Beach, Fla.

"In the past five days, I have taken one 11-lb. Big Mouth, one 9 lb., one 8¼ lb. and several around 5 lbs. with your Floating Injured Minnow. It is sure a wonderful bait." E. W. Skinner, Astor, Fla.

"After three and one-half hours of play with your Creek Darter No. 2000, I caught a large string of bass. One weighed 6¾ lbs., the others range from 1 to 2½ lbs. It's the best 'getter' I have ever used in Florida waters." W. C. Rice, Maitland, Fla.

"Am enclosing a photo of German Brown Lake Trout caught by myself in Lake Tahoe, Cal., on your Pikie Minnow No. 708." J. W. Dinsmore, Oakland, Cal.

"We caught two black bass at the same time on your Wagtail Chub No. 800 near Alexandria, Minn. We also caught the record pike for that county—12 lbs. and 4 oz. on that same lure." Frank Hodges, Olathe, Kans.

"I find that the Fintail Shiner No. 2101 is one of the best lures I have ever used. It gets the fish when every other one of my baits fail." Harry Simpson, High Springs, Fla.

"Your Wiggling Spoon is a wonder. Just what the bait caster has been waiting for. It deserves a real name after the natural bait it imitates. A bait used by all real fishermen but hard to obtain. It is a sure killer of Bass, Pickerel and Pike." George W. Brown, Buffalo, N. Y.

"In one and one-fourth hours of fishing at Haughton Lake, Mich., I caught the limit of wall-eyed pike on your Jointed Pikie Minnow. Have used artificial baits for years but find this the greatest of them all." E. V. Cook, Cleveland, O.

"I consider the Jointed Pikie Minnow the best artificial bait for all game fish. Enclosed is picture of 25 lbs. of musky caught in Wisconsin River last Fall." Paul Gilbert, Jr., Merrill, Wis.

"I gave the Silver Flash Pikie Minnow a thorough try-out. This bait brought home the pickerel when nothing else would." G. Miller, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Personally I believe the Crippled Minnow and the Famous Pikie Minnow to be the best lures on the market and use them exclusively and no matter with whom I am fishing or what baits they are using, I have never been 'white-washed.'" John A. Jarrell, W. Palm Beach, Fla.

"Your Husky-Chub No. 601 is a great bait. On May 13th, 1926, I caught a tarpon 5 ft., 4 in. long which weighed about 80 lbs. It took me forty-five minutes to land it. The same day we caught 9 amberjacks, a Spanish mackerel and a couple of lady-fish. I have caught trout, robalo, grouper, king-fish and all other fish that will hit a trolling bait with it." Dick Baker, Sulphur Springs, Fla.

"I find the Pikie my best bait. All fish (in picture enclosed) were taken on the same 'Pikie' trolling with bass rod. My Pikie is much the worse for wear, is split, and dilapidated, full of tooth marks, one eye gone, but still in the ring. I have caught more and larger fish on Pikies than on all other artificial baits put together." G. B. Tope, Downer's Grove, Ill.

"My uncle, father and I used your Floating Injured Minnow in Northern Ontario last summer with such good success that we would rather have one of them than any other lure made." Ralph C. Haizlett, St. Petersburg, Fla.

"Enclosed find picture entitled 'Fifty Minutes Fishing in Cayuga Lake.' Caught on the new Jointed Pikie Minnow. About ninety percent of the fishermen at this end of the lake use the Pikie with great success." Geo. N. Livingston, Industry, N. Y.

"Your Midget Pikie No. 2800 is a little fellow but carries a big punch. The salt water trout can't resist its wiggle. In four days, I have caught over 600 lbs. of them and on one cast I reeled in, to my surprise, a 'Grouper' on the front hook and a good sized Trout on the rear one." Claude T. Gilpin, Bradenton, Fla.

"The Red and White Pikie Minnow is king of all lures. Any time we cast or trolled in West Battle Lake, Minn., we caught many bass, pike and pickerel on it. I also had several other lures but none of them equalled the Pikie." Charles H. Murphy, Red Oak, Ia.

"Six fellow fishermen who have gone fishing with me are now using nothing but Floating Injured Minnows for catching pickerel and they sure get them." John Leary, Minneapolis, Minn.

## The Famous Pikie Minnow

Weight ¾ oz.
Length 4¼ in.

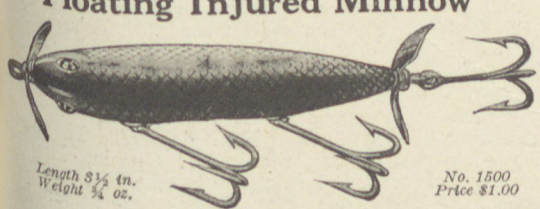
No. 700
Price $1.00

## New Weed Frog

No. 2800
Price $1.00

Length 2 in.
Weight ¾ oz.

## Floating Injured Minnow



Length 3½ in.
Weight ¾ oz.

No. 1500
Price $1.00

## Jointed Pikie Minnow

Length 4¼ in.
Weight ¾ oz.

No. 2600
Price $1.25

All Creek Chub Lures are guaranteed to be satisfactory in every respect or money refunded! Dealers sell these baits under this guarantee—and we protect them! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE for the asking! See our exhibit at the OUT-DOOR SHOW, May 9 to 14, Coliseum, Chicago!

# Creek Chub Baits Catch More Fish!

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Manufactured in Canada by
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Toronto, Ont. for Creek Chub Bait Co.

Trade Mark

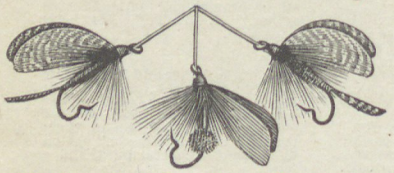
## HELP SAVE THE FISHING

Thos. McD. Potter, Pacific Coast sportsman, writes: *"Never again for me a hook with a barb. I cannot conceive of a more pitiable sight, as related to me by Capt. MacKay, than six or seven yellowtail swimming around near the kelp at Torqua Springs with barbed hooks in their mouths and dragging lengths of fishing line ultimately to become tangled in the kelp and themselves the prey of sharks."*

What more powerful words can be presented to Waltonians to use Barbless Hooks and help save the fishing. They hold fish fully as well as the barb, yet do not cut or tear, and permit the little ones to be returned unharmed.

## THE JAMISON BARBLESS HOOK

*For All Kinds of Fishing*

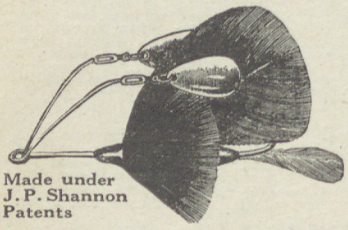


**Barbless Hook Wet Trout Flies to Gut.** Highest quality. 24 patterns. No. 4, No. 6, No. 8, No. 10 and No. 12 hook. Five for $1.00 or $2.25 per dozen.

**Barbless Hook Dry Flies, no snell.** Highest quality. 12 patterns. No. 8. No. 10, No. 12 and No. 14. Four for $1.00 or $2.50 per dozen.

**Barbless Hook Inverted Bass Flies, No. 110 Ringed Hook, no snell.** Highest quality. 14 patterns. Each 35 cents. $4.20 per dozen.

## THE SHANNON TWIN SPINNER



Made under J. P. Shannon Patents

With this wonderful weedless bait you can fish deep water and shallow, weed beds and lily pads. No other bait will run so deep. The slower you reel the deeper it goes. The least movement will make it spin. If you can't cast, troll with it. You'll find it is a fish-getter either way.

Made with Red, Yellow and White Feather Fly; and Natural, Red, Yellow and White Bucktail Fly. Price each, 85 cents. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct.

## OUR MOVIES OF FISHING

**Teach a lesson in conservation. Just the thing for Waltonian meetings. Write for full details and datings.**

*Send for Catalog of Barbless Flies, and Hooks, Shannon Spinners, Coaxer Baits, Silk Casting Lines, Testimonia ls, etc.*

**THE W. J. JAMISON CO.**

**Dept. 55**

**739 S. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.**


should I undertake to vindicate myself with mere words? My life is the vindication of my practices. Do you know I am always a bit suspicious of those high priests of sportsmanship who "never under any circumstances employ worms," and wear a string of beautiful flies in their hat-bands. Somewhere I read something about a class of men who added fringes to their robes, and stood on the street corners to do their praying. Maybe that doesn't apply. I don't know. But I can take those same high priests of sportsmanship to many a trout stream where the use of flies is utterly and absolutely out of the question. I can take them to streams where live-bait of some sort is the only thing that can be used.

Perhaps I am an agnostic, if not something worse, but I must confess to you that I can't for the life of me see just why a fellow couldn't take trout on garden hackle, yes, worms, and still remain a true sportsman. Maybe there is something the matter with me. I suppose there must be. No-o-o-o-o, I'm not like the sister, who, when informed that "a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still," responded tartly, "That's all right, but I'd like to see the man who could convince me." That is, I *think* I am not. But let me put my case.

I never vary my outfit one iota when going worming from that I employ when fly-fishing, save of course the necessary alteration in interminal tackle. Same light rod, and I am employing too light rods, so my high priest friends inform me. "A three-ounce rod is too light where trout run large." Right they undoubtedly are, but that's what I use. And I use a reel filled with enameled line heavy enough to balance the whole properly. A rod should balance anywhere from eight inches to a foot in front of the hand-grasp. The reel, line filled, should weigh approximately once and a half as much as the rod. I don't employ a leader ordinarily, preferring a long snelled hook. The hook must be large, very, a No. 2 "sneck," at least. Again the high priests protest. Hear 'em. "Shark hook! Big enough for the drawing out of leviathan! Unsportsmanlike!" Wait, for the love o' Pete, wait! A large hook so the small trout will have difficulty impaling themselves. You get that? Undoubtedly small trout will take worms, but not as many as will take dry-flies in my experience. But let the last pass. So, if you use a hook so large that the little fellows just can't get it into their mouths, you will have given them a good feed of worms, for how they do delight in picking a worm from the steel.

The wormer will not take many trout on Opening Day, at least such has been my experience, indeed, he will just have to understand the game pretty well in order to secure enough to grease the fry-pan. "How many will accomplish that?" Now why did you ask that? Think to get me into trouble? Well, I'll tell you, TWO! Did you get it, two? My little folding pocket cooking kit has two tiny pans, in which I can at a pinch cook four 8-inch trout, 8-inch, with head and tail removed. I prefer to cook one fish in each pan, thinking that thus I can do a better job. The frying of a trout is not a little matter, an inconsequential task to be undertaken without some thought and judgment. First the strips of bacon, fried up until crisp and brown, then the trout dropped into the sizzling fat, and browned deliciously. If I get four fish on Opening Day, two to cook by the stream, two to take home at nightfall, I am more than satisfied, I am ravished with delight.

As a rule I pinch a single shot to the shank of the hook itself, thus taking the garden hackle down to the bottom, where the trout ordinarily are hanging out on Opening Day. Sometimes one is called to a stream with laughing, rollicking rapids, where the baited hook can go dancing along with the stream; or again, he is on the banks of a stream where allowing the hook to travel off down under leaning willows and tag-alders is a veritable necessity, for there are many such creeks. Then that single shot is not placed on the hook, for no weight is required. More trout are hooked, away down where the brush and snags are thick, than are ever successfully led up through the tangle to the angler's feet. But it is real sport, and sport shot through with heart-breaking disappointments. But read here, Bliss Perry's, "Fishing With a Worm."

I can well remember one Opening Day a number of years ago. I was new to the North Country then, and went out with a party of local anglers, only to find old Superior locked under ice, the stream bank-full, with ice and snow lying deep in the swamps. We fished, all of us, running around each other, pool after pool, the idea seeming to be that the good fishing was above. I became weary of the foot-race and let the party go. I picked out quite a pool just within the marge of a thick wood, where the sun had dried a high bank, and where there was some dead wood. I went about my preparations with care and deliberation. I built a delightful little fire. Then I sat down and waited for time to pass. I wanted any possible fish in that pool to forget all about worms with hooks on their insides. At last I dropped my bait in at the upper end, and let the current carry it down into the deep water. In time there came a nibble, a bite. I waited while the hook, a big one, was taken in, then I landed a ten or twelve inch fish. I got two before noon, when I dressed and cooked them as becomes an outdoor man on Opening Day.

I have a picture of that little camp in mind; am sorry I have not a real picture of it, but I had not discovered the advisability of carrying a vest-pocket camera then. I whiled the day away. Gathered a nice big bunch of arbutus, for the stream was located where that most wonderful spring flower blooms profusely. During the afternoon I caught four more fish, all between ten inches and a foot long, and when my erstwhile companions returned, they found me, rod taken down and in its case, sprawled by my little fire. I don't remember whether or not they had taken more fish than I, I only remember the wonderful day I had. When I think of Opening Day, I think in terms of that experience. "Unsportsmanlike," did you say? I wonder. I wonder. What's sportsmanship anyway? Too often it is the way *you* take fish. Let me say once more, using my personal and oft-quoted formula, "Sportsmanship is the love of fair-play raised to the N-th degree." If you'll believe me, the joy of Opening Day is not found in the fish taken, but in the knowledge that God's out-of-doors is yours. I go fishing on Opening Day very much as I go to church. Chew on that. Raise the cry of "heresy," if you will; it will be a welcome change from, "unsportsmanlike." Selah.

### But It Didn't Help!

Farmer—"Hi, there! Can't you see that sign, 'No fishing on these grounds'?"

Rastus—"Co'se I kin see it; but I ain't so ig'rant as ter fish on no grounds. I'se fishing in de creek."

## Bird-Glasses

Every trout fisherman should be a bird student, for no one has a better opportunity than he to study our feathered friends. Somehow when one is wading up a creek, trees and brush leaning out from either bank, the birds do not take alarm as they do when one walks on the ground. I have had rare warblers perch on a branch just above me, peering down in bright-eyed curiosity. Always the carrying of a full sized pair of field-glasses has been irksome, something of a bother. Now comes a firm with vest-pocket binoculars, in 5 and 7 power. Actually they will slip into a vest pocket. Have "universal focus," so that once you get them right, there will be no shifting, just put them up to your eyes and take a good long look. Don't make any mistake about the matter, they are real binoculars. While I don't know that the maker had anglers especially in mind, they are ideal for the angler. The 5-power are fine, but the 7-power are wonderful. Think I shall discard my big glasses entirely. Remember, it is not all of fishing to fish.

## Let 'em Walk!

Angler's Son—"Say, Dad, that apple I just ate had a worm in it, an' I ate that too."

Angler Dad—"What? Here, drink this water and wash it down."

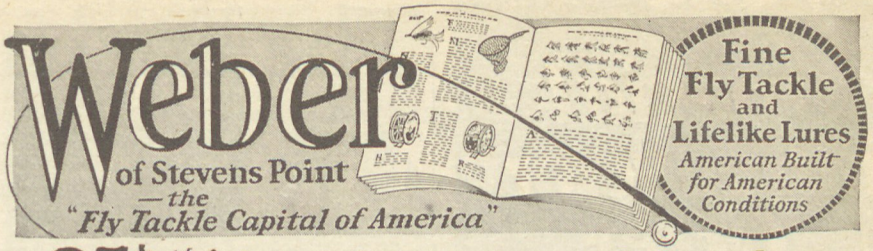
Angler's Son—"Aw, let 'im walk down, what's he got legs for!"

## Carry a Camera

I think I have emphasized the importance of this before, but it is of sufficient worth to repeat. I am not thinking of those large machines which are guaranteed to take a picture in a million-th of a second or less, too much machinery about them, too many chances for failure. I am thinking of those little, fixed-focused machines, just about fool-proof. All you have to do is pull 'em out, and press the button. Wonderful what good pictures they secure. A roll of film exposed on each fishing trip, and promptly mounted in an album before the friends get them away from you, make a wonderful record of a summer's outings. These cameras are inexpensive, costing a whole lot less than a good fly-rod, and almost as important as the rod at that.

## *Important Announcement*

The Missouri State Convention of the Izaak Walton League will be held at the Statler Hotel in St. Louis, May 23rd and 24th

**Weber** of Stevens Point —the "Fly Tackle Capital of America"

**Fine Fly Tackle and Lifelike Lures** *American Built for American Conditions*

**25¢ Fly Free**

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YOU must send a quarter and your dealer's name for this beautiful book in many colors—showing Weber (and Water-Witch) flies, tackle and lifelike luring novelties. All designed especially for American style fly-fishing, by the world's largest fly-tackle institution. You will prize this book—and get your 25 cents back *twice.*

We credit you the quarter on your first order from catalog or this ad and send you free any 25-cent fly, tell us size and pattern or leave it to us.

*Or Simpler: Slip in a dollar bill for $1.00 in goods and get catalog and extra fly free.*

**Vacuum Dressed Line**

Most satisfactory made. No kinks. Dressed through and through, highest quality, Brown. 100 feet. Level
C—$5.00 E—$4.00
D— 4.50 F— 3.75
Double Taper
HCH, $10.00. HDH, $9.00.
HEH, $8.00.

**Straintest** *Super Value* **Leaders**

Half dozen in round metal carrying box with moistener pad. Level. Trout, 6 ft. $2. Bass, 4½ ft. $2. Salmon, 9 ft. $6. Dry Fly Tapered, 7½ ft. per box of 6, $3.

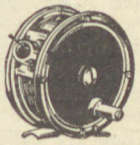
**no-cum**

**Camouflaged Leaders**

These leaders are toned in alternating bands of translucent colors making them practically invisible. Not a theory but a proved factor of success. Best "Selecto" gut, triple inspected and tested. Trout, bass, salmon; sizes. 1 to 3 yd. lengths, level or tapered. 2 yd. level. 5 lb. test, *50¢ each,* Doz. *$5.50* —all other sizes priced proportionately to above.

**Weber Special Fly Reel**

*Large Capacity Perfect Balance*



Exclusive design—perfection from every standpoint. Black composition; click: bronze bushed. Same as shown but without agate ring: Trout *$7.00,* Bass *$8.00* Salmon *$9.00*
With agate ring as illustrated: Bass size. . . . *$11.00.*

**True "Henshall" Fly Lure**

*For All Fish*

Made and acts like a fuzzy bug. Drops like down; picks up without strain. No hard body to interfere with hooking. Inspired and recommended by Dr. Henshall, renowned fish authority.

12 patterns. Trout sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 at *65¢* each; bass sizes, 2.1/0, 3/0, *each 75¢.*

**"Aklenat" Dry Fly**

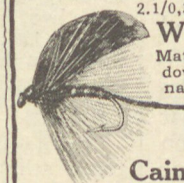
Quickest drying, highest riding fly made. Expertly dressed on finest rustproof hollow point hooks

Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 18 12 patterns ea *20¢* Doz., *$2 00*

**Standard Dry Flies**

Highest achievement of expert tying skill, *25¢.* Doz. . . . . *$2 50*

**Weber's Expert Tied Wet Fly**



Matched flat wing, decorated silk body on downeyed Pennell hooks or snelled With natural untrimmed wings and hackle—expertly tied. All standard patterns. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12.
Each, *15¢.*

**Cain River Salmon**

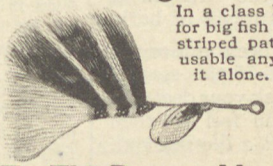
An American masterpiece—with a record. Rapidly replacing standard type. Also very effective for bass. Ringed or turned down eye, 6 patterns. Sizes 4, 6, 8. Single or barbless. *65¢* each; double *75¢*

Streamer Type

**Dry Salmon Fly**

Lifelike. Sprawly hackle whole length of long shanked hook. Highly recommended. 12 patterns; sizes 4-6-8, 35¢. Doz. *$4.20*

**Whiskerbug Weedless** with or without **Spinner**



In a class by itself. Never been beaten for big fish of all species. Deer tail, in striped pattern. A weedless wonder usable anywhere—and they can't let it alone. 12 patterns. Sizes 4, 2, 1/0. Plain, *60¢.* Doz. *$7.20.* With non-fouling spinner; each *75¢.* Doz. *$9.00.*

**Try This Dragonakle**

A lifelike fooler for Rainbow, Browns, Bass, Croppies. 6 Nature colors in feather and bucktail.
No. 2 hook, *75¢.*

**Mr. Bait Caster**

Line up with the times. Add the EASY art of fly casting and the Weber sure-shot way of nailing the BIG bass. Fly casting instructions free!

**3-Way Dresser**
**"Dri-a-Fli-or-Line"**

The slickest little gadget ever tucked into your kit. With a handy nip of the fingers you are ready to dry out your fly, apply fresh water proofing and to dress your line with Weber's genuine deer fat. In neat leather covered book, only 2¼x3 in., with felt pinch-pages properly prepared for the three jobs. . . . $1.00

Book with deer fat only, for line dressing, each, *50¢.*

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*The* **Weber Lifelike Fly Co.**

**Stevens Point, Wis.**

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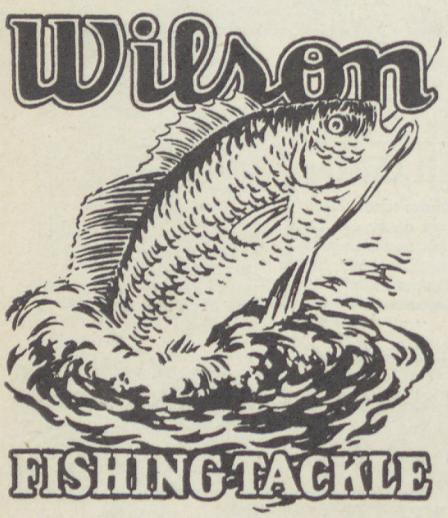
Wilson Combination Casting Rod —a lifetime rod of steel and bamboo.

A jerk on the line—a ripple on the surface and your rod bends until it seems it will break. That's when you appreciate confidence in your rod.

The very feel of this exclusive Wilson Combination Rod inspires confidence. You just can't help landing the big ones with it. It's made in two pieces with a solid forged chrome vanadium steel tip that makes for strength, and a split bamboo butt that assures flexibility, thus combining the life of a split bamboo rod with the strength of steel—giving you the advantages of both.

All Wilson dealers have been authorized to sell this $10.00 rod at $6.75 this season, as an introductory offer. Ask your dealer to show it to you—to let you feel it—then you'll be convinced that it's a lifetime rod.

*Look for this sign in your dealer's window*




Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

# The Enchanted Islands

## *What a Noted British Sportsman Thinks of a Bit of Our American Outdoors*

By WILLIAM ANGUS DROGO, Duke of Manchester

AMERICANS love to come to Europe to play. I suppose they find the lure of the far away—the call of the unfamiliar—irresistible. That is the only way I can account for their passion for Old World cities and atmosphere. Perhaps that is what accounts for the fascination which the last remaining wildernesses of the New World hold for so many of us who are born into the traditions of the Old—who are, in a way, a part of those traditions.

If there is one thing, more than another, which unites our sympathies, it is the call of the wilderness. There is indeed a language in which Nature speaks to us all—and though the poet writes of her "various language," I think he must have meant only her various dialect—the colloquialisms of her silent speech. For certainly the beauty which surrounds us who live in intimate association with Father Thames is different only in kind and not in degree from that of the streams which cover the last great west of America, on the shores of Gitche Gummee.

City dwellers yearn and sigh for the gentle solitudes of the country with all the ardor that moves the bucolic breast to pine for the excitements of the city. It is that perfectly human hunger for variety, which, after all, may have been the only impulse which led man to become a rover, and differ in speech and manner from others of his kind.

Turned back upon itself this hunger becomes nostalgia—the homesickness for the things one sought to flee. And happy indeed is he who has either sufficient wealth to go and come as he pleases, wherever his fancy leads him—or who, having none at all, can with equal freedom track that wonderful highway which leads to the Enchanted Isles. They are the resting place of restlessness; the tomb of dissatisfied desires; the final view on the last horizon, or, perhaps, the newest vision seen from the latest peaks. I am neither a poet nor a philosopher, so I do not know.

But I do know where my Enchanted Islands lie. I know their number, their names, and their geographic situation. There are twenty-two of them, situated just off the tip of the state of Wisconsin; just off the border of Minnesota; just above the border of Michigan, and just below the stretches of Canada's southern shore. They are called The Apostle Islands—and they rest on the alluring bosom of Chequamegon bay, that most charming division of the Big Sea Water which appears on the maps as Lake Superior.

I like to fish. Not only that—I like to catch them. I have cast my flies in the rushing streams of many mountains in many lands. And I have made some prodigious catches. The more I think of them the better they seem to have been—and the more I talk of them—well, I am a fisherman!

And I am particularly fond of these Enchanted Islands—and I know that I shall succumb completely to their magic spell, for there I am told, one can troll for whitefish. I am also told this will excite the mirth of such fishermen as have never done it—and who, therefore, do not know the thrill—for while there are larger fish to be had in even deeper waters, I am given to understand there are none better on the end of a line, with a rod that responds to the mood of the angler as a violinist's bow gives play to his musical emotion.

Troll! In a big fresh water lake! For whitefish!

Yes, and catch them, too. Well, that is what will make my successes in other fields of Waltonian endeavor appear logical. Sort of give them that stable background of solid truth which a good fish story must possess. This is where the enchantment comes in.

First, in the fact that so commonplace sounding a sport as trolling for whitefish is magnified, at that spot, into thrilling battles with almost mythically resistant and magically mammoth piscatorial prey. Second, that there is not only the most marvellous dawn in which to shove out onto the pale pink waters shot with the net-work of gold the sun throws over the waving tresses of the bluest bay in all the world, but also the sunset to come back in, when, heading in from Madelaine Island, the hills of the peninsula set off the splendor of the west by the black silhouette which makes of them a miniature mountain range—without, let me add, the painful deceptions of distance practiced on the tired sportsman by most chains of peaks.

I really know of no more entertaining place for hunting than the region of these Enchanted Isles. I haven't been there in the winter, when, I'm told, there is some excellent wolf hunting to be had.

But, in the fall of the year, when the early frosts have turned the oaks in the ravines which abound in that terrain to apoplectic flames of scarlet, set off against the delicate pastel shades of the poplars and aspens, and the rich greens of the remaining pines—well, you'll jolly well understand why, whether one sees a deer, or whether one doesn't, hunting in the Enchanted Islands is such rare sport.

I've killed big game in jungles, and small game on the moors—and I've stalked elk in Canada—and ridden to the hounds, of course—most of us do—in England. But I look forward with eager anticipation to the zest and out-of-doors thrill of stalking a deer in this vicinity.

I've a great reticence, as a matter of fact, in taking up this deer hunting business. I'm told that even with the restrictions which the state already has upon the sport, the deer are growing scarcer, and something, such as the conservation program of the Izaak Walton League of America, ought, it seems to me, to be carried out to keep this chief charm of the last wilderness from becoming its last charm as well.

I'm tremendously interested, really, in

shooting. It's a fine sport, and one that brings out—if the difficulties are such as abound in the North Wisconsin woods, the finest instincts and capabilities a man has. But a hunting ground which takes on the color of an annual shambles is a thing which all good sportsmen ought to discourage.

I haven't mentioned the stream fishing there is to be had in the Brule—a mere two or three hour jump in the motor from the region where my "shack" is to be. That's principally, of course, because I haven't fished it. But I understand from friends of mine who have done so that there is a great sport in this line there. I shall certainly make it a point to fish the Brule this year—barring accidents or restrictions.

I rather think I shall make that trip anyway, for I'm as fond of color and the sheer beauty in which the Enchanted Isles abound during the fall months—somehow the loveliest of all the year—as I am of the actual hunting or fishing. And there are so many winding roads leading out of —and into—Highway 13—hidden little byways that rather brazenly lure one to explore their depths. I like to track them down. Usually they pretend to be roads, and aren't. That's just their way of leading you up to a solemn pine left over—thank Heaven—from the devastation of the woodsman's axe; or sometimes, even a sumac blushing madly over one's discovery of its retirement. Yes, the woods alone are worth the time and trouble of their exploration.

I wonder, indeed, that all America hasn't found the trail to these Enchanted Islands. But, as a matter of fact, I'm rather glad they haven't. "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods"—perhaps a little too intimate for too general sharing. I wonder—should I have said as much as I have?

## Extract

*From a Letter of a Waltonian's Daughter at College to her "Fishing Dad"*

DEAREST Daddy:

A good old thunder storm tonight somehow makes me remember nights camping out, with the rain beating on the tent and oozing through the places you touch, and flashes of lightning showing trees swaying in the wind,—and in the morning, my fisherman daddy frying eggs over a dampish fire in front of the tent while the rain makes the grease sizzle and pop out. Gee! But wouldn't biscuits out of a Dutch oven taste good. Remember the pancakes we had the first year we broke the trail to the Illinois River—the year we spread oilcloth on a cot for a somewhat uncertain but plenty-good-enough table? Oh! Daddy mine, this call-of-the-wild from your blood to mine promises to be a somewhat troublesome heritage, especially this time of year when fishing worms begin to crawl across the path as you hurry to eight o'clocks—and hardware store windows have green and red corks in them,—and when the sun beats hot on a still afternoon and you hear the sudden sharp call of a Bob White—Doesn't it most take the heart right out of you, Daddy?

I'm going to camp out all summer.

Lovingly,

AVIS.

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Send all your outdoor loving daughters OUTDOOR AMERICA


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## The Ideal Line

The ideal line for bait casting must be strong, smooth to the angler's touch when thumbing the reel and of proper flexibility to run freely from the reel at the high rate of speed attained in bait casting.

The quality and uniformity of the silk fibre, the relative sizes of the thread selected for the envelope and core, the amount of tension applied in the braiding—all these are important in the making of a perfect casting line.

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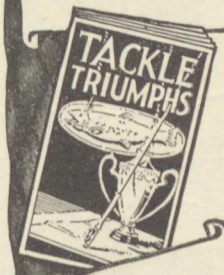

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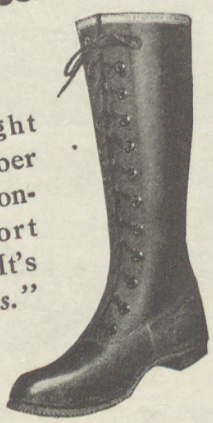

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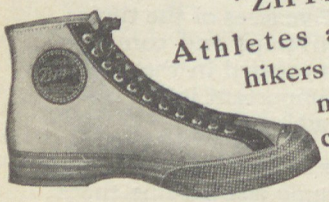
This very light weight, all rubber lace boot is a wonder for comfort and protection. It's called "*Dubois.*"

"LITENTUF"
Extremely light weight, yet strong and comfortable. Ask for "*Litentuf.*"



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Athletes and hikers find more comfort in these reinforced canvas shoes. A whole line of athletic footwear, under the one name, "*Zipps.*"

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HI-PRESS
*Footwear*

# "It Is an Art to Catch a Trout!"

By LOLA GREEN

IT is bad enough to have spoiled an otherwise sensible practical farmwoman (who *should* be spending the summer days in the garden and poultry yard) by filling her head with foolish dreams about pliant rods, be-feathered hooks and the delicious feel of an enameled line slipping through her fingers; but having been so perverse, Fate should not have added the unnecessary cruelty of setting her down in a land where the only available water is a muddy, carp-infested drainage ditch. And while it may be quite true that the fifty weeks of deprivation greatly enhances the delight of the two that may be spent each year in pursuit of the gamy fins, it does not tend to perfect one's technique.

That is why the news that a troutfishing trip should this year supplant our usual encounter with the northern bass, came as such a disappointment. We were only commencing to feel at ease with a stormy, impetuous bass at the end of our leader, just beginning to feel that at least a part of the time we would come off the victor. And now to have to waste those few precious vacation hours learning the ways of that absolute stranger, or, rather, just *trying* to learn them! We hoped, up to the last minute, something might happen to turn us northward instead; even slipped the treasured bass flies in beneath the rest when the husband's back was turned. But it was to no avail. On schedule time we were facing the hot winds of the west, the bass lake of our dreams appearing and disappearing on the heated sands before us.

*Her mother's daughter running true to type in her love of fishing.*

I think there must be some mysterious sense of kinship between anglers. We never stopped to camp, but one of the clan took up his night abode near us. And when the campfire talk would take the inevitable trend, I would put in a question or two; questions that of course betrayed my ignorance of trout. Then at their manifest surprise, I would hastily add that while I had never had an opportunity to try for trout, I had done some bass fly fishing. Always there came this same depressing, pride-puncturing reply, "But it is an *art* to catch a trout!" I wish I might give you the exact inflection put upon those words. It was absolutely staggering to a person who had been deluded into thinking the bass somewhat of a gamefish. Before we had started, I had been so proud of, and so anxious to show to someone who knew about troutflies, the little counterfeits I had tied. Now, not for worlds would I have brought them forth! I could imagine their derision—an amateur troutfisher egotistical enough to think he could handle a rainbow on a barbless!

But the first glimpse of the Sweetwater was most consoling. At least there would be no witnesses to my humiliation. Sand, drifting sand, everywhere. Rolling hills of it, merging into a faintly purple line of jagged, snowstreaked peaks to the west. The stream took its winding course to the northeast, unmarked by shadowing trees. Here and there it dipped into an old, old trail—as though in league with the drifting sands to obliterate the path over which the Molly Windales of yesterday had prodded weary, heartbreaking miles. An adorable stream, so transparently clear, surely no trout could conceal itself within its gleaming, sunlit depth—this was the Sweetwater. There was no sign of life or human habitation; only the stream and the sage-dotted sand. A scrubby willow a little way up stream promised a suggestion of shade. As we approached there was a startling roar of wings, and about thirty sage chickens abandoned its coolness to us.

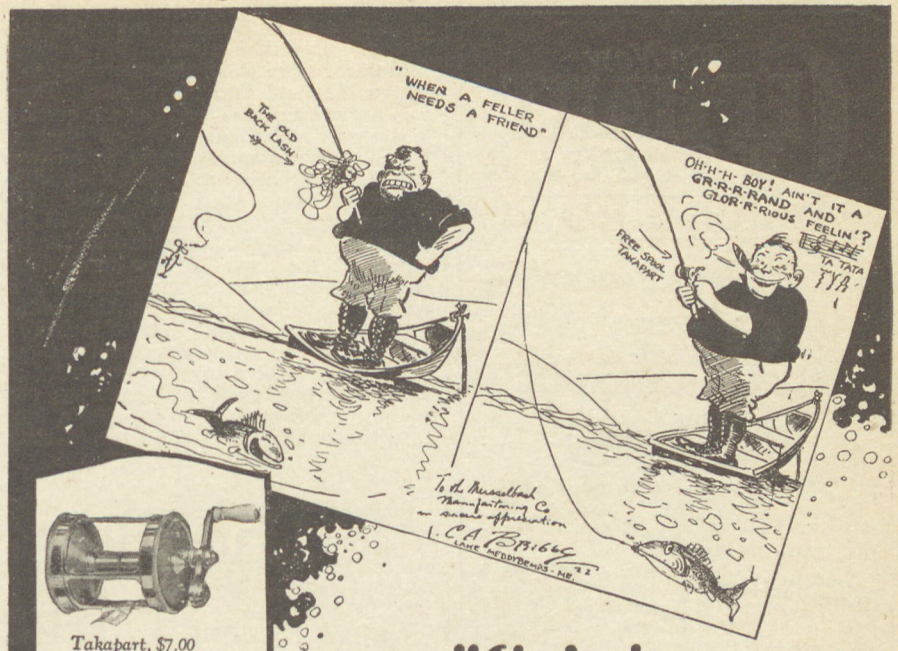
Then followed the wading and casting of the little sunlit river. My assurance was somewhat restored at the landing of the first rainbow. But though we fished early and late for several days, releasing all but the quickly reached limit of our frying pan, no really large trout deigned to investigate our offerings. At last there came the dictum we had been dreading to hear—"Expect we had better be moving on tomorrow." Especially disappointing, now that a storm threatened to spoil this, the last evening upon the Sweetwater.

It was a little earlier in the afternoon than we generally started a-fishing; but we wandered down stream, thinking to retrace when the evening rise should start. We had not gone far when the already heavy wind turned into a perfect gale. After a glance at the rapidly forming clouds, we decided we were far enough from camp; that if we were to fish at all that evening, it would be during the next half-hour. The wind, unhindered by trees or brush, swept up the length of the little river, splashing the waves against us. The swift current pulled us this way, the tireless wind pushed us that. I cast a tiny gray and green palmer, tinsel tipped, high into the air. The wind straightened my line and dropped it softly into the swift, troubled

water. The result was as terrifying as it was unexpected. At that first sharp wrench of the rod there flashed before me a dozen supercilious faces and I heard a dozen voices telling me how much swifter, how much stronger was the tackle smashing fight of a rainbow than that of a lowly bass—that it was "an art to catch a rainbow!" Now the rod I was using is to me more precious than rubies. A fracture in its lovely length would likewise fracture my heart. Those voices, together with the sense of helplessness induced by the relentless gale sweeping over that lonely expanse—put me in a panic. Quickly I lowered the tip. There was a rush of line through my fingers, then a sickening sensation of the hook tearing out as I sought to turn the fish. Disheartened, I struggled a few feet farther up stream. Again I sent my fly far ahead to the center of the turbulent surface, and again the king of the pool arose and sent terror into my heart. I tried to follow his arrow-like dash down stream, and went over my boots; then in my foolish efforts to turn him without the aid of my rod, he threw his splendid length clear of the water—and was free. I looked up to see my husband frantically motioning toward camp. As he caught up with me, he gave me a glimpse of the five lovely rainbows within his creel; all caught on the same sized, same patterned barbless fly that I had used, and all practically from one spot. It was most humiliating. In vain I explained that all five of his would not have equaled one of those I had hooked and lost.

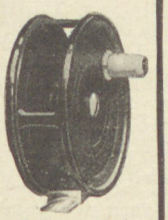
The next morning dawned clear and bright without a breath of wind. The deeper portions of the stream lay like glass in the morning sun. It was a scene to inspire confidence. I set forth in a perfectly sane frame of mind, determined to redeem myself and prove a rainbow not so much more formidable than a bass of equal size. But my cautious approach to the pool of the evening before, and my most careful covering of it availed nothing. On down stream we went, casting and re-casting, trying this pattern and that, all without a rise. The riffles were so shallow, and so absurdly clear; the pools so transparent and glassy that deception was extremely difficult. A bend disclosed a high bank on the farther side of the stream. Pieces of turf had been broken from its sharp edge and lay in the water below. I tied a number twelve barbless to the end of my leader—a vicious, wasplike little creation tied to commemorate the villainous disposition of a certain descendant of the gallus bankiva, who domineers our farmyard. Body of green herl, ribbed and tipped with gold: hackle the cochy-bondhu pattern of metallic green edged with red: wing, tips of the same, and tail of a few whisks tied tip first. Daintily it floated over a submerged sod, then disappeared in a sudden explosion of the placid surface. Bravely I resisted the temptation to play this fish from my fingers, and bravely the rod bent to its task of mastering the darting, leaping trout. My arm was aching when at last he lay stretched out upon the brown sand. But the prosaic little tapeline refused to register more than 18½ inches of rose and silver beauty from the tip of his Roman nose to the fork of his tail. "A mighty fine trout," my husband said. I was disappointed. I had wanted the trout to match my antagonists of the night before.

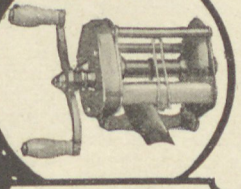
Farther down we came to a clump of tiny willow-like growth and a beaver dam containing some of its still green boughs. Back beneath the willows at the farther side of the broad, shallow pool above the dam, the water dimpled as a fish rose.

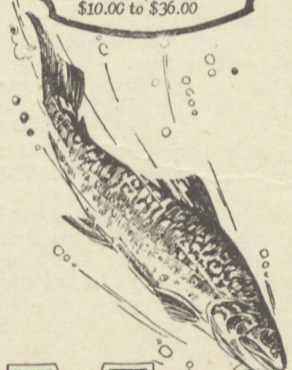


Takapart, $7.00


Rainbow, for trout, $5


Flyer, $7 50

Surf, $10.00 to $36.00



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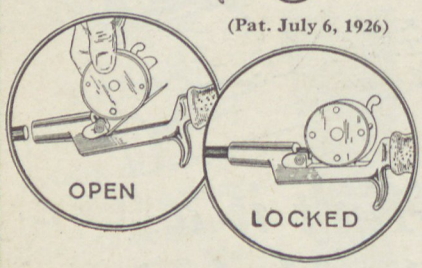
*Three New Features—*

1 SCREWLESS REEL & ROD LOCKING HANDLE

(Pat. July 6, 1926)




ONE—two, and it's done! Simply insert rod into handle. Reel is automatically locked in place. No screws to bother with. Simple—easy—sure. An exclusive Gephart feature.

2 ALLOY LINED TUBULAR FIRST JOINT

(Pat. July 6, 1926) No more sticking or rusting of ferrules. Put your rod together—take it apart—the alloy lining makes it easy at all times.

3 SOLID CHROME VANADIUM STEEL ONE PIECE TIP
(Incorporating Tubular or Bamboo Butt)

(Patent Applied For) Correct taper and temper. Lightness and flexibility equalled by no other rod. Genuine agate guides and top tip.

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To show you the new Gephart Tubular Alloy-Lined Butt and One-piece Solid Steel Chrome Vanadium Tip. You'll find it different—a radical improvement over any rod you have ever seen before. Write for descriptive booklet.

**Gephart Mfg. Co.**
*Manufacturers to the Jobbing Trade Exclusively*
224 West Illinois Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

Only a small one surely; the water was so clear one could almost count the pebbles in this refuge of his. But a rising fish was a rare thing this morning, so I cast across and into his retreat. There was a swirl and I struck, but too quickly. There was a flash of olive and black as he raced the now submerged fly halfway across the sunlit pool, a gleam of silver as he turned to effect the capture. Off he rushed for his retreat, leaped at the restraint of the rod, then dashed for the tangee at the dam. A few more leaps and arrow-swift flights and he came obediently to be measured like his brother upon the warm sands. Sixteen inches.

The trip back to camp netted me one more trout. Not many for such a lot of casts as I had made that morning; and no such rainbow as I had hoped a kind fate would allow me. And too, it being my very last opportunity to wade and fish this dear little river that had so quickly won its way into my heart!

And now we are back in the land of stern realities, where romance has no part. On winter evenings, before the fireplace, we will recall those campfire talks and nod in agreement that "it is an art to catch a rainbow"—just the very self-same art required to land an angry leaping bass. And we will perhaps sometimes recall those closed incidents of the Sweetwater trout we captured; but oftener, far oftener, will we remember the thrilling, hairbreadth escapes of the lovely captives, that were almost within the villain's clutches; those stories that ended as every good story *should* end, with the wily deceiver foiled and disgruntled. And with all our hearts will we hope they "live happily ever after!"

# The Best Fisherman I Ever Met

## *A Trout Yarn as Told by a Michigan Guide*

By BILL MORRISON

I WAS just over to the barber shop to buy some trout flies. The local sports drop in to get shaved and to talk about trout fishing; I reckon in New York you don't combine a tackle shop with a shaving parlor.

Well, when I told the boys I was going to write a fishing yarn for your paper, they sure started to kid me to death—said I was no authority. Then I just tells them a few things; the fishing editors, says I, say they want to get articles to bring the "outdoors in," now I can't claim to be a trouting authority though I have lived outdoors for the past 30 years or more. I don't take much stock in these fishing authorities, says I, one of these fellers paints a picture of Ike Walton and has it printed very nice and large in the Ike Walton Magazine, and a fine big title underneath, "Teaching a Pupil to Land a Trout." The sketch should have been called, "How Not to Land a Trout," being as poor Ike was netting the fish tail first; to my mind most unfair to the old gent, as his objecting powers have naturally been somewhat weakened.

There is a big editor down with "Munsey's" who takes a few weeks' vacation fishing and paints a word picture all about bass, and he collects a large following who come to think bass is the only thing. Good luck to him, I hope he keeps right on; there are too many trout fishermen now and the trout sure would rise better if they were not pounded so.

Then there is the author who wrote "The Dry Fly and Fast Water." He does not start writing books. He fishes and observes trout habits for 30 years and then he writes this book—now that is what I call a real authority.

Another fishing writer reads a lot of books then he describes a boundary line around all the waters that he says contain Musky. Now, he comes along fine until a backwoods guide pops up and punctures his tire and makes a monkey out of him by proving that he left out of his calculations "The Lake of the Woods District," one of the biggest and best Musky Sections. The guide proves that in the past 20 years he caught thousands of Musky in this section where the authority said there were none.

My old dad used to say, "Son, it's better to be silent and thought a fool, than to open your mug and remove all doubt." So in my story which follows I will stick to what I have seen and done.

I have been guiding trout fishermen in these here parts for over 30 years and I'll tell you a yarn about Longworth, the best fisherman I ever guided. He was a Wall Street broker.

He was a thorough dry fly man; skillful, resourceful, always ready to take a sporty chance. I was his guide and punter on stream and lake for seven summers, and even when he was wading and really did not need me, he often took me along as he seemed to like my company. This happened when he fished the heavy water of the lower Cedar River for big Browns. One of the experiences we had was with "The Big Brownie of Five Stump Hole." When I returned after laying off for the day on the Fourth he told me that while he was fishing with a mighty light leader he snapped off a fly on a big Brown in the stump hole.

Many fishermen would have been rushing back hammering the big fellow every few hours. Longworth left him alone, fishing other places for six straight days, when he said that he would quit on the morrow until evening. I went up to the camp to meet him at 6 P. M. He was already waiting in his car when I arrived, waders on and all rigged up. We drove three miles down the road, left the car in a field and cut across to the river bank at point below the stump hole. He sat down on the high grassy bank, looped on a 9-foot leader, greased a big hopper fly, a number eight, and tied it down nice and snug on the end of the leader. He then filled his pipe and smoked easy like, watching the sun gradually sinking behind the hills in the west. I saw he was going to take no chance fishing while the sun was casting any shadows. He finally arose, slid down the bank and I followed. We worked carefully up-stream until we came within casting distance of the lower end of the five stump hole.

Now, this is the toughest place on the river to land a big fish. This hole is on the lower part of the river well below the dam, where there is lots of water

and long casts are often needed. I was not much pleased with the prospect of landing this fish. There were two big stumps on each bank and the roots of another one at the lower end of the pool extended almost across the channel, so that it left only a small opening, about a couple of feet or so, for the outlet. All this accounted for why this big fish was still loafing around, snapping off flies now and then, with some days a dozen fishermen around. Longworth sure had centered his interest on one mess of a place to fool with a big trout. It appeared to me he was just marrying into a lot of trouble with all those roots, cross logs, and deep swift water mostly over his waders. I warned him that no man could kill a big fish in that hole, and to look out for the end stump which blocked the way when leading a fish out. Then he says to me, "Bill, I hooked that fish alone and I intend to land him alone." "Suits me," says I, "he that taketh no part shareth no blame."

Longworth dropped his fly on the current at the lower end of the hole although the spot where he had hooked the fish was some sixty feet further up. He wanted to cover the pool and get his fly and cast out right; he was never satisfied unless both were acting pretty. He got to the deep part of the hole by working very cautious-like along the outer edge of the sand bar near the left bank, with the water, waist high, eddying close around the top of his waders. He was laying out a clever curve cast, the heavy D line laying up along the nigh bank; the leader curved with its belly well upstream; the dry fly coming down first several feet out from the big stumps on the far bank. The line and leader were placed so the fish could not see them. He covered the ground very carefully where he had previously hooked the fish with no sign of a rise. Then he paused, and tried his last chance of working out the water directly above, figuring the fish might have changed its feeding position. On the third cast just a dark shadow moved across the water and the big dry fly disappeared.

The rod tip immediately went up and the hook sank home. Then he did not give the fish an instant to figure out any tricks, but doubled the rod right up by stripping in line fast, so as to force the fish away from the stumps. My experience has learned me that the bigger the Brown the more time the fish takes on deciding what to do, and you're sure out of luck if you wait till he's made up his mind. Oh boy! The big fellow went up in the air three times and every time my heart was in my mouth. The constant strain on the fish by this time had forced the trout below my man and almost directly above the narrow outlet. Any moment I expected to see the fish dive under the big end stump, where the swift water gurgled through the roots and came up like a boiling spring on the far side. Longworth was now facing downstream and was forcing the fish toward his left. Just when all appeared to be going fine I heard a terrible splash. Longworth went down most sudden like into the river, on the sand bar where the water dropped off quick, and deep. He came right up, however, upon one knee, keeping a nice easy bend on the rod. The fish when he heard the awful splash didn't wait a second but shot through the small outlet, as if the devil were after him, never touching the roots and struck right on down into the rip below. This fast water turned around a bend 50 feet below, its end marked by another big cedar stump. The pull the fish was able to give in this swift current


# What's REALLY being Advertised

## 34 Bass taken "before dinner" on the new Foss Frog Wiggler!

"Just returned from the Lake of the Woods where I thoroughly tried out your new 'Frog Wiggler.'

"Find this bait a big improvement even over the old Shimmy Wiggler. Got two or three strikes with the Frog to every one with the Shimmy. The two pieces of pork on the side, the 'legs of the frog' add greatly to the attractiveness of this bait.

"Enclosed photo shows catch of 34 Bass taken by my wife and me before dinner one day with the frog wiggler, using the larger size and letting it run very deep."

E. Brendamour, Jr., Cincinnati, O.

SHIMMY WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz.,$1.00

## Try this New Foss Lure!

*Foss Frog Wiggler $1.00 No. 12½ oz., 1/0 hook. Larger hook if ordered.*

Late in 1926 the first Foss Frog Wiggler purchased, wriggled its way past the nose of its first bass. Butthis"eight-course dinner" lure is already the main topic of conversation wherever casters congregate. Here's the *menu*—the eight "courses" you can set before them with the Frog Wiggler—without even untying your line!

JAZZ WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., 50c

1st—Just as received with bucktail fly.

2nd—With bucktail and two strips of fly-rod pork rind buttoned to the little studs to form legs.

3rd—Same as No. 2 with fly-rod pork on curve of hook.

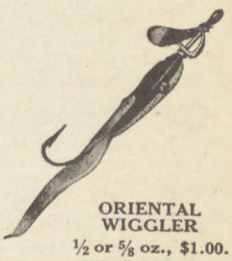
4th—With bare hook only.

5th—With bare hook and two fly-rod pork strips for legs.

6th—With bass pork rind impaled on hook and buttoned to center button.

7th—Same as No. 6—with two fly-rod pork strips for legs.

8th—Same as No. 5—with bass size pork strip full length on curve of hook.



ORIENTAL WIGGLER
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All Red, All White, or Red and White

All you need is one Foss Frog Wiggler, a bottle of bass size pork strips, and a bottle of fly rod pork strips.

45c—Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

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What do you mean, "Small", Mr. Peter,— and "compelled?"

37 lbs + caught on Heddon KING

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Either size, nickel, copper or GOLD metal parts, or one side in brilliant red-and-white or scale enamel. Single hook or spoon-hook style of feathered treble, - - - - - - $1

Ask your dealer. If he can't supply you, sent postpaid on receipt of price and dealer's name. Ask for free booklet of inside tips on "How to Get More Fish."

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For the 16th successive year in Field & Stream's contests, more prize winning bass taken by Heddon baits than all others of similar type combined—proving not only successful results but most universal choice.

*The Box with the Red Edge*
*Seen in more anglers' kits and tackle stores than any other feature in the fishing world.*

Heddon Fishing Tackle
*Genuine Dowagiac*

was more than the rod would stand and it was now almost horizontal with the water. At the risk of breaking the leader the fish, however, was stopped just above the stump; the leader swayed from side to side cutting across the current, the fish slashing backward and forward. Then the Brown shot upstream, but my man had already placed himself on the downstream side, right in front of the big end stump blocking him off. He was trying to lead him into this eddy to land him. This sure was the best place. The old Brown went right up in the air a couple of times, and when he saw the net he shot downstream again into the fast water. It took some time to work him back into the eddy. On the second try Longworth got the fish's head well down into the landing net and walked ashore. I joined him. He said he would not have lost that fish for a thousand dollars, but would not give two cents to hook another then —being as he was powerful wet and all in.

After he showed me the fish on the scales at the 6 pound 9 ounce mark-full, he said kind of innocent like, "Did you see me stub my toe under that big cross log?" I knew every stump and log in that hole and had a suspicion that he never tripped—he was as sure footed as a mule. Just to be certain that what I was thinking was straight, I waded out into the stream to the spot where he flopped in. I was right! There was neither cross log, root nor branch as would trip up an infant—nothing but a knee dent in the sand bar.

# Michigan Trout Fishing

By CLARENCE V. SMAZEL

GOLDEN shafts of sunlight over cool bluffs, birds warbling the first songs of spring, air filled with fragrance from trailing arbutus and hepaticas, and a glancing, swirling, shooting stream!

May first is coming to Michigan, not alone for the sportsman and the nature lover, but for the trout streams and the trout themselves; for fishing of the speckled beauties and flashing rainbows is to see the dawn of a new era in Michigan, with a broader, non-political conservation policy, greater knowledge of actual needs and a heartier appreciation of its value.

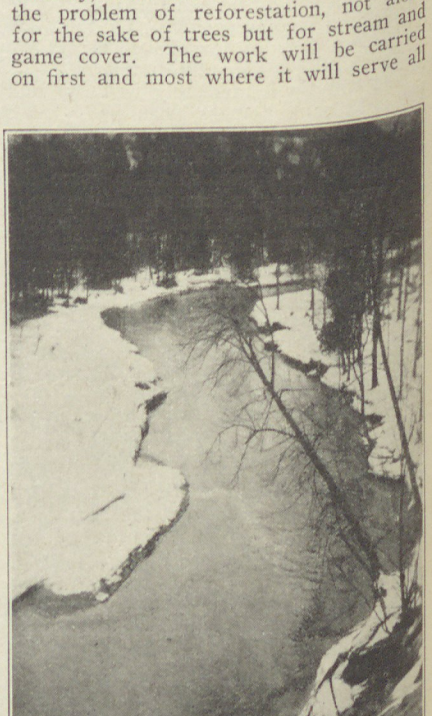
From the north, east and west come reports that 1927 is to be one of the greatest in recent years for the sportsman. Nature has been generous for more than a year in helping put the streams in their best condition. Last season was rainy, with high water most of the time from the first of May to the end of August. Trout had plenty to eat and water was dark, stemming the sport of both the bait and the fly fisherman—but saving many fine fish to be added to the strings of big ones this season.

Then nature staged one of the finest winters Michigan has ever seen. No heavy snows to block the creeks and pack them with anchor ice carrying away the vegetable life where it freezes to the bottom. The youngsters and fry will find plenty to eat, assuring healthy stock for next year. Sunny March days sent most of the snow down-stream, draining the swamps at a time of the year when they ordinarily are ice and snow. That means, unless spring rains send us all to the Ark, that the reddish-brown swamp water will be out of the way for the first of May and streams will be almost at a summer level. No more ideal conditions could greet the fellow who is now polishing his flyrod. Nature has taken care of this year's big show for the hip-booters.

Man, with increased interest and knowledge, is striving to see that every year in the future shall hold the same promise as nature has given this one. The federal bureau of fisheries last year, at the close of an exacting survey, declared that a mile of the average Michigan creek could support at least 800 good-sized trout, without counting the bait that man loses or the grasshoppers that jump in the creeks. The bureau enlarged upon that information by adding that with proper stream cover, propagation and planting of fry and fingerlings the state's trout streams could be made to supply sport and fish for all the state's own sportsmen and all who would come in from other states.

Izaak Walton chapters of Michigan and the United States bureau have set the example in one of these needs, pointed out by the bureau's expert, through the building of trout ponds where the fry are raised to a size which enables most of them to withstand the more rigorous life of the open streams. That plan is to be followed by the department of conservation in the future, according to Leigh J. Young, the University of Michigan forestry professor who is now the new director of conservation for the two big peninsulas of the inland seas.

Prof. Young, because of his interest in forestry, also has first on his program the problem of reforestation, not alone for the sake of trees but for stream and game cover. The work will be carried on first and most where it will serve all



*Where the Boardman flows forever free.*

three purposes, so that the state may derive the greatest immediate benefit from it.

Considering the possibilities in Michigan trout fishing for this season and future years, it seems almost as if both man and nature have been inspired by the decision of the state supreme court that the real trout streams of Michigan shall be forever free to all. It looks suspiciously like a conspiracy to hold off until it would be definitely known that a favored few might not reap all the benefit.

The Michigan Department of Conservation has and is taking rapid steps to do away with the last obstacle to public rights in the state's streams—the matter of approaches or places where sportsmen can get in and out of creeks where they are barred from the land. Now, however, that the streams cannot be closed, there will probably be little trouble with landowners keeping the public from the soil, as saving of the fish in the water was, in most cases, the reason for the posted areas. Nevertheless, the department is buying or otherwise securing tracts of land that will assure public approaches to the streams. A Mason County power company has already offered the department eight sites for that purpose along the famous Pere Marquette River; many individuals are contemplating similar action.

The entire program, not only in so far as trout fishing is concerned but in all conservation matters, indicates that at last these two great peninsulas—ideally situated and provided for outdoor recreational facilities—are to be developed to their fullest possibilities, so that present generations may enjoy and future generations may not forget the America that used to be.

## Fishermen—Listen In

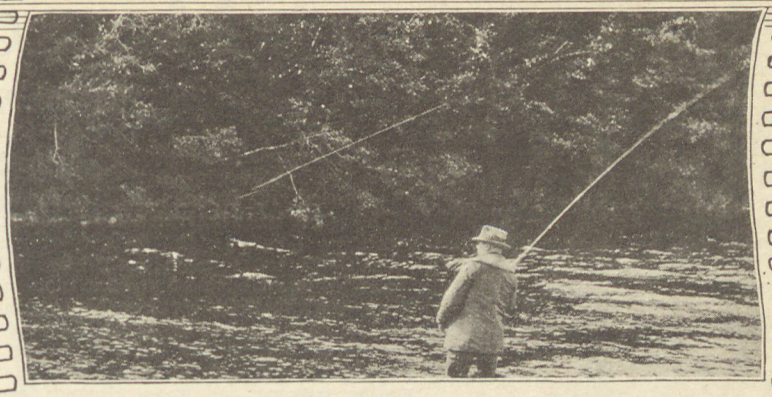
STATION WKBZ, Ludington, Mich., at the mouth of the Pere Marquette river, up in the trout country, will broadcast weekly reports on trout fishing conditions in Western Michigan. Specific arrangements will be announced through the newspapers later, but one thing is certain, that the sportsman will be kept in touch with stream and fishing conditions right up to the minute. K. B. Matthews, leading Waltonian of the Mason county chapter and frequent contributor to Outdoor America, will be in charge of the broadcasting.

## Testing the Line

AFTER an angler has had a strenuous battle with a large trout it's a mighty wise thing to test the section of line that has been doing duty. And this holds true whether the line be brand-new or otherwise, for the reason that when a trout is dashing madly about in an effort to get free the line oftentimes is dragged across rough, jagged or sharp-edged rocks or stones and such treatment is liable to raise havoc with the best line.

And even if one has not had such a battle it is well to test the line, for perhaps in casting it may have come in contact with something other than "air and water" which would tend to weaken it—with a branch of a tree or a rock—perhaps. This applies especially to the fisherman who does not always "hit the bullseye."

Sometimes, too, a line will become weakened where it joins the leader or the "snelled hook," whichever one may be using, because of the hardness of the snell. This, of course, is only when both have been subjected to pulling against a snag or sometimes a "big fish."

# MONTAGUE ACTION MOVIES

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By booking early for next fall and winter, *your* club can put on fishing thrills, fun, and information which will "go big." Read this letter from Palmer E. Presbrey of the Duck Lake Club, Boston:

*"The members of the Duck Lake Club appreciated very much the privilege at their midwinter dinner of seeing the three reels shown by the Montague City Rod Company's courtesy. It is hard to say which was enjoyed most.*

*"The first, 'The birth of a nation's fishing tackle,' was certainly very interesting; the second, 'How to fly and bait cast,' will, I am sure, improve the form of our members; the third, 'Fish tales,' made all of us wish that winter was behind us, that we might feel the thrill of the strike and the leap of the salmon."*

"FISH TALES" has its main plot laid in Newfoundland, land of salmon, sea trout, cod, brook trout and rainbow trout, with rollicking fun (through animated cartoons and interesting situations) mingled with the thrill of catching big fish. This and the two other non-inflammable films, which we offer as a unit for about an hour's entertainment, are shipped express collect and are to be returned express prepaid. Bookings now being made for fall and winter. Write today for interesting FOLDER ALL ABOUT THESE FILMS. They are just what YOU want.

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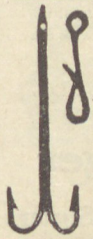

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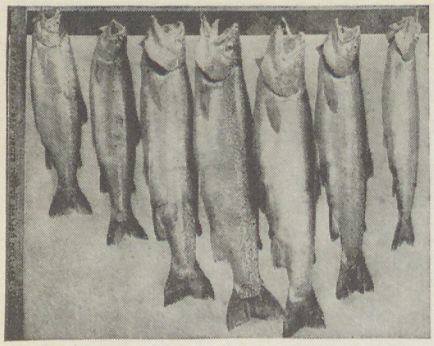

## Taken on a Dardevle

*near Boyne City, Mich.*

"Am sending you a photo of Rainbow Trout I caught with a No. 1 Dardevle you make.

"These Trout weigh from three to seven pounds. I catch a bunch like these nearly every morning and the season is not closed until December. Give me your home address and I'll send you some."

D. L. HAMMOND,
Boyne City, Mich.

"I want to compliment you on your Dardevle bait."

"It is the best pike lure I have ever used. Two weeks ago I caught a 14¼ lb. northern pike, besides several smaller ones, with a red and white Dardevle at Hubbard Lake. Enclosed is a photo of the big one."

Wm. L. Carpenter,
Detroit, Mich.

## —and Here's the Dardevle That Turned the Trick

The fish-getting quality of the Dardevle lures is attributable to the original and unique shape of the spoon. This imparts a peculiar, life-like, struggling action to the lure that must be seen to be appreciated.

**Dardevle**
*"The Old Boy Himself"*
3½" *long*, 1⅛" *wide.*
1 oz.
**Price 95c**

**Dardevlet**
*"Son of the Old Boy"*
2⅞" *long*, 1" *wide*, 3-5 *oz.*
**Price 85c**

**Dardevle's Imp**
*"The Little Devle"*
2⅛" *long*, 2-5 *oz.*
**Price 75c**

Made in three sizes and ten handsome color combinations, the Dardevle lures afford a size and color effective in almost all water and weather conditions. They are easy to cast, will act as top-water or underwater according as reeled in. See how easy you can place this lure in just the right hole between the lily-pads.

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50 yard lines—furnished in Black or Mottled White and Black colors, 33⅓ yd. spools, Black only. 100 yards connected, at prices per spool:

| Test | 50-yd spools | 33⅓-yd spools. |
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| 9-pound | $1.10 | $— — |
| 12-pound | 1.25 | .95 |
| 15-pound | 1.50 | 1.15 |
| 20-pound | 1.75 | 1.30 |
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"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game"


# Memory Hall

By M. W. BRACKETT

HOW true is the expression, "Man is but a grown up boy," and how many times it flashes in our memory. Though a man may rise from a humble country home to the height of fame, there are times when he pauses in the mad whirl of business and his mind wanders back to those carefree boyhood days, when, perhaps he, who now occupies the chair of power, was but a barefoot boy enjoying nature in all its beauty of rippling streams and green decked forests. No artist can paint pictures equal to those that hang in memories' hall. Canvas may decay, colors may fade, but memories' pictures remain ever bright.

As the man pauses, he closes his eyes and memory hall is again before him, and as he gazes at the memory pictures there is one which seems to stand out far superior to all the rest. It is the picture of a humble country home, partially hidden by towering maples. Green fields and growing grain add color to the scene. Close to the house a beautiful stream meanders through the pasture, its banks fringed with alders. Its course can be traced to the nearby woodland of towering maples, birches and conifers. 'Neath their cooling shade the stream has formed shelving banks, which provide homes for the speckled beauties that dash to the mirrored surface for the luckless insect that falls thereon. 'Neath a towering conifer a crystal pool, foam flecked from the tiny waterfall above, reflects the beauties of nature from its surface.

Prone upon the moss grown bank is a barefoot boy, with an alder pole and black thread line, to which is attached a common black steel hook, decorated with garden hackle. The boy is cautiously angling for a big fellow, who the week before put a sad end to his angling, until he could secure another penny from mother, which meant a mad dash to the country store to purchase a new hook. Cautiously the boy dangles the tempting morsel close to the shelving bank, where the big fellow makes his home. Suddenly there is a sharp pull and the thread line cuts the water. The boy scrambles to his feet and with the dexterity of a veteran plays the fish. Mad dashes take the fish first to one side of the small pool and then the other. He is tiring and the boy cautiously works him to the shallow part of the pool and gently slides him out on the gravel. With a joyous bound the boy grasps the fish and carries it up the bank, laying it beside three other speckled beauties. It is by far the largest.

The face of no man, as he gazes at a towering building that he has just completed, ever reflected more the joy of success than is reflected on the face of the boy. There is a link between the two. He who has fished today will build tall buildings tomorrow.

The boy passes again to the stream and throwing himself down drinks deep of the crystal waters. Returning, he picks up the fish and passes down the banks of the stream to the house, shaded by the towering maples. Clear he is of eye and the flush of health burns on his cheek. Nature in its beauty of clear streams and shady forests is fitting him for life's battles of tomorrow.

In the mind of the man, in his reverie, there comes a desire to again visit the scenes of his boyhood days and just for a day to be a kid once more; to again catch the speckled beauties and drink deep of the crystal waters. Eagerly he dons old clothes and searches out a fly rod and takes a train to the old scenes. How eagerly he looks for the first sight of the old railroad station! As he alights from the train, old scenes are again before his eyes. The winding road with its fringe of maples that leads to the old home 'neath the towering maples. The old crooked rail fences and growing grain all bring back those dear memories. Joyously he goes into the shade of the timber and with quickened steps walks again in the shade of the conifers. Eagerly he looks for his first glimpse of the crystal stream, but what a sight meets his eye. True, the tiny waterfall is still there, but what a change! No more a pure stream provides a home for the speckled beauties of his boyhood days. The surface of the once crystal pool is clouded. A dirty, ill smelling affluent has robbed the stream of the beauties of nature. No more does it yield the health giving properties that make men pillars of a nation. The slime coated stones and the fungus plumes of pollution bear evidence that from this stream man shall no longer drink and live, or fish survive. Hastily the man passes up the stream with a set expression on his face and finds that nearly at the source, the wheels of industry grind and without regard to the health of even those who work under its roof, and without whom it could not function, industry is turning its waste into the stream.

Sadly the man turns away and takes his way toward the railroad station. As he walks he reflects on the past. Has he done his part to make America safe for the man of tomorrow? Dimly he remembers that among his possessions is a card showing that once he was a member of a band of conservationists, who were striving to make America a safe place for the boy. The man makes a resolution that he will return to the city and again become linked with those who uphold the laws of nature, that the word, pollution, shall in the future have a meaning other than a menace to the health of a nation, that he with others will turn the word, pollution, into a resolution and a motto as follows:

**P**ut your shoulder to the wheel that the greatest menace to health and fish life may be abated.
**O**nly by persistence and cooperation may the great objective be reached.
**L**inked together in one great band of conservationists we can return the streams to their original healthy condition.
**L**ook not for a brother to bear all the burden, pack your part of the load.
**U**nity is strength. United we stand that those who come after may enjoy the health giving properties which we have enjoyed.
**T**rying half heartedly will not bring us success. By giving our best there can be but one answer.
**I**nfractions of nature's laws must cease if we are to retain our place among the nations of power.
**O**n the condition of our streams of today depends the health of our men of tomorrow.
**N**ature's privileges are but loaned to us, we are guardians of a trust.

*Are you doing your part?*

# The Man Who Lived by the Way

By
HELEN ST. BERNARD

HE camped on the shores of the St. Clair River—that man who lived by the way—in an abandoned old shack which during his first summer there, he named "Camp Pokagon" in memory of the great chief of the Tribe of Pottowatamies who claimed that particular section of Michigan as their hunting grounds in the early days.

He said he always wanted to see the first freighter pass through the river on her way into the Great Lakes in the spring, and the last freighter was usually snug in her winter quarters before he packed the old canvas, strap-bound valise, nailed up the windows and doors of Pokagon and promised his small friends, of whom I was one, that he would come back early in the spring.

He was a picturesque figure; rapidly thinning iron-gray hair and gray mustache; clear, ruddy skin and kind blue eyes smiling from beneath shaggy, overhanging brows. He was usually bareheaded and barefoot, with trousers rolled to his knees, shirt open at the throat.

Few of us who knew him intimately through the summer months heard from him while he was away from the river. He called himself a "Jack-of-all-Trades." We knew him to be an expert telegraph operator, a bookkeeper, a student, but he was none of these when he unlocked the door of his Summer Arcady in the early spring, added a fresh coat of whitewash to the walls, another brick perhaps to the pile that substituted for the missing leg of the old iron cook-stove and evened up the rough plank floor which each year saw a little more irregular.

Then with his paint brush he refreshed the sign over the window, written in his scholarly, fantastic hand:

*"As We Journey Through Life, Let Us Live by the Way"*

When I go back now each summer to spend a few short weeks on the river he so loved, and which to me grows more beautiful, more peaceful each year, I find myself thinking of my old friend's magnificent philosophy . . . and wishing he might have been able to spread his Gospel far and wide to this turbulent, restless, money-mad world in which we live—

*"As We Journey Through Life Let Us Live by the Way"*

He taught us the beautiful secrets of Nature. He knew where the violets were largest and bluest on the hill in the spring, and where the mushrooms would be peeking over the grass after the heavy dews in the fall; where we would be most apt to find the nests of robin and wren.

His one great love was the St. Clair River and he scorned those who traveled afar in search for beauty.

"What more could they want—than


Four reasons why the TRUE TEMPER FISHING ROD has no equal!

1. No joints or stiff spots mar its uniform flexibility or spoil its superb casting action—there are no ferrules to slip or turn. There is only one connection to make and your guides are always lined up true.

2. A hand ground taper and a perfect temper made possible by electrical heat treating, give this one-piece, solid steel rod a strong backbone that holds a taut line on the liveliest catch. It permits you to use the lightest of lines and saves many a strike that would otherwise be thrown.

3. You will cast with one-third the effort taken by *any other rod* and in a long days fishing this spells SPORT instead of work.

4. It needs no loving care on the trip. Let the muskie wrap it around the boat, let him jump or sulk—your True Temper Rod needs no consideration. And afterward it needs no silk or varnish—only a few drops of oil.

"and it is still as straight and true as the day I bought it"

**The forty-two pound Tarpon shown above was taken from Sebastian Inlet, Florida, with a standard three foot True Temper Casting Rod. The writer states that he has used the rod three years, "and it always delivers the goods, the rod is still as straight and true as the day I bought it. It is really remarkable after the service it has been given."**

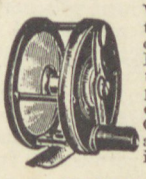
**Let the man in your favorite sporting goods or hardware store demonstrate the flexibility and action of the True Temper Rod.**

*Be sure the words "True Temper" are stamped in the steel of your rod.*

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY
*Sporting Goods Division*
*General Offices:* Cleveland, Ohio *Factory:* Geneva, Ohio

TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

FISHING TACKLE
Deal Direct With the Manufacturers



When the question of quality tackle comes up there is never a doubt as to where ours fits in. Edward vom Hofe Tackle made the capture of big game fish a pleasure. Its character stands out no matter where it is used. Our reputation was made long ago, and we maintain it by building and selling honest goods.

*2c stamp for 168-page catalog*

EDWARD VOM HOFE & COMPANY
96 Fulton Street New York City

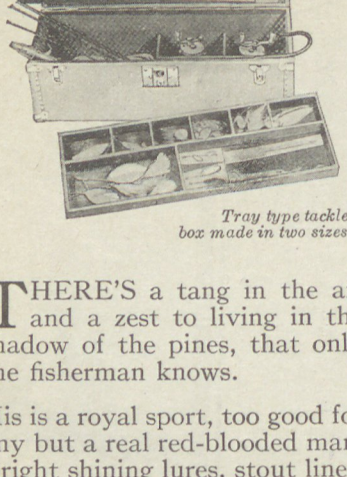
absolutely Weedless Automatic Bait

When the fish bite it the barbs thrust out.

The WAB fascinates the bait caster and catches the fish. Smooth and absolutely weedless when cast. Cast it into rushes, weed or lily beds anywhere.

Proven for three years, catching bass, pike, muskies, pickerel and even sun fish. Price $1.80 plain; $2.00 each with either double spinners, bucktails, feathers or imitation porkrinds attached. Literature on request. Money refunded if not satisfied.

FENNER WEEDLESS BAIT CO., Dept. A5, Oxford, Wis.



*Tray type tackle box made in two sizes*

THERE'S a tang in the air and a zest to living in the shadow of the pines, that only the fisherman knows.

His is a royal sport, too good for any but a real red-blooded man. Bright shining lures, stout lines, a good rod and a smooth running reel are all he asks. Then it's his skill against the flashing, plunging dashes of the big beauties.

Discriminating fishermen, whose experience has taught them the fine points of our greatest outdoor sport use The GREEN Line Tackle Boxes. Their equipment is protected and in good condition when they want it.

*The* GREEN *Line*

**Armored Tackle Boxes**

Built of wood, armored with steel, they cannot dent, bulge or crush. Most important of all —tackle will nor rust or mildew. Most tackle becomes rusty from moisture that collects inside the boxes through atmospheric changes causing so-called sweating. The GREEN Line boxes are woodlined, they cannot sweat.

And there is The GREEN Line fly book. Holds all sizes and styles of flies, each held securely in place. See The GREEN Line at your dealer or write us for illustrated booklet.

**GREEN-CASE, Inc.**
**1525 Layard Avenue**
**RACINE WIS.**

*Drawer type tackle box. Made with three and five drawers*

this?" he would say with an eloquent sweep of his arm towards the broad expanse of blue at his very door, rolling so peacefully, majestically between fertile green banks, clear blue under summer sun and silvery black beneath moonlit skies. "There isn't anything—anywhere—that equals it. Nature's Canvas."

He had gained the reputation on the river as having an uncanny knowledge of the haunts of the elusive pickerel and for hours would anchor his old flat-bottomed skiff just beyond channel-bank and fish. He always claimed that four o'clock in the morning was the best hour, and I never hesitated to climb out of bed and hurry into my clothes when I heard his whistle in the early dawn. I shall never forget how cold the water was in the minnow-pail, and how I would wind my line about my arm that I might warm my red hands in the folds of my dress.

Together we would watch the day begin—the sun peeping over the uneven shore line of Canada, her warm rays taking the night chill from the air; the crow of a rooster in a distant farmyard heralding the dawn; the rumble of a wagon up on the highway and the impertinent chug-chug of a motor boat slipping out from the shore shadows; the voices of other early Izaak Waltons who usually followed our lead and anchored near us.

It was on one of these early morning fishing expeditions that I distinctly recall his saying:

"Had a funny dream last night, partner."

Just then there was a frantic tug at his line and I waited anxiously as he started to pull it in, slowly, deliberately, hand over hand, the wet line falling in a neat circle on the bottom of the boat unsnarled. He taught me that trick, too.

"A funny dream," he repeated as with a quick motion he slid his hand down the remaining bit of line to the sinker and a second later a shining big pickerel was flopping in the box. Whack! and the "headache stick" as he drolly called that instrument, had finished his victim's short existence. "I dreamed I died and went to Heaven. Strange, wasn't it?" and he smiled, his eyes wrinkling at the corners. "And while St. Peter talked to me, he held the portals ajar and I peeped in. It certainly was fine! Golden streets, harps, angels with silvery wings and all that—but there was something missing, partner. When St. Peter said, friendly-like, 'You may enter the Gates of Heaven,' I just picked up my old fishin' rig that I had brought along and I said to him, 'Thanks, but I don't believe I want to. You see—it is too far from—the St. Clair River!"

# Clean Sportsmanship

## By FRANK HOLDEN

MANY people have the idea that the Izaak Walton League is concerned wholly with fishing and hunting or matters pertaining to these two sports. As a matter of fact the League is interested in anything that has to do with the saving, for those who come after us, of the out of doors. The Izaak Walton League is interested in keeping our streams clear, our forests unspoiled, our woods full of birds and other wild life, our waste places and roadsides full of wild flowers and above all it is preaching the gospel of clean sportsmanship.

Clean sportsmanship does not mean just using the proper rod or the right bait to catch a fish or the right size gun to kill a quail or duck. It means taking only as much fish or game as is needed for food no matter how plentiful the game may be. It means that the trees are not carelessly destroyed by trying out the new camp axe or by leaving a campfire burning that may set the woods on fire. **The true sportsman is a real conservationist.**

The real sportsman is known by the clean camp ground he leaves. All refuse such as peelings, tin cans, empty pickle and olive bottles, are buried instead of being thrown into the creek. All papers and other things that will burn are disposed of in the campfire. The next outing party to camp in that spot will not have to spend an hour or two cleaning up before they can put up their camp.

As an example of what farmers sometimes have to put up with, an incident which occurred last summer will not be amiss. The writer with a party of six made a trip to Buffalo creek in the southwest corner of Missouri. Wishing to camp at a certain place, we were told that the camp ground was under fence and that the owner was very cranky about campers. Upon asking permission from the owner to camp at this place we were met with a volley of questions such as: "Have you any dogs?" "How many guns have you?" "What about whiskey—have you any of that?" Being assured that we had none of these forbidden things, he very reluctantly said that we might camp on his ground.

Next morning Mr. Farmer came down to camp to look us over. Then he explained why he was so particular about who camped on his place. A short time before a camping party had gone into his place during the night without asking permission. Two gates were left open which meant that the cattle wandered away. A couple of dogs were allowed to enjoy the day by chasing stock. Some of the men in the party were drunk and made life miserable for a party of neighboring young folks who came to this particular place to swim. Finally, as a fitting climax, one of the farmer's blooded heifers was shot. Can you blame this farmer for not wanting town folks to camp on his land?

What would you think of a farmer who brought his family into town and camped in your front yard without your permission? Suppose his children and women folk broke off branches of your choice shrubs, with the remark, "We've got as much right to them as anybody." Suppose they had picked your flowers, and, when they had wilted through neglect, had thrown the pitiful things about your door yard? Suppose that when he left to go back home in the evening, that he left papers, tin cans and empty bottles all over the place. Wouldn't *you* feel like putting up "No Trespass" signs. Wouldn't *you* feel like refusing admission to the next farmer who wanted to camp in your front yard?

Some few of us seem to leave our manners at home when we go into the woods. The most of us, however, have learned that courtesy goes just as far in the woods as it does in town. Most of the offenses are committed through ignorance, few of them through deliberate maliciousness. **It behooves the good sportsman to set an example** for others who do not play the game fairly. To sum up, **clean sportsmanship means just being a gentleman,** whether at home or in the field.

# You Never Can Tell

By
ERNEST BROCKWAY

THERE'S one kind of fishing that won't let a fellow get away with bragging and bluffing as to his ability. It is bass fishing. It is the kind of fishing to keep a fellow's head the proper size.

As every bass fisherman knows, there are times when the darned fish just won't pay any attention to him no matter how alluring his offerings nor how skillfully they may be presented. Such occasions are liable to make pessimists out of the most charming optimists. They are times that severely try the souls of men and are not productive of spiritual fruits—generally.

To have a fellow tell you in elaborate detail how expert a bass fisherman he is and then be present with him on a beautiful lake on a beautiful day when, by doing his darndest, he can't get any recognition whatever from a bass—well, he can't get away with his former preachments, that's all.

Most humans are more or less subject to moods. A few rare souls may rightfully claim exemption, and all glory to them; but most of us come "under the spell," in varying degree, at one time or another. But there is a time and a place for moods and to be able to exercise the law of selection in their behalf is a fine art worthy the most painstaking cultivation.

To all bass fishermen, therefore, and to all others who do not fish for bass, but should, I would emphasize that if you feel yourself falling into a mood of cockiness, clamp on the brakes at once if you are about to begin fishing, for if you don't the chances are your mood will change to one of humility before you meander homeward. Anyway, you can't well afford to take a chance before your fellow anglers. If you must have such a mood, have it in the presence of your own company only, or else put the law of selection at work and await the end of the fishing trip to determine what the tally sheet has to offer.

WHEN connected up with a bass an angler should never allow himself to feel "too sure" of himself—or, rather, too sure of getting the bass; for when a bass is hooked he takes no vacations; he makes every move, every second count in trying to get his freedom.

Never should the fisherman permit the bass to get out of his control. As soon as he has come to the end of a wild dash, then is the time to try "working him in" and thereby getting all the spare line possible in readiness for another rush or perhaps several more rushes.

And, too, if a bass begins to "slow up" don't be disillusioned in thinking that he's "all done." Many a fine bass has kept his freedom because of such reasoning on the part of the angler.

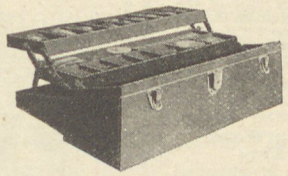
No, you are never sure of a bass until you have him securely in your clutches. Then, and then only if you must, is the time to tell how, by your skill, you manoeuvered him just right so he couldn't possibly give you the slip. A bass has many lessons to teach an angler and this is a decidedly important one.

When Good Tackle Means Success

*Your Kennedy Kit's a dependable Pal*

When your prize bait has hooked four pounds of greased lightning—in the fierce battle of skill against instinct, you appreciate the protection Kennedy Kit gives your tackle.

Tackle is protected and in order in a Kennedy Kit. Waterproof and spillproof. Holds hooks, sinkers, lines, reels, and bait. Double seamed—electric spot welded. Finished in Kennedy Brown baked enamel. Nine styles.



*The New Kennedy Kantilever Kit*

*Kennedy Kantilever Kits*

Lift the lid and see how the trays swing out of the box. Yet it's the most compact Tackle Box you have ever seen. Everything accessible. Top tray divided for plugs.

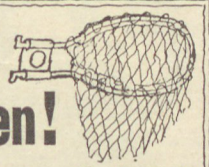
All good hardware and sporting goods stores have Kennedy Kits. Reasonably priced.

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
208 Harrison Street, Van Wert, Ohio

Kennedy Kits

TRADE MARK

Boat Fishermen!



NO STRINGER
DEAD FISH
LOST FISH
MESSY HANDS

$1.50 PREPAID

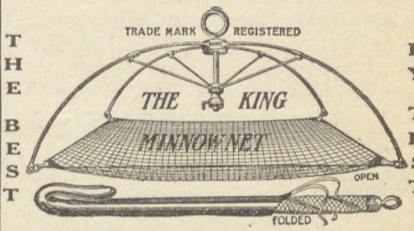
You will appreciate this compact, practical, adjustable fish bag. Made in one size, from No. 15 best grade seine-twine, one-inch mesh, three feet deep, thirty-five meshes in circumference, with a 5x6-inch opening and adjustable attaching clamp to fit up to 2¾" gunwale.

*Satisfaction Guaranteed*

O. K. MANUFACTURING CO.
NORTH WEBSTER, IND.

The King Minnow Net

THE BEST BY TEST




A combination of common sense, skill, and material, opens and folds like an umbrella. Is guaranteed unconditionally for one year; all we ask is that you return the broken net to the manufacturer for either repairs or replacement. No charge will be made.

Furnished in three sizes, 4x4 feet square at $3.25 each; 3x3 feet, $2.75 each; and 2x2 feet at $2.25 each. Ask your dealer for the King Net and assure yourself of an ever ready source of supply for live bait.

MADE BY
The W. H. REISNER MANUFACTURING CO.
HAGERSTOWN, MD., U. S. A.

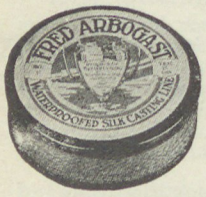
**World's Leading Authority on bait casting designs newest**

# Mansfield Fishing Line

"Choose your fishing line as carefully as your rod, reel or bait," advises FRED ARBOGAST. "No bait casting outfit is stronger than its 'weakest link.'"

"The lighter the line, the fewer the backlashes. My own preference is 9-pound test line for ordinary bass fishing. A properly made waterproofed line is the only one for bait casting. It retains its initial strength longer, and will not burn the thumb even when dry."

**Mansfield Fred Arbogast Bait Casting Line**




Finest grade of double extra Japan silk used throughout. Waterproofed with special dressing. Penetrates every fiber of the silk, excludes the water, keeps the line soft and flexible. Low visibility. Tests 9, 12, 15, 18 lbs. Packed two 50-yd. spools to box. Ask your dealer to show you this line.

**Mansfield Black Niagara Waterproof Bait Casting Line**

Braided in exact proportions to eliminate all chances of backlash. Reels easily, carries very little water and does not kink when trolling or casting. Best No. 1 Japan silk throughout, thoroughly waterproofed with special combination dressing which excludes water and keeps line from rotting. Black. For muskies, 28 and 32 lb. test; for pike, pickerel, 24 lb. test; for large bass, 18 lb.; for small bass, 14 lb.

**Gibraltar Hard-Braided Silk Casting and Trolling Line**

Extra hard-braided from top-grade China silk. Long fiber, absolutely smooth and round. Strongest line for size made. Will stand hardest use.

**Also Ask for Mansfield Canton Caster**

a popular, medium priced line for medium or light bait casting, and NATIONAL CUTTYHUNK twisted linen line for salt water and many kinds of fresh water fishing. Look for the MANSFIELD name when you buy.

**$300.00 IN PRIZES**

**Just write a letter.** A Kennebec Canoe, Poquaig Featherdown Robe, Bean Trouting Boots, Mansfield Fishing Lines and many other valuable prizes. Just write your experience in using Lines. Prizes are based on interest of letters, not on size of fish caught. Open to all, you need not be a user of Mansfield Lines. **Send your name today** for full details and samples of lines. Closes Oct. 1, 1927.

**MAIL THIS COUPON**

**G. H. MANSFIELD & CO., INC., Dept. OA-3, CANTON, MASS.**

Send for samples of Mansfield Lines.

Name.....

Address.....

Dealer is.....


# The Sportsmen's Show

SECOND in interest only to the convention itself was OUTDOOR AMERICA'S National Sportsmen's show held in connection with the Fifth Annual Convention of the Walton League at the Hotel Sherman, April 7, 8 and 9. It was the largest Sportsmen's Show, made up entirely of manufacturers, ever held. More than ninety exhibitors had booths, and every one was notable for its completeness and its beauty.

It was estimated that more than thirty thousand interested sportsmen visited the show. The intense interest of the visitors was attested to by the fact that the exhibitors declared the interest equation among those who passed through during the three days was one hundred per cent.

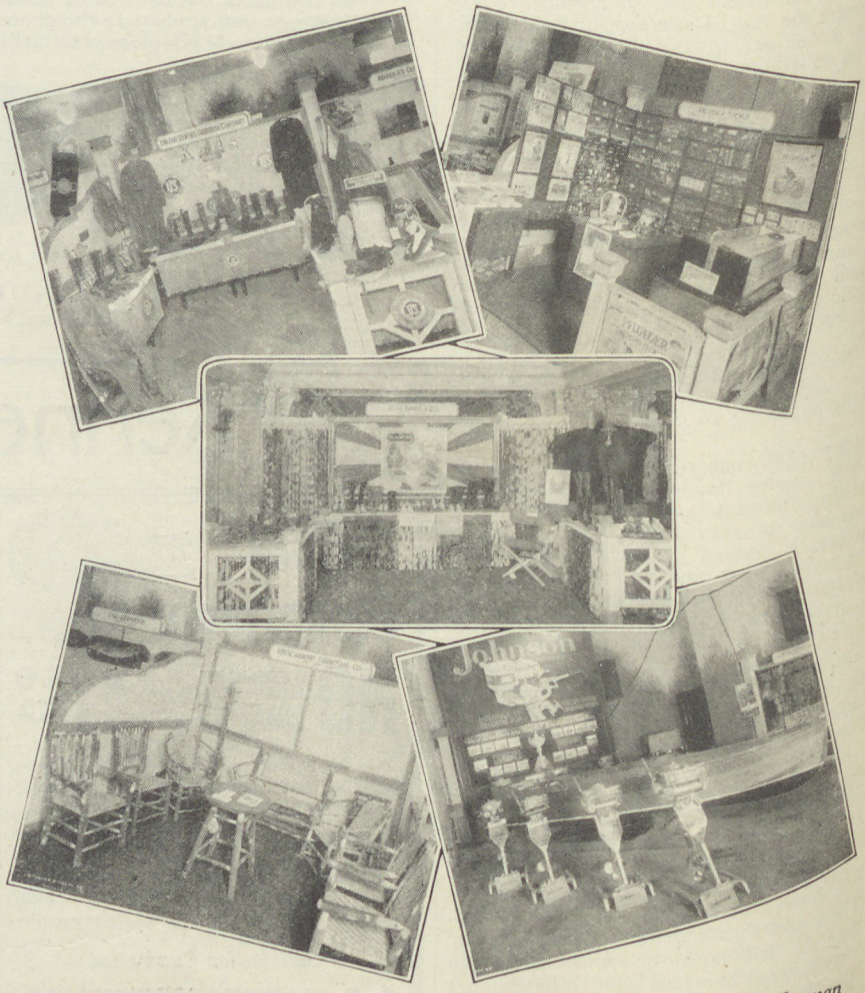
"It is pleasing to feel," said one exhibitor, "that when you pass out descriptive literature to visitors, and answer questions and demonstrate goods, that you are not cluttered up with curiosity-seekers and idlers. I was especially impressed by the enthusiasm and earnestness of everyone who passed down the aisles."

All of the exhibitors were manufacturers who advertise in OUTDOOR AMERICA. No others were permitted at the show. The booths occupied the entire mezzanine floor of the Sherman hotel.

Dealers as well as individual sportsmen attended the show in greater numbers than ever, and sales were correspondingly larger.

The Sportsmen's show has become an annual event of importance. It has become a clearing house of ideas in outdoor equipment, and an exposition to which every sportsman who is able to attend looks forward to eagerly. A list of the exhibitors follows:

Acme Folding Boat Co., Miamisburg, O.
Alward-Anderson-Southard Co., Chicago.
American Fork & Hoe Co., Cleveland, O.
American Gas Machine Co., Albert Lea, Minn.
Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., Ashaway, R. I.
Auto-Kamp Trailer Co., Saginaw, Mich.
Bailer, W. C., Buffalo, N. Y.
Barbasol Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Bass & Co., G. H., Wilton, Me.
Battle Creek Dog Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Brooks Tent & Awning Co., Denver, Colo. (Marshall Field & Co.)
Brown & Bigelow, St. Paul, Minn.
Burlington Basket Co., Burlington, Ia.
Caille Perfection Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
Case & Sons Cutlery Co., W. R., Bradford, Penn.
Chappel Bros., Inc., Rockford, Ill.
Chicago & North Western Ry. Co., Chicago, Ill.
Coleman Lamp & Stove Co., Wichita, Kans.




*A few of the booths at Outdoor America's National Sportsmen's Show at the Sherman hotel Chicago, held in connection with the Fifth National Convention of the League. These pictures give an idea of the completeness and beauty of the exhibits.*

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.
Converse Rubber Shoe Co., Malden, Mass.
Creek Chub Bait Co., Garrett, Ind.
Delco Light Co., Dayton, O.
Dickey Mfg. Co., Toledo, O.
du Pont de Nemours & Co., E. I., Wilmington, Del.
Elto Outboard Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Enterprise Mfg. Co., Akron, O.
Eppinger, Lou J., Detroit, Mich.
Evinrude Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
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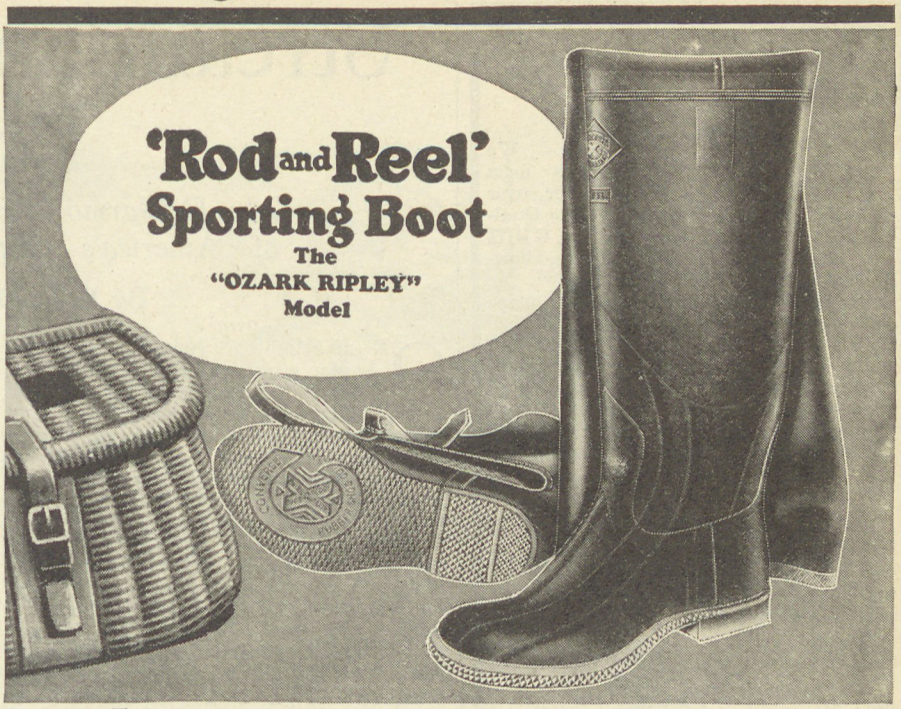


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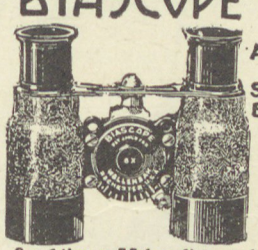

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# Stream and Casting Lore

*Mr. DeGarmo is widely known as one of America's most scientific casters*

By L. E. DEGARMO

ON a delightful June morning the Angler wading up through the Stub Pool in the Prairie approached the partly sunken log some ten feet out and parallel with the bank at the upper end (now it is all under the water). The current swept around a bend and was strongest where it flowed against the log four or five feet below the log butt. Again the Angler's problem. Again the dainty 2¾ oz. rod and a No. 12 "DeGarmo," but how was one to float that fly naturally down to the end of the log with the ordinary dry fly cast? The fly would "drag," that is the line in the current would float faster than the fly in quieter water and hence pull the fly under. "Nothing to it but a slack line dry fly cast," thought the Angler, so he extended his line with the usual dry fly casts, overhead casting, and when the proper distance in the air was reached by his fly, he stripped two or three times more and added six or seven feet to his cast. He then made the forward cast so that the fly would be some five feet above the surface and stopped his rod sharply about 20 degrees forward of straight up. Just as he stopped his rod he made an "up push" with his forefinger under the rod and then slowly lowered the rod to a level position. As the line uncoiled forward this sharp stoppage and "up push" caused the line to snap up in a wave-like form, and when the "wave" reached the line end, line, tip and leader both snapped back leaving five or six feet of slack line and leader for the current to take up before it affected the floating fly. Well! he was there, a twelve-inch brook and the largest save one of the fourteen in the creel that day. The last one to grace the fern cushion was a thirteen-inch brook who wanted a Coachman that floated over the little pool at the lower end of "The Alders" just as a wondrous sun set merged from canary to orange to crimson to purple, and then to grey.

ANOTHER day the Angler reached the lip of the deep pool a bend above the high bank on the Thunder River. He knew it was too deep for his waders so he clambered up the bank on his left and pushed through the high grass along shore. On the bank were a few low bushes with much grass, breast high, also plenty of hop vines. The Angler was five feet or so above the water. His fly was a number ten Enright and his rod the favorite one, eight feet long, 2¾ oz.; casually he floated his fly as he "smashed" his way along. At the upper end of the pool across stream was a group of boulders. Within distance of a fairly long cast the Angler paused. "There ought to be a good trout about those boulders, but the current is midstream and a fly will "drag" quickly if I put it along that shore above," he soliloquized. "An undercut curved line cast ought to give me ten or twelve feet of a float though, so here goes," and he extended his line to the proper distance with an overhead dry fly cast. He looked backward to see just how low he could make the back cast without getting tangled up. Then he

*"I thank God for the great gift of fly fishing"—Francis Francis.*

made an overhead back cast, but instead of a straight forward drive he passed his rod tip to the left about half way between straight up and horizontal and made an undercut forward drive. He stopped his rod tip high and a little forward, gave that "backpush" with the forefinger on the underside of the grip which caused a wave motion along the uncoiling line, and snapped the outer end of the line and leader backward, the apex of the curve in the line falling in the current up-stream from his fly. The fly floated demurely above the boulders, and as the sunlight was coming over his left shoulder he could see the stream bottom clearly, but he saw no trout. After the fly had floated by the rocks and he was about to lift it to try again, suddenly a trout appeared and circled the fly twice, a foot or so beneath the surface. It was an interesting moment. Just as suddenly the trout disappeared and instinctively the Angler struck and was "into him." It was a simple contest; rushes and a leap or two, but how to land him was the query. Looking up-stream he spied a sizeable chunk of sod that had caved in. Leading his quarry abreast of it the Angler slid down the bank onto the sod which gave good footing. Swinging his rod tip up-stream alongside the bank, he stripped in line and floated a sixteen inch rainbow into the net. In making this cast one holds his rod tip where he stops it on the undercut drive, until the fly alights.

ONCE the Angler had elected to wade up the stretch of the White River in Wisconsin, from the "School house" bridge to the "Creamery" bridge. The White River is a sand bottomed river and sand rivers are bad to wade. First, one finds soft uncertain footing, then where one makes the crossings below or above the bends, the cutting of the channel in the sand is often as deep as the pools. It is frequently too deep for waders, and one stirs up such a mess of light sand which goes down-stream ahead, sending notice to the trout that you are coming. Hence, sand rivers are usually fished best from paths along the shores. A portion of the White River has some stretches of gravel and now and then clusters of boulders and is rainbow water in places. Rainbows seem to like the boulder strewn stream beds. There was one likely spot where the little river lisped its lullaby to the boulders, but the outstretched limbs of many trees overhung the surface quite low, six or eight feet, and extended well out from the shore. As the Angler approached this spot, he must needs find a way to get his fly under the "overhang" quite a distance and he decided to try the "shoot" used in Distance Fly Casting. He extended his line by dry fly casts in the air as far as he could. (What was the Fly? Probably a number ten Coachman. That pattern is usually good on shaded trout water on a warm day.) Then, as he continued his dry fly casts, he stripped from the reel some ten or more feet of line letting it fall in the water. (A line treated with deer fat or cerolene will not sink and will lift out of the water easily.) He made his final back cast and then the forward cast with a vigorous drive and snap, holding the line until the rod was extended forward below the level of his eyes. When the rod straightened he released the line which "shot" through guides and uncoiled forward just above his shoulder. (A shooting line will take off most of the jar from the fly, so that the cast finishes without sinking the fly as a rule.) The fly danced along the ripples among the

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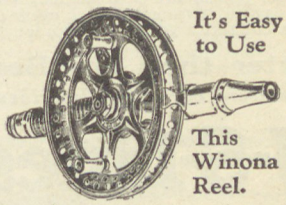

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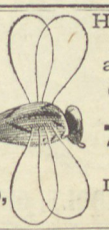

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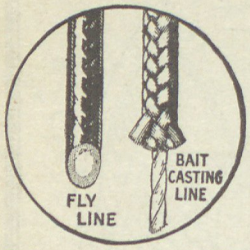


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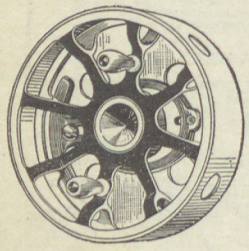

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boulders when "Plomp"—Ah, a delightful musical note! The Angler stripped in the line as the fly floated to secure a taut line and at the finish a fifteen inch "Salmo Iridius" graced the creel.

AT another time on the White River the Angler developed a dry fly cast that he rarely, in fact never, has repeated. He asked Owen to go with him one day. Owen had fished the White since boyhood, was an expert at both bait and fly fishing, and had the keenest sense of the location of trout. The Angler always learned something from him and then too he was charming company. "We'll go down the river from the school house bridge. You've never fished the brush down there and there's lots of good trout in it," said Owen. The shores were fairly wooded and there were clumps of bushes along the banks. Owen stopped at one spot toward the lower end of a pool and pointing across stream remarked, "There's a good brown trout over there. See that alder bush that leans down stream and out over the water? The current has cut under the bank and bush and all will go into the river some day. There's a patch of water about four feet wide behind that brush top but how you can get a fly in there I don't see. If we go down stream further we run into that clump of trees; you can't get a cast in from the other shore because those two leaning trees are in the way." "Let's look the ground over, Owen," said the Angler. "There are not many bushes down stream on this side and if that bunch of bushes up stream there were out of the way, I could make horizontal dry fly casts up and down the river until I get out about thirty-five feet of line. Then make a sort of an over roll cast with a snap back of the leader." "I'll get rid of the bushes all right," said Owen, and he cut some of them off, bent others over and stood on them, holding the rest back with his hands. "You're about three feet above the water on this bank," he said, "and your dry fly casts go up and down the river but when you cast down and across stream how are you going to make the fly land up stream behind that alder bush?" "Well, we'll try, Owen," said the Angler. Meanwhile he faced the lower end of the alderbush recalling what an old time fly caster had once told him, "if there's no interference of any sort a fly will fall where you point your rod, that is, in the direction you point your rod tip."

When he had extended enough line, he made a few more dry fly casts in the air to get full control. Then as the final back cast uncoiled horizontally up stream he raised his rod tip and made the forward drive with his rod passing well out before his face and in a place about half way up from level to straight up, stopped the rod tip well up and as he stopped it, pushed up fairly sharp with the tip of the forefinger under the rod grip which snapped back the leader and tip of the line. Just as the line curved and he saw it would clear the alderbush tip he quickly lowered the rod and followed the line down just before it reached the surface. Neither of us saw the fly light but it was no trouble to hear the ensuing smash. Luckily the trout sounded and a few strips in of line had him in midstream. It was an underwater scrap but a 17 inch brown trout is fair quarry. "Owen," said the Angler, "how did you know there was a brown trout in that corner?" Owen replied, "Well, you know a brown trout nearly always lies at the lower end of a pool; a rainbow nearly always towards the upper end, and besides I had him on the other day but he got away." This

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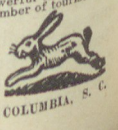


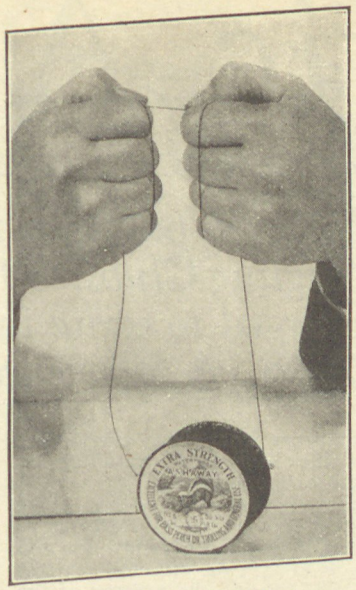
AUTOMATIC RUBBER CO., Dept. BB, COLUMBIA, S. C.

kind of a cast is of value when an Angler must wade down stream and wants to float his fly a few feet behind and below the overhanging alders or other shrubs that line the further shore.

THE Angler remembers his last day on the Thunder. He had waded up from part of the Shawano Rapids through the quiet deep pools above. At the upper end the river turned sharply, almost at a right angle, to the left, and from that point on, the bank was six or seven feet high with some shrubs overhanging around the corner. The Angler knew there was a small windfall lodged in midstream, stump end down and he also heard the "plomb" of a fair trout. He could not work out toward the right bank as it was too deep so his problem was how to cast a fly around the point. It had to be a palm down under cut curved line cast and the trout had to get to the floating fly quickly, as the belly of the line would be down stream. He estimated, however, that the current was just as fast at the stump as it was below so the fly ought to float a few feet anyway. He extended his line by false or dry fly casts in the air until his fly was turning almost at the further shore. As his last back cast uncoiled behind him, he raised his rod hand, that meant his left, high above his head, bent his wrist so his hand was palm down and his rod extended almost level, made the forward drive almost horizontal, and as he finished the drive put in the little "push back" with his forefinger on the forward side of his rod. Whereupon the outer end of the line, the leader and the number ten Macaw spinner disappeared around the bend. Again he heard the "plomb" of a trout, struck, stripped in line and hurried forward.

He had gotten in three or four strips when up in the air came a brown trout, a rush or two, and up he came again, then again and again; four splendid leaps, then a tug of war for that stump, but the leader held and in the end a fourteen inch Etruscan beauty topped the creel.

Again the Angler and friend Charles had waded up through the long pool of quiet water several bends above the Log Jam on the Prairie River. Lady Luck had deserted them and their creels were troutless. As they stood in the stream in the shade of a grove of spruces the Angler said, "Charlie, they wouldn't hit a floating fly coming up, so we'll have to try a floating fly going down, for we turn back here." "But how are you going to float a fly going down stream?" asked Charlie. "It will drag and sink almost as soon as it touches the surface." "Let me show you how to cast it," replied the Angler, "I'll bend on a number ten Coachman. It is white and you can watch it better." Suiting the action to the word a Coachman was tied on the leader and the Angler started a step or two down stream stripping off line and making dry fly casts in the air in the usual manner. "Now watch the rod tip, Charlie," he said, "I'm making the forward drive, line going forward high in the air. I stop the rod tip about twenty degrees forward of straight up—push up on the under side of the rod with my forefinger—see that wave motion go along the line, see the end of the line and leader turn down and back? There floats the fly with slack line enough to float five or six feet and then you take a few steps and it floats farther. Well! My Word! What do you know about that? Oh! yes!—he's on. Cast a fly all morning and never get a rise—make an exhibition cast to show you the 'how' of it, and there you are. He'll go ten inches and are not the brook trout beautiful in this river?"

*The Ashaway Extra Strength Bait Casting Line holds its great strength long after it ought to be easily broken.*

Only the genuine Ashaway Extra Strength Line has the polecat label. Accept no substitute. Write to Ashaway.

Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Casting Line is made in sizes to fit all single-handed fly rods. Originated by Ashaway, not excelled by the finest imported fly lines at much higher prices. Vacuum dressed, soft finish, braided entirely of best pure silk. Remarkably flexible, tough and smooth—casts wonderfully well, will not crack or become sticky. Get one for your fly rod. Every Line guaranteed satisfactory or your money back.

ASHAWAY Fishing Lines

## The Fish You Must Not Lose

THE climax of your fishing trip, the joy of your angler's life—a whopper! Months of anticipation, hours of joyous planning, getting ready, all behind you. At last the supreme test—the landing of a Big One. What about your line?

For bait casting for black bass, pickerel, pike, muscalonge, walleyes or jack salmon, and trolling for lakers, you will find the Ashaway Extra Strength a wonder. It is water-proofed and yet not stiff, and it is hard braided. Put one on your reel, fish it without mercy. When you think it surely must have long passed the feeble stage you will still find your Ashaway amazingly stubborn about coming apart.

Ask your dealer for an Ashaway Extra Strength Line—the one with the polecat on the label. All sizes, from I, suitable for casting the lightest baits, up to size C, 45 lbs. dry test, for trolling and casting for "scalebreakers." Solid black color only.

*Always Carry a Spare*

**Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.**
**Box 535 Ashaway, Rhode Island**

*Manufacturers of Guaranteed Braided and Twisted Silk, Linen, Cotton and Metal Fishing Lines.*

## Slim Eli Says:

"There may be better baits than Hildebrandt's Spinners, but if so, I ain't found 'em—an' I dunno as I care much 'cause I seem to get fish when other folks don't."

Hi. Hildebrandt gives a lot of good fishing dope in the new edition of Hildebrandt's Hints and shows the entire line of Hildebrandt Spinners, Flies and Specialties—some of them in colors—tackle that has caught fish consistently for more than 30 years. He sends it FREE to folks interested in catching more game fish of any kind. You'll enjoy every word of it. Send for your copy.

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**755 High St. Logansport, Indiana**

## Divine RODS

### *To You Fishermen*

**who KNOW fishing, love it for its SKILL and SPORTSMANSHIP and take keen delight in the action of a fine rod—**

**To you the name Divine on a rod is full of meaning.**

**For over 50 years that name has held an ideal before those who have inherited the responsibility of carrying its reputation forward.**

**Whether you troll, still-fish, or cast bait or flies, and whatever your game, there are Divine Rods made especially to give you ALL the sport in fishing. They range from the sinuous, needle-tipped, 7½ foot "Fairy Fly" that weighs but 2½ oz. up to sturdy 16 oz. deep-sea rods.**

*Write for Catalog*

**THE FRED D. DIVINE CO.**
**522 Roberts Street, UTICA, N. Y.**

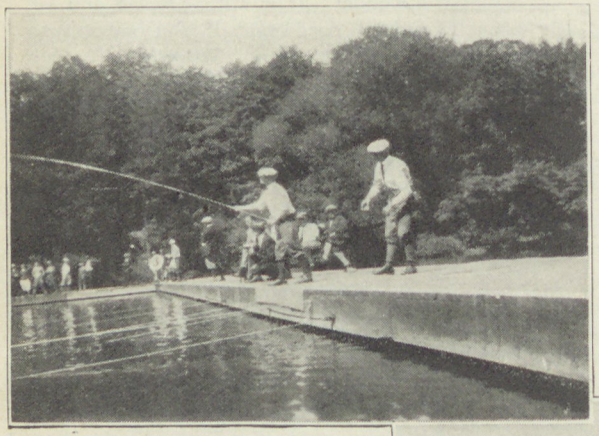
# Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

*Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine*

## Distance Fly Casting

THREE of the N. A. S. A. C. official events are concerned with distance casting with a fly rod, first, the Salmon Distance, with rods not greater than fifteen feet in length with no restriction as to weight of rod or reel and line. This type of casting is done with both hands as shown in the illustrations.



*(1) Preliminary Cast.*

The longest cast ever made at a National Tournament was 162 feet, cast by Mr. Fred Peet, at San Francisco, in 1915. The amateur champion of this event is Mr. John S. Schwinn of Newark, who has the highest average of 151 feet, made at Chicago, in 1925.

The pictures show—1—preliminary cast—2—watching the finish of the back cast—3—the shoot. In this event each caster is allowed one helper, whose duty it is to pull in the line at end of each cast and to keep the line from fouling. The line lies in coils on a canvas, as a reel is not used.

*(2) Finish of Back Cast.*

In each of the other distance events the weight of the rods is restricted, in one case to 5¾ oz. and in the other to 4¾ oz. In theory the rods are to weigh 5 oz. or 4 oz. respectively, but in each case ¾ of an ounce is allowed for metal reel seats. With these rods only one hand is used and seldom do they exceed 9½ feet in length. They are necessarily rather stiff and powerful with a strong middle joint. The line used with these rods is tapered, very light at the forward end, gradually tapering some sixty to ninety feet, depending on the length of the "pick up" to a moderately heavy "belly," from eight to fifteen feet long, and tapering quickly to the "shooting" end which is rather light. Leaders used are from six to twelve feet in length, their thickness depending on the strength of the wind.

With the 4¾ oz. rod, George Chatt made a cast of 132 feet at Portland in 1921. He also holds the record for the 5¾ oz. distance, 123 feet being the average of the three longest casts; the longest 125 feet. Figure No. 1 on the following page shows the manner of extending the line by easy casts and Figure No. 2, the final shoot.

The interest in Distance Bait Casting has been more or less at the expense of Distance Fly Casting. Among the older Clubs Distance Fly has always been popular but the newer members of the fraternity are deterred by a lack of facilities and expense of tackle, especially in the Salmon event. Again a fly man practices by himself and thus misses the sociability of the group and he is not in active competition as on the distance field.

Perhaps when the 300-foot distance fever calms a little, more attention will be paid to a game of pure skill and technique, Distance Fly, than which there is no more fascinating nor engrossing game.

*(3) The Shoot.*

## The Opening of the Casting Season

WHILE our Florida casters have already held Mid-winter Tournaments and our brothers on the Pacific Slope have been at their pools early this spring, the majority of the clubs, especially those of the Middle West, are planning their formal openings about May first.

Weeks ago tackle has been overhauled, ferrules tightened and winding repaired, reels cleaned and fly lines dressed, ready for the day when the caster shall appear upon the platform and make the first cast toward the best season's score of his life, and to exhibit to his admiring friends whatever new in casting tackle he has accumulated during the long months since Christmas.

A new life is about to start; perfect scores, long distances and better records are before him; and with the first warm day, the caster, leaving at home his winter grouch, comes hopefully to the pool and is a human being once again. Hibernating has been a good thing for him; the disappointments, "kicks," and backlashes of the year gone by have been slept away; and he emerges from his den glad that he is alive for another and better season.

It was with this spirit that the three casting clubs of Chicago held their annual "Get-Together" Dinner on March 21st. One could tell that the season was about to open from the genial smiles, good nature, and "shop" talk of the coming events. "Bait and Fly Casting" was the topic in general, but the "scientific anglers" were reminded of the obligations and duties that go with all outdoor sports by the President of the Izaak Walton

League, Mr. Charles W. Folds, who spoke splendidly of the work and progress of the League. Mr. Glenn Griswold, President of the Chicago Chapter also spoke briefly describing a wonderfully impressive initiation ceremony at which some thirty new members were admitted into a local chapter of the League, and voicing a hope that other chapters would adopt this practice.

*1. Extending the line by easy cast.*

Dr. George G. Davis, President of the Lincoln Park Casting Club, officiated as chairman of the meeting and spoke feelingly of a mythical fairy land where fishing and casting went on forever in a glorious dream of perpetual sunshine. Our friend "Bob" Becker very touchingly alluded to the arduous duties that sent him to all the fishing heavens with positive instructions not to return until he had landed certain fish, no matter how long it took. He had a most sympathetic audience who commiserated with him for the hard life he led! Think of the sadness and despondency that must come to a man when, after fighting a fifty-pound sailfish for the good part of an hour, he brings his catch close to the boat, only to find that he was about to land a thirty-five pound grouper; the lightning like transfer of the intelligent fish taking place during the fight somewhere near the bottom of the ocean.

Mr. Thomas Ambrose, Fifth Vice-President of the Izaak Walton League, also scored a "perfect" with a short but delightful talk in which he related some very clever stories and ended with a suitable poetic sentiment. Some interesting "movies" of casters in action delighted the gathering as each well-known caster appeared on the screen in some characteristic pose. Dr. Davis and Mr. Van B. Marker showed pictures of the Canadian wilds and their adventures among them. The meeting adjourned without the casters saying much of anything but enjoying every minute of the evening. When it is understood that of the fifty-four founders of the League, thirty-nine were members of the three Chicago Casting Clubs, it is very easy to gather that we all were one big happy family.

The Chicago Fly Casting Club opens its season, April 24, at Garfield Park, the Illinois Club starts May first at Washington Park, and the Lincoln Park Club will have its first events at Lincoln Park on April 30th. Equipment is ready, tackle perfected, and with wide open hearts the casters of the three clubs are ready to welcome their friends.

*2. The final shoot.*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Special grade of silk. Highest degree of strength and luster. For general use. No waterproofing. Color-bright lustrous silver. Price, 100 yards—15 lb. test, $4.00. Higher tests in proportion.

If your dealer can't supply you, order direct enclosing price.

IT'S the weak link that shows when the great test comes. It is small consolation to blame the loss of a "big fellow" on a weak spot in your fishing line.

There are no weak spots in a Kingfisher Silk Line. Inch upon inch through every bit it upholds its reputation as the "finest fishing line made." Naturally, this is so, for it is fashioned by the most skilled workmen of the country with only the very finest Japanese Silk.

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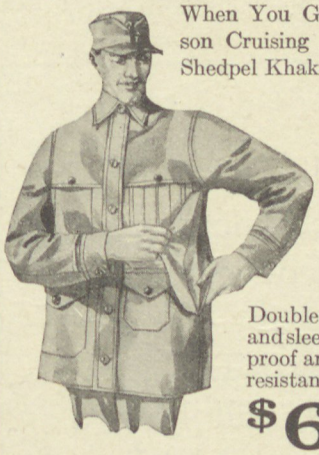

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You're sure to find other outing clothes you want listed in Filson's free catalog "Q". Send for it today.

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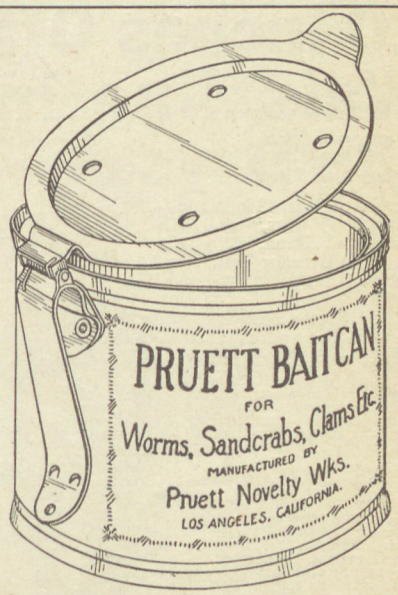


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# What's Wrong with this Picture?

Nothing's wrong with this picture, for the happy angler has been wise enough to buy a LUCKIE Steel Fishing Rod. He's grinning to think how much he's saved, for Luckie is the quality rod at a moderate price.


## The Lincoln Park Casting Club

THE Lincoln Park Casting Club, located on the Inner Drive at Fullerton Avenue, has grown under the able leadership of its President, Dr. G. G. Davis, from a small group of enthusiastic fishermen to a body of eighty members. Two notable improvements in casting facilities have been made. An extension to the pier now makes casting in all directions possible. A thoroughly modern club room with eighty lockers is adorned with numerous trophies emblematic of the piscatorial art. Indoor events are held in "The Barn" every Saturday afternoon and Sundays, with many enthusiastic participants.

*The Lincoln Park Casting Club.*

Rod making also holds quite a fascination at this Club, with many experts ever ready to assist the novice in learning the intricacies of rod workmanship. And thus, when the snow leaves the ground, the spirit of Izaak Walton, having been kept alive, will blossom forth in a desire which can only be satisfied by the yearly pilgrimage to a quiet lake or stream, far from the tumult of civilization.

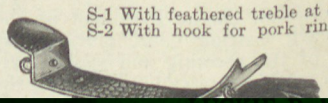
The officers elected at the Annual Meeting are as follows:

President, Dr. G. G. Davis; Secretary and Treasurer, E. J. Davis; Recording Secretary, Chas. Kretschmar; First Vice President, F. C. Henry; Second Vice President, H. P. Sawyer; Third Vice President, Chas. Zeisler; Captain, D. W. Hillstrom; Bait Acc'y Lieutenant, E. Lambert; Bait Distance Lieutenant, C. H. Gerauld; Acc'y Fly Lieutenant, Hugo Anderson; Distance Fly Lieutenant, A. J. Naugle; N. A. S. A. C. Representative, Chas. Kretschmar; Trustee, George Neil.

Edison Marshall, well known writer of outdoor stories and author of The Deadfall, will have a story in the June issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

# THE WICKED WIGGLER

S-1 With feathered treble at end.
S-2 With hook for pork rind.



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Those Big "He" Bass, Pike and Muskies just leave it alone! Its wild, wicked wiggle—a violent, zig-zag movement—is so flashy, so peculiar and so different from the movement of natural minnow—that it makes 'em furious, they strike it hard—to kill it!

H. M. Johnson, Frankfort, Ind. (Photo above) says: "Look at the seven Bass your wiggling spoon won in Irish Lake (Barbee, Ind. Group) one afternoon."

The Wicked Wiggler is a real killer! It does not revolve or twist the line. For surface or deep work. Fast reeling brings it to the surface—skimming and splashing its way along!

Get one at your dealer's or direct! It's guaranteed to satisfy! Send for our New Colored Catalogue of True-To-Nature Lures!

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# A Nebraska Problem

By JOHN H. WINTERSTEEN

THE efforts put forth by the Nebraska chapter of the Izaak Walton League to have created a fish and game commission have met with failure, as far as the present session of the state legislature is concerned. The fight was a good one, with the governor of Nebraska, Adam McMullen, on one side and the League on the other. The fight was not along political lines, although a majority of Democrats voted for the measure.

Governor McMullen believes that the same work can be done by one commissioner and his assistants as would be accomplished by six. The practice in Nebraska has always been to appoint a new commissioner each time a new man took the governor's chair. The new form would have made the commissioners semi-permanent, so that a continued policy of conservation could be carried on.

Early in January, Seth Gordon, extension director of the League, spoke at a banquet and meeting of representatives of chapters from over the entire state, at which the members of the legislature were special guests. The meeting was planned for the purpose of acquainting the lawmakers with the ideas of the Waltonians on the conservation program. Mr. Gordon made them "sit up and take notice" when he recited some of the results that had been attained in his native state of Pennsylvania, by a commission, the formation of which would have been a model for the one planned by Nebraska.

Leading Waltonians throughout the state are of the opinion since the failure of the bill to pass, that the present form of game commission will have to show extraordinary results in the future in order to justify the contention of the governor that it was unnecessary to have six men in charge. At the first sign of a let-up in efficiency, without a doubt some one is going to be called to account.

It has only been in late years that much attention has been paid to any program at all of conservation, propagation and distribution of game and fish in Nebraska. In the early part of the century, small birds such as ducks and geese were so plentiful that no one gave a thought to the preposterous assumption that someday they might be growing extinct. Everyone had been so accustomed to going out into the back yard and killing enough to eat for a week in half an hour's time, that when the birds did begin to get scarce and regulatory laws were imposed, many of them were angry at such foolishness.

The Izaak Walton League has changed all that. The League is represented in practically every city of any size in the state, and through its teachings, the "die-hards" are gradually being educated to the idea that by the use of restraint, it is possible for them to eat their cake and have it too.

As an example of what conservation will do, a few years ago a few pheasants were introduced into certain sections of the state and no one has been allowed to kill them. Some of the farmers have wanted permission to shoot the birds, declaring that they were eating up wheat


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Lengths, 7½ to 10 ft.
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5 to 6 ft.; 4½ to 5 oz.

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Therefore, the Granger name on any rod is positive assurance of perfect action and balance, most power per ounce, expert workmanship, excellent materials and beautiful finish—the best your money can buy.

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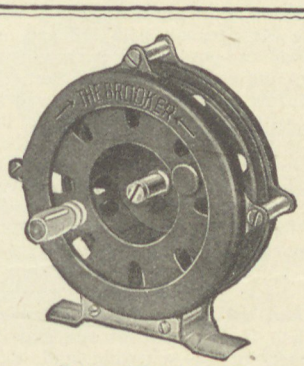


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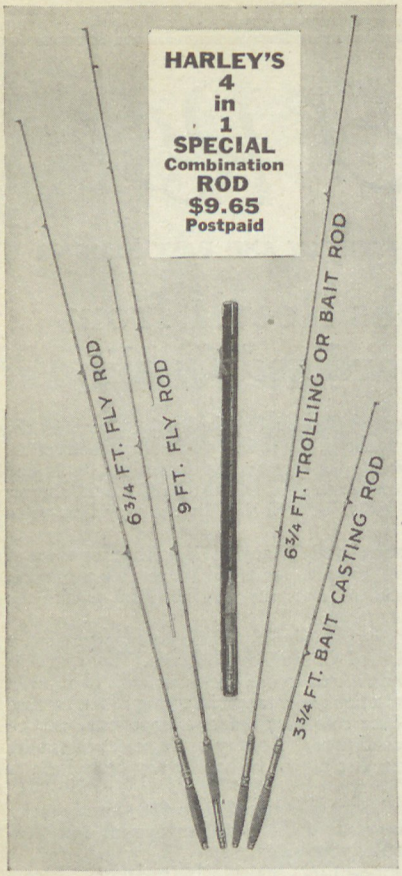


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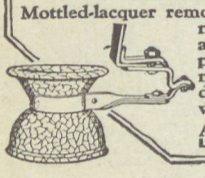
Mottled-lacquer removable ash receiver—nickeled supporting arm and fittings. Sent postpaid for a dollar—money back if you don't think it's well worth the price.



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crops, but it was shown that they were doing more damage to bugs and other pests than to wheat.

The pheasants have thrived mightily. In the last two weeks, a campaign has been carried on to trap the pheasants and redistribute them, so that every section of the state would have its full quota. In less than two weeks, thirty thousand of the birds have been taken and sent to a central point for transportation to different parts of the state. If any one had suggested ten years ago that there might have been thirty thousand pheasants in Nebraska he would have received sarcastic remarks enough to make a cigar store Indian turn white.

But the example of the pheasants is only a starter. Nebraska could abound in many more species of birds if the proper steps were taken to insure their thriving. The same holds true with fish. Trout of course are confined to the northwestern part of the state—but bass are found pretty generally in lakes and the smaller clear streams.

In the meantime, the League will be doing everything in its power to make Nebraska rank as one of the best of hunting grounds. It must have some advantages or General Pershing and Vice President Dawes would not have spent time there hunting ducks at Woodlake, not to mention hundreds of others from all over the country who believe that hunting is one of Nature's premier pastimes.

# Game-Fish for Sale

Reprint from the Orlando Morning Sentinel, Orlando, Fla.

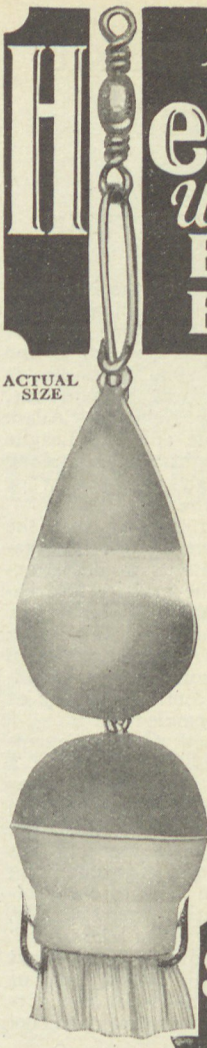
It is hard, in this city of many churches, a community fairly breathing the gospel of consideration for man and all man's creatures, to be brought face to face so frequently with such wanton lawlessness as is brought to our attention by no less a sportsman than Mr. Fred R. Browne.

For those who know him not, we shall describe Mr. Browne as a tall and angular individual of possessing personality, who breathes inquisitiveness and interest in all of Nature's manifestations. He is a fisherman of rare accomplishment; in that when he fishes, he gives the fish the odds, using the lightest of tackle and most frequently a slender fly-rod. He would rather land one small bass well fought, than a larger one dragged from the water in unsportsman-like manner by means of tackle suitable for shark-fishing. He throws back fish he does not want for food; and we can almost guarantee that every fish in his boat at the end of the day represents a scientific and exacting struggle in which the fish had almost all the odds. There are not always many fish in his boat; he is too fine a fisherman.

Mr. Browne stopped in the office yesterday to protest against the sale of black bass. He says that they are now sold in local markets.

It is sincerely hoped that this announcement in this column will be followed by active methods of suppression by the Izaak Walton League. There are two points of attack, the individual who catches and sells to the dealer, and the dealer who buys. The former need instruction in the ethics of fishing beginning with a definition of a game-fish. A game-fish is one who lives cleanly, fights hard, and


The New Helle's Weedless BALL BAIT

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PLAIN 25¢
ASK YOUR DEALER—SEND FOR CIRCULAR
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**A Real Bait for Catfish**

Turtles, carp and coarse fish will not bite this bait. STAYS ON THE HOOK.
— Will catch fish when other baits fail —
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*Manufactured by*
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"tells when the fish bite"
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when caught and cooked, becomes a delicious food. Tarpon are not game fish since they are not good to eat; cat-fish are not game fish because they do not live cleanly; and yellow perch cannot be classed as such because they are not big enough to fight. But black bass, which the writer has caught in Maine, Canada, Minnesota and Florida, meet all qualifications, and in point of general excellence are surpassed only by the trout, the wall-eyed pike, and the salmon, and none of these three are known in Florida. (Black bass are called "trout" in local restaurants —they are not "trout" or anything like "trout.")

So much for the edification of those who thoughtlessly sell so fine a fish; but for the dealer no education is offered. He "knows fish"—otherwise he should be selling pencils on the street; and he knows that he is violating first the law, and secondly that he is materially assisting the depletion of Florida's finest fresh-water fish to a gradual point of extinction. Perhaps years of handling fish has dulled his sporting sensibilities to a point where they have ceased to bother him; and then again, perhaps he had none to start with; but the remedy for this active agent of extinction, is not education. It is a visit from the sheriff.

# Glacier Water on Tap

By JOHN T. BRAMHALL

BUYING a whole glacier and about six square miles of land on the crest of the continental divide, is the way the city of Boulder is solving its water problem. Boulder, the university city of Colorado, thirty miles north of Denver, has a most excellent mountain water, and mindful of the dangers of a growing population in the mining district above, proposes to keep it, like Caesar's wife, above reproach. She is wise in her generation. Let us look back a little, and still within the memory of men now living.

It was in the fall of 1858, the year memorable for the Lincoln-Douglas debate, that one of the emigrant trains fitted out at the Missouri River bound for Pike's Peak, the Eldorado of the American Argonauts, came in sight of the Rocky Mountains. On their arrival at old Fort St. Vrain, at the confluence of the South Platte and the St. Vrain, Capt. Thomas Aikins and a dozen or so of the gold seekers resolved to separate themselves from the train and to strike directly for the mountains. It was, indeed, a realistic original of that dramatic chapter of Emerson Hough's "The Covered Wagon," where the train reached the parting of the ways at Fort Hall. Capt. Aikins wrote: "I mounted the walls of the old fort and with my field glasses I could see that the mountains looked right for gold, and the valleys looked right for grazing. I could see bands of Indian ponies and antelopes feeding together." The captain's vision was no doubt aided more by hope than experience but he was not mistaken.

He and his party crossed the river and took their way up the St. Vrain. Here Capt. Aikins' vision was verified, in part at least, by the green grass, and the party unlimbered their teams, threw their saddles on the ground and turned their horses and cattle out to graze. On the 17th of October they pitched their tents beside Boulder creek and declared that they had


*For Bass, Pickerel, and Pike*

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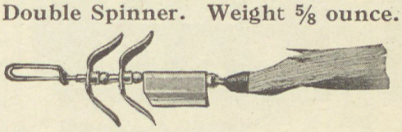

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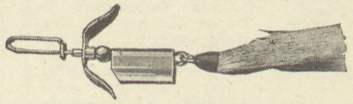

Gold or Nickel Plated Spinner. Price, $1.00
Silk wound Bass Bug with Buck Tail Wings

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And a real fish getter
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Keel weights keep hook upright, avoiding weeds and snags. Also makes hook more effective when fish strikes. Hooks can be changed in a few seconds without tools and without detaching lure from line.

If your dealer does not carry this wonderful bait send direct to

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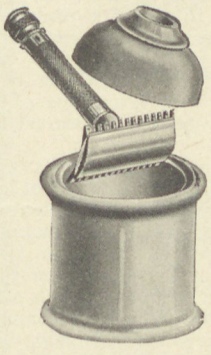

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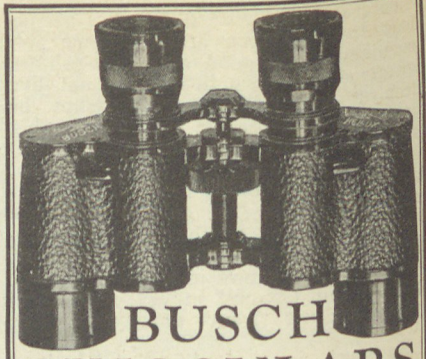
arrived. This was to be their home and they called the future town, which they already saw upon the gentle eminence above the plain, with Yankee literalness, Red Rock, from the red sandstone rocks that stood like baronial castles on the mountain side.

They staked out the town, broad and wide, for there was plenty of room and more people would be coming. They wisely made Boulder Creek, bordered by cottonwood and willows, the town's distinguishing feature and their lines followed it for three miles. They had never seen a creek like it in the east, and they did not believe there was anything finer in all the west. And they were right. Its refreshing waters would slake their thirst and nourish their crops, and in the hills it might wash their gold.

An early press-agent of Boulder County describes it as follows: "The little county embraces all the attractions of sunny climate, clear and exhilarating air, pure waters, magnificent waterfalls and majestic scenery that have made Colorado so much sought by people from the south and east as a summer resort. . . . Among the snow-capped mountains are innumerable lakes and rivulets, forests of pine, spruce and fir, glades and parks, and springs of cold and crystal waters." The enthusiastic writer could not have known of the ten or a dozen living glaciers upon the mountain sides or he would have mentioned them in his panegyric along with the pure water, the waterfalls, the snow-capped mountains, and the lakes and rivulets. Water was his theme.

Time passed. There was imperative need of an improved water system, and the city being under a city manager charter which had provided for this very contingency, filings were made upon the waters of Silver Lake, thirty miles back in the mountains and a tract of 2,700 acres was acquired from the National Forest. It is a curious circumstance that if the southern boundary of the Rocky Mountain National Park had been a few miles further south (where in fact an effort was made to put it only a very short time ago), this would have been impossible without an act of congress, and Boulder could have had neither the water, the reservation, nor the road thereto. A pipe line was laid down to the city reservoir delivering pure snow water at a pressure of 215 pounds and with a reservoir capacity of 2676 acre-feet. Now the city could sit back with a consciousness of a work well done, a water supply second to none.

Not yet. The mining industry in the mountains, revealing unlimited deposits of rare and valuable metals, and reduction works treating the ores, was making Boulder county known to the world (indeed it was said that "Boulder won the war"). But all this, with the rough settlements they introduced, was becoming a menace to Boulder's water supply. It was said, in a way of stating the impossible, that the only means of ensuring safety was to push the city watershed back to the top of the continental divide. "All right," said the city engineer, calling the bluff, "we'll take in the Arapahoe glacier and the saddle of Arapahoe peak." A bill to make the plan effective was introduced in congress and steered to its passage with the result that Boulder is given permission to purchase of the United States a tract of 2,689 acres on the eastern slope of Arapahoe peak extending to the saddle of the divide, and including a chain of beautiful glacial lakes which empty into the city's Silver Lake. The cost of the land, including the square mile of ice, is generously put at $1.25 an acre

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(and indeed for any other purpose it is worth no more), and the whole tract will cost but $4,611.25, in three annual payments. It has been the boast of Boulder that its mountain water is the softest, purest and coldest possessed by any city on earth and daily tests seem to confirm the assertion. This purchase of the glacier not only distinguishes this little mountain "mile-high" city as making the most unique real-estate deal in history, but it secures for the happy residents the perpetual control of their water and a comfortable assurance that it will be, a century or more hence, as pure as it is possible for water to be.

Let us drink to the health of Boulder.

# Questions and Answers

## Yellowstone Park

*F. B., Kansas City, Mo.—Will you kindly tell me what the principal attractions are in Yellowstone Park? We are thinking of driving there next spring.*

Answer: Yellowstone Park has more geysers than in all the rest of the world together. Boiling springs, mud volcanoes, large lakes, petrified forests, grand canyon of the Yellowstone, remarkable for gorgeous coloring, waterfalls, vast wilderness inhabited by deer, elk, bison, antelope, moose, bear, mountain sheep, etc. Greatest wild bird and animal preserve in the world. Much of the park may be reached by good roads and there are splendid camping facilities.

## Foggy Windshield

*J. A. W., Wichita, Kan.—I am going to take advantage of your offer of information by asking you to advise me what kind of a preparation is used to keep an automobile windshield from fogging in the rain.*

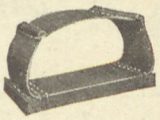
Answer: To keep your windshield free of mist on rainy days, rub a sliced onion with a perpendicular motion on your windshield glass. This is good protection against rain obscuring your vision.

## Baking in Camp

*From C. E. L.—Oskaloosa, Iowa. We are planning a camping trip and would like you to advise us how we may be able to do our own baking in camp, in the easiest and most convenient way, using the usual camp facilities.*

Answer—We presume that you do not care to bother with wood fire baking or cooking, which have their drawbacks in certain localities as in tourist camps and in wooded areas where fuel is sometimes scarce and there is the added care of preventing fires. There are two or three very dependable, compact and highly efficient gasoline camp stoves on the market with which your local sporting-goods dealer should be able to supply you. They are serviceable in all kinds of weather, require little carrying space, very safe and eliminate the several disagreeable duties kindred to open wood fires. One stove that we have in mind has a collapsible oven and wind shield which would serve your purpose in baking. Baked fish and corn muffins taste mighty fine especially after a prolonged diet of fried food. We would suggest that you have a camping talk with your local sporting-goods dealer.


TRUE MOCCASINS



Russell's
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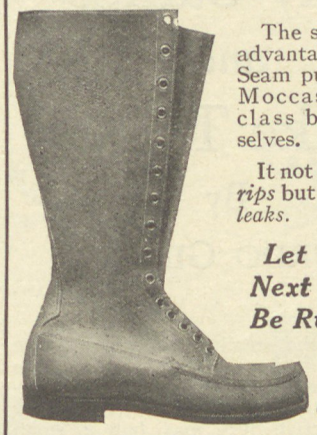

The structural advantages of this Seam put Russell Moccasins in a class by themselves.

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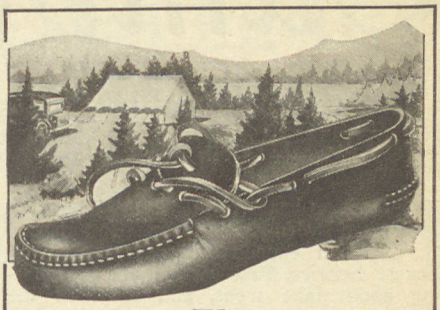

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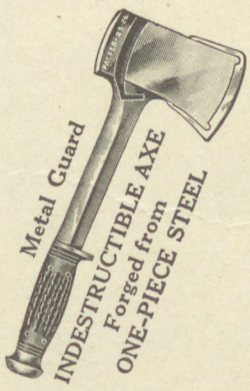


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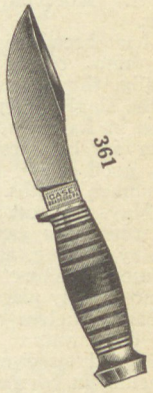


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# Camping

*Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than living in the open*

**Camping and motor camping questions will be gladly answered by Paul D. Burress, Field Editor, whose knowledge of camp life is full and practical**

## May Camps *and* Lake Trout

By MURDO GIBSON

IT was a beautifully pictured booklet, issued by the Ely, Minn., Commercial Club, in cooperation with the U. S. Forest Service, that started me to thinking about lake trout, and May, in the north. It was received through the mail the other day and since then I have suffered acutely from Spring Fever. This distressing malady is aggravated by reading, or even thinking, about the lake trout of the "Boundary" region but telling others about them may relieve the pressure, temporarily. The only real cure I know is to go camping as soon as the lakes are open.

Because the Great American Public has not yet learned the unique delights of early spring camping, northern guides and resort keepers have both incentive and leisure, during May, to show their customers a royal good time. Later, when the rush is on, one's patronage may not be so highly appreciated but the sportsman camper who comes north before June is sure of a hearty welcome and his choice of the best canoes, equipment and guides.

By the first of May the ice will have disappeared from all but the very largest lakes. Canoe navigation is open and our far famed lake trout fishing is at its very best. At this season these splendid fish are to be found in comparatively shallow water and they snap eagerly at almost any kind of bait, excepting, perhaps, a floating fly. Their gameness too, far excels that which they display in summer, when they must be hauled, or winched, anchor-like from a depth of two or three hundred feet.

The great majority of campers who visit this region never get any really good lake trout fishing. They come during mid-summer, after the trout have retired to the deepest water they can find. Fishing at that depth demands unlimited patience, even after the fish are located, and none but the veriest novices get much of a thrill from it. Most old timers disdain it.

It has been my experience that these conditions prevail generally, throughout the north, with the single exception of Isle Royale, in Lake Superior, where trolling for lake trout furnishes fairly good sport, even during the summer months.

In May, the best fishing spots in a trout lake can usually be found by trolling, at slow speed, as close to shore as possible. The most likely places are where the bank shelves steeply into fairly deep water. If the lake has a good sized outlet, or inlet, casting in current and eddies often gets results, but the average size of the fish caught will probably be smaller than those taken from the main lake.

At most places where lake trout congregate in early spring the water is clear enough for the angler to see bottom. By peering down with eyes close to the water, the observer will soon notice that the smaller and more active fish are swimming between him and the slower, but more desirable, "lunkers" below. It is obvious, therefore, that any really attractive lure has but a small chance of reaching the parent fish while their half grown offspring are patrolling, hungrily, above them. But this difficulty can be surmounted by using a little strategy. Here is how one woodsman did it.

We had just finished making camp on the shore of Big Trout Lake and the cook of our timber cruising party had asked Gus and myself to catch for him a "big trout, to bake for supper." "No little ones," he warned us, "nothing smaller than seven or eight pounds."

Knowing that he had been bragging to the chief of his skill at serving such a fish and being rather trout hungry ourselves, we were anxious to help him make good his boast. Perhaps we had as much vanity as to our ability to catch such a fish as the chef had about cooking it.

I had paddled but a few rods when Gus, who was paying out the trolling line from the bow, felt a strike and pulled in a three pound trout, which he released, uninjured. Circling back to the spot where this one had been hooked we peered over the lee side of the canoe and, when our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, we saw scores of trout, similar in size to the one just caught. Closer scrutiny, however, revealed two or three much larger ones lying motionless, apparently on the very bottom, which consisted of large, rounded boulders.

Putting extra sinkers on the line Gus tried to get the spoon hook down to the big fellows before it could be seized by one of the smaller fish, but, after catching several two and three pounders, he gave up that plan.

Suddenly he conceived a bright idea. He picked up a round boulder which weighed at least thirty pounds and placed it in the canoe. Then he cut a piece of fat pork to the shape of a fat sucker, about six inches long, and impaled it on the biggest hook we had.

"Now," said Gus, "we will go back to the reef and give one of those big, black whales a little white lunch." Watson-like, I was too dumb to comprehend his plan and his only answer to my question about the boulder was "Wait, you'll see."

Peering over the side as we approached the reef, Gus evidently discovered what he was searching for. At any rate he signalled for me to stop and hold the canoe right where it was until he made ready his unwieldy device. It was very simple. All he did was to make a couple of turns with the trolling line around the stone, making neither hitch nor knot.

Holding the gigantic sinker in his arms he again looked intently into the water and, after a few moments, motioned to me to manoeuver the canoe a little closer to the reef.

Suddenly he dropped the stone over the

Photograph by Victor L. Alm

*"The whole crew had been watching our mysterious antics."*

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A handy "Gold Medal" Table and a Cot and Chair apiece is what you need for comfortable camping. Cots that are comfortable, chairs that you relax in, tables that are practical. You get these essentials in Genuine "Gold Medal", plus absolute dependability.

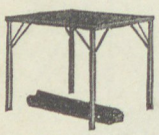
## "GOLD MEDAL"

TRADE MARK REG

FOLDING FURNITURE

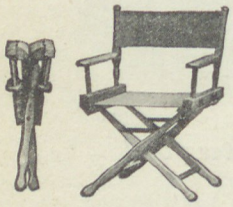
*For Home* *For Camp*

The reliability of "Gold Medal," whether in wood or steel, has made it the choice of experienced campers and tourists for 35 years. Insist upon the genuine. Sold by reliable Dealers everywhere.



No. 13 Roll Top Table

WRITE for your copy of Free Book "Comfort for Home and Camp."



No. 35 Folding Arm Chair

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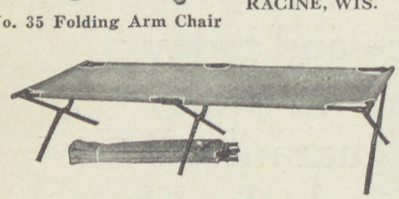
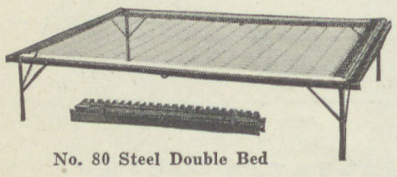
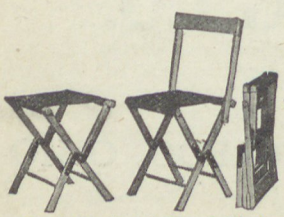


No. 81 Steel Cot



No. 80 Steel Double Bed



No. 5 Stool and No. 6 Chair

No. 3 Folding Tourist Chair


side and, when the line had run out about twelve feet he snubbed it sharply and then allowed the baited hook to sink to the bottom. "It scared the little fellows away, all right," he whispered, when the surface had become smooth again. "I can see the pork on the bottom and a big trout sizing it up. But he doesn't seem to be very hungry. Guess I'll have to tease him a little. Hold the canoe right where it is. Now I can see him again. He is closer to the hook, though I didn't see him move. When I take my eyes off the white bait I lose the whole show, for a while. The little fellows are coming back now and I don't dare to move the pork for fear they will steal it from under his nose.

"Darn the luck, I've lost it again. A fish got in the way for a second and now I can't see either the old boy or the bait. Maybe he is right over it and I can snag him. I'm going to take a chance anyway."

With that he struck savagely and instantly there was action. For ten minutes or more that trout towed our canoe back and forth, doggedly resisting every foot of line that Gus was hauling in. Many times we feared that the line would break. It required consummate skill as well as strength to conquer the fish with the tackle we had. But it was done eventually and, when he had been forced to the surface, we could see that he had not been snagged, but was caught fairly in the mouth. That explained why Gus had lost sight of the bait.

I killed and bled the trout with a single stroke of my bolo-like brush knife, and we towed him the short distance to camp. It was a triumphal landing. The whole crew had been watching our mysterious antics and for a long time had been unable to guess what we were doing. The excitable French Canadian cook had suffered a torment of anxiety but when he saw our catch he mumbled forgiveness. All he said at the time was, "Dam fine fish all right, but don't blame me if supper is one hour late."

That trout weighed only sixteen pounds but he gave us more than sixteen dollars' worth of fun and he tasted—Oh, Boy!

Good trout lakes are easily accessible from most towns along the Minnesota-Ontario boundary, also from Grand Marais, on the north shore of Lake Superior. Merchants at all these points make a specialty of outfitting campers and long experience has taught them what things are most suitable for that region. Sportsmen making their first trip to the "Boundary" waters are advised to depend on the local stores for their entire equipment. Tents, canoes, blankets and cooking outfits may be rented at reasonable rates and provisions, clothing and personal accessories can be purchased at prices which compare favorably with those quoted elsewhere. This is not intended for advertising propaganda. It is my honest opinion, based on many years of personal experience as a north woods camper.

*Clothing* for an early May fishing trip to northern Minnesota should be warm enough to protect the wearer from chilly winds and night temperatures that hover around the freezing point. I recommend the following:

2 pairs woolen sox, medium weight.
2 pairs woolen sox, heavy weight.
1 suit woolen underwear, medium.
1 suit extra underwear, any kind.
1 pair hobnailed leather boots, not too heavy.
1 pair tennis shoes for camp use.
1 pair woolen pants, heavy weight.
1 shirt, woolen, heavy, Army style.
1 vest, strong.
1 Mackinaw jacket, or heavy Stag shirt.
1 hat, soft felt.
2 pairs cotton work gloves.

Neither wading pants nor rubber boots are necessary.

Vest should be well pocketed.

A wool lined, canvas hunting coat is a good substitute for the Mackinaw jacket. Its pockets will be especially useful.

*Equipment* recommended for two men on a trouting expedition to this region comprises:

1 canoe, Guide Model, 17 ft. 3 paddles.
1 carrying yoke, *that fits.*
1 tent, light weight, with hole for stove pipe.
2 large packsacks.
1 smaller packsack.
1 shovel, sharp pointed-small.
1 acetylene lamp, carbide and candles.
4 cooking pails, outside covers, nesting.
1 reflector oven, with pan.
1 chopping axe and sheath.
1 belt axe, with sheath.
3 table knives, forks and spoons.
3 plates, cups, dish-up pans.
1 butcher knife, with sheath.
2 steel frying pans.
1 large, mixing spoon.
1 can opener.
1 pancake turner.
2 flat files—8 inch.
3 cloth bags, to cover nested utensils.
1 can Marine glue.
1 poncho and PLENTY bedding.
1 compass, map, match safe, whetstone and pocket knife for each person.
1 pair side-cutting pliers.
1 spool annealed wire.
1 package tacks and assorted nails.

A three or four foot bucksaw blade will save inexperienced axemen a lot of hard labor, especially if stove wood must be cut. A practical frame for it can be made from a springy sapling and discarded when camp is moved. It was described in a former article.

A stove is not actually necessary, but we cruisers think them a great comfort during the first half of May. The bottomless kind are not suitable for the "Boundary" region although they do well enough in the sandy country.

A shovel of some sort is a great convenience. I like the Army entrenching spade for camp use. When weight must be reduced I take an eleven-inch, mason's trowel.

Files are for sharpening the axes. Get the best grade. Many soft, useless ones are sold at bargain prices. Short, Plummer's candles are my favorites for tent use. Plates should fit into fry pans, dish-ups into plates and cups into dish-ups, and the whole kit slipped into a bag. Largest pail should be about four quart capacity, and smallest about one quart.

"Boy Scout" pocket knives are fine for campers.

In the July, 1926, issue of this magazine I described some practical methods for cooking fish out of doors. Experimenting for one's self lends interest to camp life, but there is no harm in benefiting from another's experience. If you are going trout fishing I advise you to look up that article and study the sketches. Some old timers have told me that they learned something from it, and if you know old timers as I know them you will agree that such a compliment is something to be proud of.

"The wilderness will welcome you, and teach you, and take you to its heart."

—ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

# An Original Bed Roll

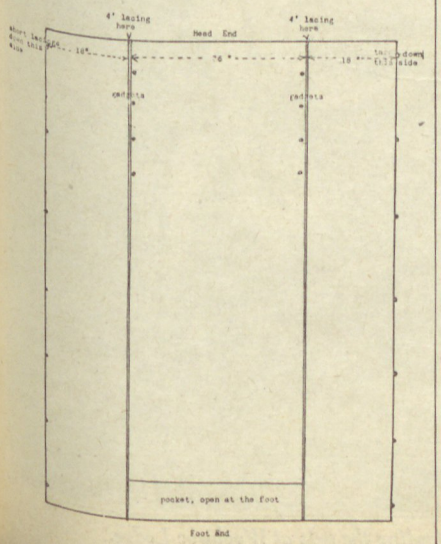
THE design of a bed roll that I have carried a good deal, both in the tropics and in the north, may be of interest to you. It has been used as well for mule transportation over mountains and across deserts as for canoe and man packing elsewhere. It has accompanied me twice into the Arctic, across the Barren Grounds of Canada, through Mexico and South America, and elsewhere, and is the result of considerable experience. I have found it fine for almost any carrying job.

I took a sheet of 8 oz. duck, 6'x8' in size, folded it over along each side 18" in from the edges, and ran a heavy seam along each fold. This gave a sheet 3'x8', with the sides folded in a foot. I then gave the whole surface a heavy coat of raw linseed oil, for water and dust proofing. Then some hide lacings were put along the edge of one fold with tabs in the other, so that when folded over it could be laced tightly over anything placed inside. Then a pocket was sewn across the 3' width, at what would be the foot end of the roll, in order to hold small stuff, toilet articles, instruments, fishing tackle, ammunition, or what one cared for. Down the hem of the folds brass gadgets were set for a couple of feet from the top, or head end, and a long strong hide lacing was fastened at each of the two upper corners. This is so that when the bundle is rolled the sides may be brought in tightly to keep out all dust. I might say that the roll was originally designed to use in desert country, as part of a diamond hitched load, and dust was an item that had to be considered.

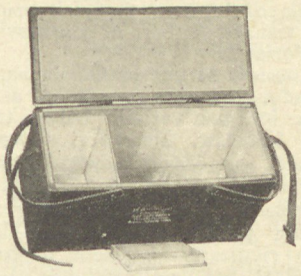
In this roll, laid out flat, a man can put his bedding, folded three feet wide; in the pocket all the little stuff he might be apt to lose; then his extra clothing and, if he wants it, a folding cot; all these at the pocket, or foot end, and all between the side seams. The sides are then folded over and laced, and the whole thing rolled tightly from the foot end. It is a job of but a moment or two to pack and fasten this roll securely. When rolled, the bundle is secured by a couple of straps, which may have lock buckles if desired. In South America and Mexico, for instance, I have found these lock buckles well worth while.

By lacing the flaps loosely one can have an excellent sleeping bag, easily ventilated and cleaned; by spreading the entire sheet flat one has a tight waterproof tarp for two men.

I present a crude diagram herewith:



## Mr. Fish Is Paging Mr. Sportsman



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Everybody's Type

TAKE down your rod and tackle, tune up the Old Bus and get out where even the fish are looking for sport.

Pack your lunch in a **Hawkeye** Portable Refrigerator. Fill the little ice compartment in one corner with ice to keep it cold for 24 hours. Don't worry about lunch. There's enough for a party of 6 or 7 people—and fresh as when it was made. Put it on the floor of the car—it's no larger than a suitcase. Carry it in one hand—it's light. No water to spill. No dirt can get inside. Insulated. Sanitary. Lasts a life-time with reasonable care.

Pack the fish in it when you come home, in water or on ice.

Prices $5.75 and up

*Unconditionally guaranteed to give satisfaction*

If your motor car or sporting goods dealer or department store cannot supply you, we will ship direct. Write for illustrated circular of styles, sizes and prices.

**Burlington Basket Co.**
**511 Hawkeye Bldg., Burlington, Iowa**

# Hawkeye

PORTABLE REFRIGERATORS

**Keep Contents Ice Cold**

# RED HEAD
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## Outing Tents

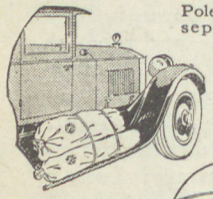
Before you buy your Outing Tent be sure to see the RED HEAD line. A style for every requirement. No finer made. Dependable rain or shine. Built for comfort and service. Moderately priced. Sold by leading dealers.

ENJOY the protection, convenience and comforts of home on your camping trip this summer. Take along a Red Head Brand Umbrella Tent. Rain or shine you can depend on a Red Head Brand Umbrella Tent. Made of strong, tightly woven materials *thoroughly* waterproofed—not just on the surface, but by a process that goes clear through the fabric. Ruggedly built to withstand the wear and tear of motor-camping. Plenty of head-room. No stooping to get in or out. Plenty of ventilation. Ask your dealer to show you this splendid tent. Comes in three sizes: 7' x 9'; 8' x 11'; and 12' x 12'.

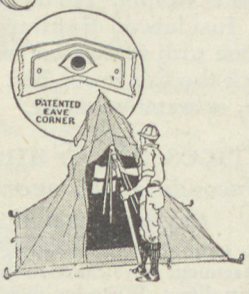
**free**

TENT CATALOG

Illustrates and describes the complete line of Red Head Brand Outing Tents. Sent to you free. Ask for Catalog No. 27K.



Poles and tent are packed separately in strong waterproof bags making a compact bundle readily carried on the running board or bumper of your car.




One man alone can put up or take down a Red Head Brand Umbrella Tent in a few minutes. (Note patented solid metal eave corner—no more torn corners.)

Illustration below shows special curtains for enclosing front section of tent. For large camping parties this additional room will be welcome.

*Sold by Leading Dealers—*

Red Head Brand Outing Tents are sold by leading dealers everywhere. If your dealer hasn't them in stock write us, please.

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# A Remarkable Preserve in Oklahoma

CAUGHT in a perfect Osage Hills setting stands Woolaroc Lodge, the mammoth game preserve of Frank Phillips, an Izaak Waltonite himself, which will be the scene of a Buffalo Barbecue for members of the Oklahoma Izaak Walton League when they gather in Bartlesville, May 3, 4 and 5 for their annual state convention.

In throwing open his lodge and preserve for the occasion of the barbecue on May 5, after the conclusion of the business sessions of the convention, Mr. Phillips is offering the "Ikes" a rare treat. For, although the preserve, a fenced-in affair embracing 3,700 acres, is one of the show places of the middlewest, few indeed are those who get within its borders. It is one of Mr. Phillips' homes and the one he particularly enjoys as relaxation from the calls of business that fall upon him while residing either in Bartlesville or New York.

The eastern section of Oklahoma, originally set aside by the government as reservations for the various Indian tribes—Creek, Choctaw, Delaware, Osage and Cherokee, was ideally adapted from the standpoint of natural game habitats for this nomadic existence. However, the transition period from frontier life to modern civilization wrought havoc with this native life and well-nigh wiped it out. It ever has been the aim of the Izaak Walton League to preserve this game life and Bartlesville Izaak Waltons feel particularly fortunate in having in their midst a man of inclination and means to establish such a sanctuary where this life can be preserved for future generations.

In August, 1925, the beautiful preserve was a wilderness, typical of the Osage hill section in which it is located, about fourteen miles southwest of Bartlesville. Today there stands on the property a sumptuous rustic lodge.

Today the entire 3,700 acres is fenced in with a seven-foot rabbit proof fence and in its confines roam great herds of both native and imported game life. One of the features of the game life is the buffalo herd of nearly 130 animals, another herd of nearly 40 elk and several species of deer, totaling more than 100 head. These include Japanese deer, mule deer, white and brown Fallow deer and Virginia white tail deer. The bird life includes half a dozen Sarus Cranes, brought from India, four Demoisell cranes, brought from the banks of the Nile river, flocks of native wild turkeys, bronze turkeys, white and red turkeys. Then there are pea fowls, guineas, turkeys and, to cap the climax, a quartet of ostriches as well as flocks of ring-neck pheasants.

In eight beautiful lakes on the preserve, game fish thrive. They have been plentifully stocked with bass and catches ranging from two pounds upwards are nothing uncommon for those to whose lot falls the privilege of whipping these bodies of water.

Inside the lodge is one of the greatest collections of horns and heads to be found in the world. Moose, elk, deer, sheep and other varieties of game animals' heads and antlers bristle the walls of the living

*Frank Phillips and daughter feeding the pets at Woolaroc Lodge.*

room and are plentifully interspersed with original paintings by some of the greatest of western artists, including the late Charles Russel and E. W. Lenders of Thunderbird Ranch, Marland, Oklahoma. A rare and expensive collection of navajo rugs also is found in the lodge.

But as picturesque as the rest of the preserve is "Griff" Graham, caretaker and superintendent. An Indian Territory pioneer, Graham still affects a colorful combination of wearing apparel, that includes a scarlet flannel shirt, open at the throat, high heeled cowboy boots and an eight-gallon hat. Belying his soft native drawl, the giant caretaker, a former Washington County Sheriff and for years a peace officer in this section of the state, can be roused to quick action and his record as a peace officer over many years shows him an adept with the brace of .45's that formerly graced his belt. He is the finishing touch needed to make the Phillips preserve a true and lasting picture of Oklahoma frontier life.

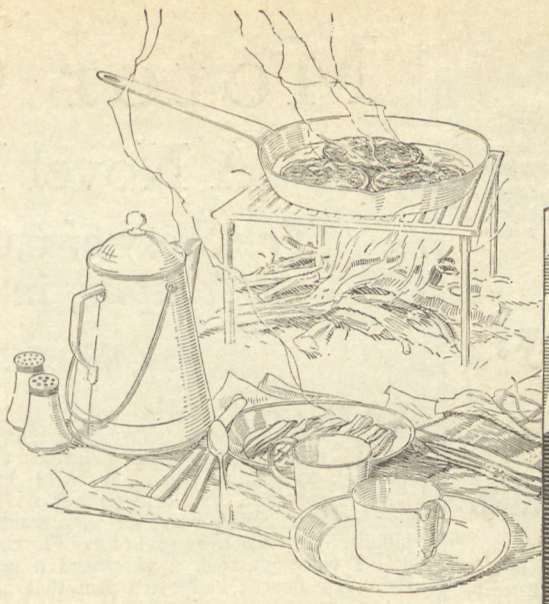
## Acknowledgment

THE Izaak Walton League gratefully acknowledges the splendid and far reaching publicity given the League's conservation cause by the Atlantic Broadcasting Company of New York (Station WABC). For six months this station has been giving fifteen minutes each Wednesday evening to a conservation program, the Brooklyn Chapter of the League furnishing the speakers. The station has received newspaper clippings and letters of appreciation from points as far west as Hammond, Indiana, and from points in Nebraska, and even from the Pacific coast.

The League is greatly indebted to Mr. Alfred H. Grebe, President of the Atlantic Broadcasting Company, Mr. Leon W. Faurote, Vice President and Mr. Douglas Regney, General Manager.

## Notice

*A COPY of the 1927 National Convention Proceedings will be sent to any Division or Chapter officer, or any member of the League upon receipt of remittance of $3.50 at Headquarters. A total minimum order of 100 must be placed by Headquarters to secure this price.*

*One of the family*

*A bear of a breakfast!*

Pine-scented air fetching the fragrance of sizzling bacon and bubbling coffee—the aroma of a stack of "wheats" browning in the pan. Wham!—that's when the old appetite rises like a "pink-eye" leaping for a Dusty Miller.

WHEN belts are slipped a notch and pipes are drawing sweet, outdoor men hand it to Pillsbury's pancakes! Packed to rough it, Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is the champion "chow" for quick, satisfying meals in the open. Every ingredient for perfect pancakes is right in every package. Simply add water or milk—and bake in any frying pan. You can do the whole job in six minutes flat!

You can't pack a better pal than Pillsbury's—strongly packaged, simply prepared, supremely palatable. It's right in the contract that Pillsbury's will deliver tender, fluffy, golden-brown pancakes *every time!* Take it with you on your next trip and be sure to take plenty. Good stores sell it by the package or the case.

*Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor.*

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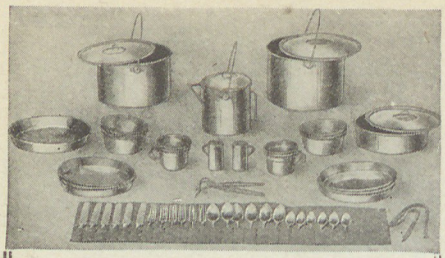
# Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

*Made by the Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour*



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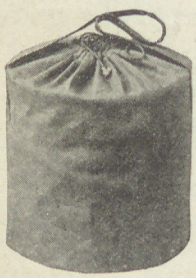
WHEN you start packing for that trip you dreamed about all winter, pack a "WEST BEND" Camp Set in your car.

Then you'll have maximum comfort and convenience wherever you go.

There's a size for every party—two, four and six persons. All the dishes and utensils you'll need, made of heavy, hard, thick aluminum, which will not rust, crack or chip.

All utensils and cutlery nest in a sturdy canvas bag and take up no more room than an ordinary water pail.

With a "West Bend" Camp Set, you can prepare a full meal—and serve it. You don't fall short of utensils—nor have to lug heavy, bulky superfluous ones around.



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Fill out the coupon and send it today for complete information regarding "West Bend" Camping Sets.

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# Motor Camping

## A Novel Honeymoon

### *The Story of 6,000 Miles of Motor Camping in the North-West*

By WILBUR H. SEUBERT

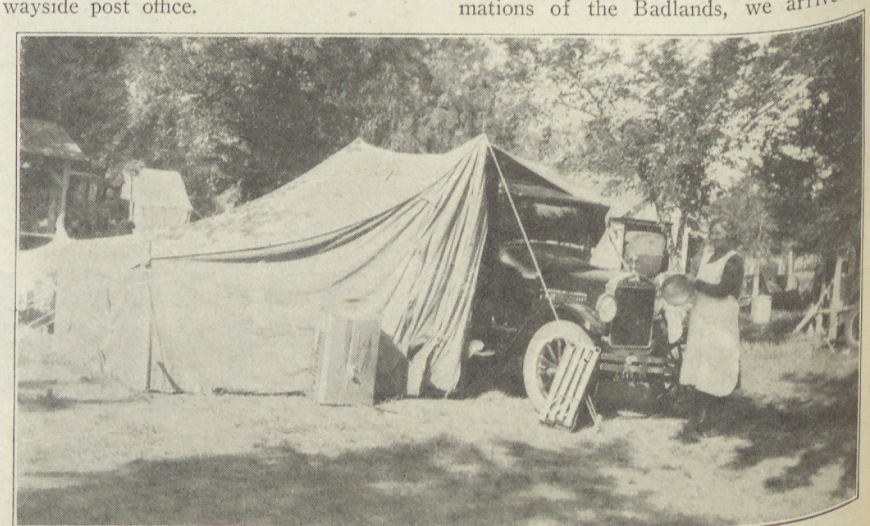
WHO ever heard of anyone going automobile camping on a honeymoon? It was an audacious adventure, especially when my wife had never slept in a tent and neither of us had ever travelled very far in an automobile. In the Spring, before Florence and I were married, I purchased a new car. My fiancee had often said that she never wanted to travel a long distance by automobile. And still as June and the time of the wedding approached she began to realize that I wanted to spend part of the summer in the big outdoors. In fact, we both wished to visit Yellowstone National Park, so why not drive there via the Black Hills of South Dakota? I argued that if we did not like auto camping we could quit. A compact camping outfit was purchased and packed inside the Ford Tudor, an ideal place to carry equipment when the cushions are removed.

About the middle of June, Florence and I made our contract and started on two journeys; one to travel through life together, and the other to travel to Yellowstone National Park. At first we were slow and inefficient in making camp, but after several weeks we learned how to improve our methods. We were proud of our folding bed which went into a remarkably small package. I took pleasure in demonstrating how to set up this bed and incidentally my enthusiasm furnished amusement for several of our ever changing neighbors. We enjoyed the problems which vacationing on wheels presented. Florence soon learned to keep "that good-looking sport hat" where it could be dug out easily when we approached a town. Her vanity case had always been handy but I noticed that she applied the contents in proportion to the size of the town. We always had to look respectable in order to claim our weekly mail at some wayside post office.

Each day we became more tanned and more seasoned to the road. By a gradual process our skins remained more like "The Skin You Love to Touch" than some of the folks who went the hotel way. Reading maps and road signs was Florence's most important work while traveling. Interesting object lessons were presented along our route as the geography and the industries changed. Often we were amused by the progressiveness of some of the western towns. After reading the detailed information describing the industries, it was sometimes necessary to scan the horizon in an endeavor to locate the sources of prosperity. Farther west we saw more log houses than exist in some of the present day novels. We were surprised to know that there is a possibility of at least one more generation of great men being reared in log cabins. We drove through several villages where nearly every house was built of logs.

One time we needed some minor repairs when we were climbing in the mountains. We stopped at a garage in a small town and after the work was done we asked how the mechanic calculated his time. He drolly replied, "I figure the time according to what the customer can pay and how far away from home he might be." The price was not exorbitant nor was it low.

In central South Dakota we met two young men from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. These Boys as we later called them added a great deal to the enjoyment of our trip. When auto camping, acquaintances are made quickly. Everyone forgets formalities, and nicknames are the rule. Often one takes his name from his city, whose plate is carried in some conspicuous place. The Boys nicknamed us Turtles and Mrs. Turtles, because, after spending a day exploring the unique formations of the Badlands, we arrived in



*Where we were comfortable and at home in our first camp.*

the Black Hills one day later than the boys. Therefore they called us Turtles. They told us how they had lost the trail and had stopped at a ranch house for information. A lad seemed to be the only person at home. Every question they asked him was answered in the same way "I dunno." Finally, one of the Boys said, "You are dumb, aren't you?" Whereupon, the lad replied, "I may be dumb, but I ain't lost."

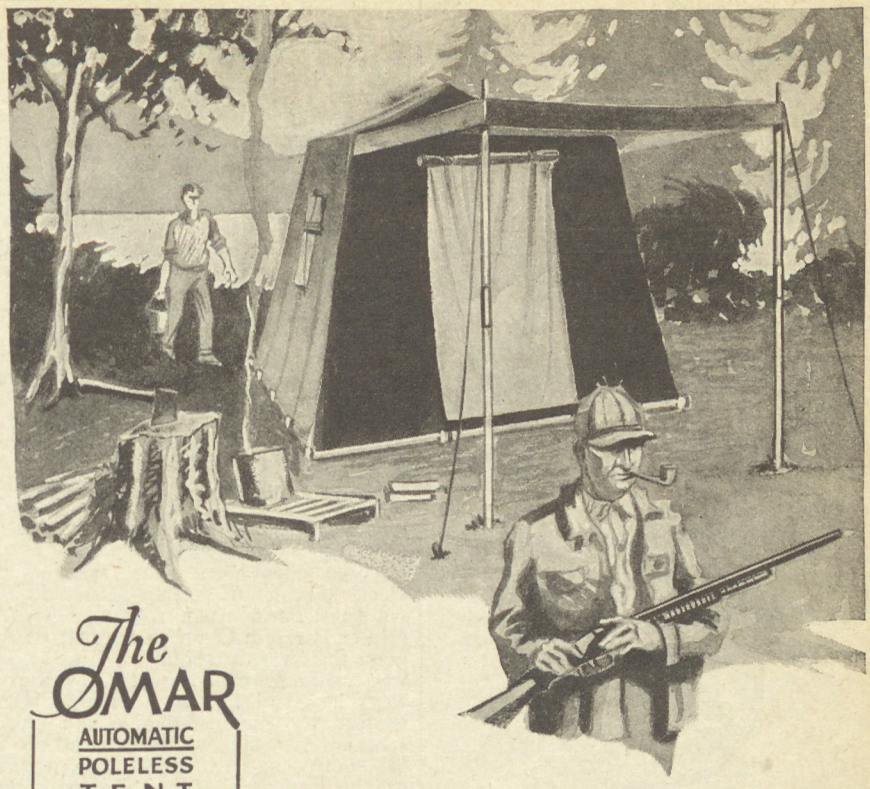
The Boys were much surprised to learn that the Black Hills are mountains. The Needles Highway in Custer State Park was also a revelation to the Easterners. The Boys asked us if they might become our traveling companions. We gladly consented and Florence and I began at once to make believe that we had been married several years. We thought it would be great fun to fool the Boys. We had each taught school more than five years and therefore our age was in our favor. We guarded our actions and we were careful about the information which we gave to the Boys. They were very thoughtful of our comfort, and when in camp they always asked what supplies they could bring us from the camp store. And twice when we were caught in the rain they put on our chains! The first time that we needed our chains, they were buried beneath all of our luggage. The Boys put on their chains while I was excavating ours and just at the right moment said in their boyish yet admonishing manner, "You keep him in there, Mrs. Turtles, there is no use getting him wet." Later we were glad to be of assistance to the Boys and it happened to be a chance to pull them out of a ditch.

In eastern Wyoming we were caught in a downpour and immediately the road became almost as slippery as if it had been greased. We decided to keep our motors running; we traveled on slowly until a car from Oak Park, Illinois, almost blocked the road because the driver refused to proceed. After passing between "Oak Park" and the ditch, we met a Wyoming car which pulled out so far that the car almost slid off an embankment. "Wyoming" had shown us western courtesy—a contrast to city indifference. At one place we saw eight large automobiles, drawn up beside the road waiting for the rain to stop. We put on our broadest smiles and shouted, "This is Ford Day." After ten miles of gumbo, the road became dry and we sped westward past the Devil's Tower National Monument.

We entered Yellowstone Park via Shoshone Canyon and Sylvan Pass. At Canyon Camp, we met three young men from Madison, Wisconsin. One of the Wisconsin boys did not know how to hunt snipe—the only kind of hunting that is legitimate in Yellowstone Park. The Pittsburgh boys, the three Wisconsin boys, and myself all went hunting on a dark, drizzly night. We left one of the Wisconsin boys "holding the sack" and we returned to camp. After about an hour, he returned and crawled quietly into bed, a more experienced young man.

California was the goal of the Pittsburgh Boys. Before they bade us farewell, we learned that they made a real flying trip in their Ford Coupe, from Yellowstone to San Diego, California, and then to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 20 days.

We spent twelve days among the bears and wonders of Yellowstone. One visitor placed the following heading on all the mail which he sent from Yellowstone Park: "In the Zoo." He explained that all the wild animals were present and the only difference between the Park and a Zoo was that the Park didn't have a fence.

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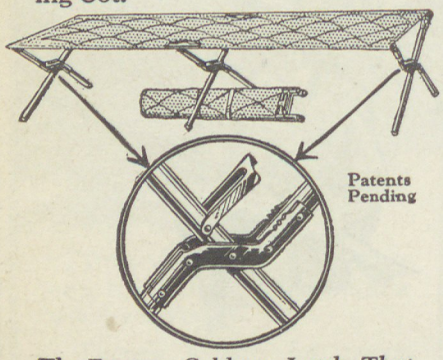

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We also did not try to feed or have our pictures taken with the bears. Old Faithful Geyser, the Falls and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River, and the Mammoth Hot Spring Terraces were the features that impressed us most. A side trip to Teton Mountains, 60 miles south of the loop road, was well worth-while. These mountains are unique for their ruggedness and their isolation.

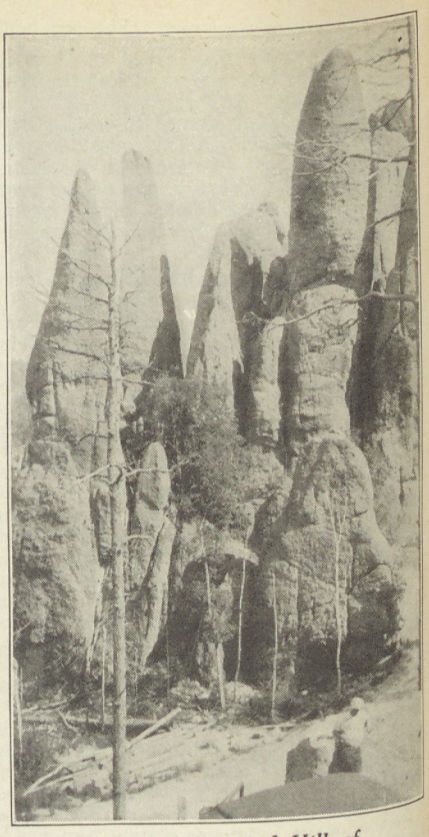
Auto camping was found to be so pleasant and invigorating that we decided to extend our trip to the Pacific Coast. We crossed the Rocky Mountains in western Montana, after climbing the steepest grades of the whole trip. In Seattle we found the largest and most elaborate tourist camp. The vista from the community house excelled that of many summer hotels. There were over 300 autos in camp and this fact signified that over one thousand people were living in the tent city. Perhaps you think that only young people go auto camping but we saw many middle aged and some elderly people in every camp.

Three days were spent visiting the glaciers, rivers of ice, in Mount Rainier National Park. The night air was so cold at Paradise Camp on the first of August that we had difficulty in keeping warm. Snow capped mountains are always beautiful but none of this beauty is lost by camping beside the eternal snows. We studied the work of the Nisqually Glacier, which was grinding granite into rock flour. This rock flour formed the sediment of the milky stream of ice water which rushed out from beneath the glacier. The glaciers, the spire-like spruce trees and the Alpine flowers still linger in our minds. In fact, we enjoyed Mount Rainier as much as Yellowstone Park.

After spending a week-end at the beach at Seaside, Oregon, the end of Lewis and Clark's Trail, we steered "Bunny" eastward. Our vacation was fast drawing to a close and we did not have time to drive to California. East of Portland we passed the towering lava cliffs and the series of beautiful waterfalls of the Columbia River Gorge. Our return trip from Portland, Oregon to Atlantic, Iowa, 2,100 miles, required 11 days. We made our camp every night.

The American Automobile Association states that 12,000,000 people went motor camping last summer. The towns along the principal highways are providing many tourist camps, which range in quality from atrocious to excellent. We usually patronized the municipal camps but we saw some privately owned camps, which were very satisfactory. One town in western Nebraska boasted eight tourist camps. Tourists are always seeking information first about the roads and second about the towns and camps. Some of the camps are equipped with electric stoves, gas plates with 5c meters, electric washing machines and nearly every camp at which we stopped had some kind of a shower bath arrangement. Several camps even had porcelain bath tubs! Often the camp rules were such that we were reminded of the boarding house rules at college. Quiet hours, times to bathe, no dogs allowed, etc., were some of the items listed in the camp rules.

Motor camping has many advantages over other means of travel. It even has points in its favor which those who go the "hotel way" miss. The more prosperous motorist with his high powered car goes racing across the country searching for another first class hotel. He has to keep up to schedule and often hurries past a place which otherwise would attract his attention. The hotel party misses the campfire. As we journeyed across the states of the Northwest we swapped experiences as we sat around the campfire with people from Florida to New England and from California to British Columbia. We met the people of the plains and mountains on an equal basis.



*The Needles, Black Hills of South Dakota*

If you have the time and some inclination, do not permit your neighbor to discourage you from taking a motor camping trip.

You are just as safe in a tourist camp as you are in your own home at night. In all our journey nothing was stolen from our camp nor did we see any sign of a holdup on the road. In regard to expenses we found them no greater than when paying rent and living in the city. Long after returning we made the following summary of 6,000 miles in 65 days: gasoline and oil, $91.62; expenses on Ford, $20.05; and all other living and traveling expenses $173.15. The total is $284.82 or $4.35 per day. These figures are available as evidence of my wife's daily bookkeeping. Are you planning a honeymoon or perhaps a postponed honeymoon? Pack a camping outfit in your car and take a trip over some region which is not familiar to you. The pull of the road has fastened itself upon us. This summer we are planning to take a trip to the East. After we began our trip last summer, my wife said "If we ever go again" but before we returned she said, "When we go camping again." And it was she who had never slept in a tent!


*Subscribe for Outdoor America*

# Canada Fishing

*With Directions to the Motorist*

By WM. J. McNULTY

"WHERE will I go fishing?" is the question that confronts many confirmed anglers. A journey of one to three thousand miles is a mere jaunt to one who seeks to lure the gamy trout, salmon and bass from their natural elements. The northern New England and eastern Canadian territory is replete with rivers, lakes and streams in which trout, salmon and bass abound.

Adjacent to the international boundary, on the Maine-New Brunswick frontier, are the Meddybemps Lakes. These are prolific trout waters. Meddybemps, although unknown to millions, is really one of the leading trout fishing sections of the north country. By motor car, Meddybemps is reached over the Atlantic highway to Calais. The roads are varying from fair to poor on the tag end of the journey.

Pocologan River is one of the chief trout fishing areas of eastern Canada. The river empties into the Bay of Fundy. By motor, Pocologan is reached by following the Atlantic highway to Bangor, Me., thence over the short route via Calais. The roads are usually poor, particularly from the village to points up the river, this being a branch road.

Skiff Lake, although known to but a few, comparatively speaking, is recognized as an excellent trout fishing zone. Some big trout have been captured in this water by fishermen from various parts of America. By motor, the lake is available over the central Maine highway through Danforth, or on the St. John River highway diverting at Meductic, into Canterbury, 12 miles, and thence to the lake. The roads are rough most of the way, and very narrow at places.

Moosehead Lake has the reputation of being one of the principal trout, bass and salmon fishing sections of the northeast. By motor the route is via Lewiston, north to Greenville, with the roads in fairly good condition all the way through.

Oxbow Lake is a trout fishing mecca, which is unknown to many dyed in the wool disciples of Izaak Walton. This lake is in close proximity to the international line. By motor Oxbow Lake is reached via Bangor to Millinocket, and thence to Houlton. The roads are in fairly good shape for most of the distance.

Victoria Lake is another unknown and yet prolific trout water. There is a group of lakes of which Victoria is the largest and among which East Long also scintillates as a trout fishing water. By motor, Victoria Lake is reached by diverting from the St. John River highway at either Welsford or Petersville. The roads are generally rough.

Nepisiguit River is an excellent salmon and trout fishing water. By motor, the Nepisiguit fishing grounds are available over the Atlantic highway through Calais, Me., and thence via St. John, Moncton and Chatham to Bathurst. Or, diverting at Bangor, Me., to Houlton, up the St. John River to Grand Falls, and thence eastward to Bathurst. The roads are practically of dirt and in need of much improvement.

Mattawamkeag Lakes are trout fishing waters par excellence. By motor, Mattawankeag is on the route between Bangor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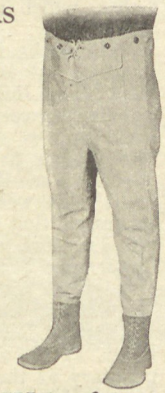

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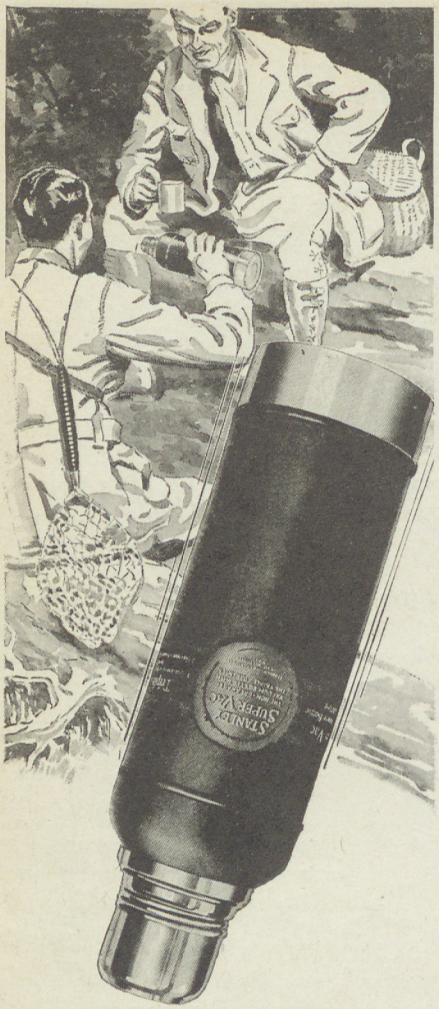

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HOURS of rough going—in any weather—this vacuum bottle doubly safeguards your comfort. Guaranteed to hold temperature and *not to break.*

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Write for free copy of our useful recipe booklet "Outdoor Cookery." Stanley Insulating Company, Dept. B-5, Great Barrington, Mass.

STANLEY
SUPER VAC
VACUUM BOTTLE

and Danforth. The roads at the latter end are fairly satisfactory.

Tobique River is a trout and salmon water that has few superiors. By motor the Tobique is available via the central Maine state highway to Bangor, thence to Houlton, and up the St. John River highway to Perth-Andover, which is near the mouth of the Tobique as it empties into the St. John River. The roads through New Brunswick could be substantially improved as they are very hazardous in some sections, and rough for much of the distance.

Mispec River is a trout water whose light has been somewhat obscured under the widely known bushel. This is a small stream with several lakes connecting. By motor Mispec is available over the Atlantic and Bay of Fundy highways to St. John, and thence over the Mispec road to the village of Mispec, which is located at the mouth of the Mispec River, as it empties into the Bay of Fundy. The road is narrow, rough and rocky with steep embankments.

St. Croix River is a water containing trout plus some salmon. The St. Croix forms a natural boundary between the United States and Canada from the Bay of Fundy westward for about forty miles. Connected with the St. Croix are the Chipuneticook Lakes, a chain of lakes where trout abound. By motor these waters can be reached over the Atlantic highway, diverting at Calais to the Woodland road. Or diverting at Bangor and proceeding to Vanceboro. The roads are in fairly good condition. Besides the Atlantic route between Bangor and Calais, there is a highway between Bangor and Calais, which is a distance saver for the motorist.

Restigouche River is one of the waters in which salmon and trout are very plentiful. The Restigouche is on the provincial line between Quebec and New Brunswick, and is reached by motor via the same routes as taken for the Nepisiguit River. The Restigouche is about three hours' ride west of the Nepisiguit. It is reiterated that the roads are not of the best, so forewarned is forearmed. Said forearming being via the sturdy car and sturdy tire category. Salmon form the big noise on the Restigouche.

Allegash River is a salmon and trout water. It is a small river serving as a tributary of the upper St. John. By motor the Allegash is reached over the central Maine highway to Bangor, and thence via Houlton to Presque Isle, Fort Kent, etc., along the St. John River. The roads are better on the Maine side of the line than on the New Brunswick side.

Miramichi River is a salmon and trout water. It has a number of tributaries including Cain's River and Bartholomew River, where salmon is the favorite fishing. By motor there are several routes. One is through the Atlantic highway and Bay of Fundy road to St. John, thence up the St. John River highway to Fredericton, and along the Miramichi road leading to Chatham. Another is through the central Maine state highway from Bangor to Vanceboro, and thence into Fredericton and the Miramichi highway. Another is diverting from the Atlantic highway at Calais-St. Stephen by a branch road to Fredericton. Still another is to continue eastward from St. John on the Atlantic-Bay of Fundy route to Moncton, and north over the main New Brunswick highway to Chatham. Only a few miles of the New Brunswick roads are of other than dirt, some being almost impassable, as well as very risky for night driving.

Matapedia River is a trout and salmon

**An Advertising Idea**

*Approved by the Izaak Walton League of America*

The official 1928 Calendar of the Izaak Walton League of America, reproduced above, is published exclusively by Brown & Bigelow with the cooperation of the National Executive Committee of the League.

This Calendar gives every business man who believes in the principles of the Izaak Walton League an opportunity to further this work and at the same time secure excellent publicity for his business. It is a large size Calendar, 29x42, and will be given valuable space in business offices and public places.

*Another popular advertising medium is the twelve-sheet Sportman's Reference Calendar in rotogravure. Each sheet is rich in outdoor information, and this Calendar will be highly prized by those who receive it. It establishes valuable personal contact between you and your customers.*

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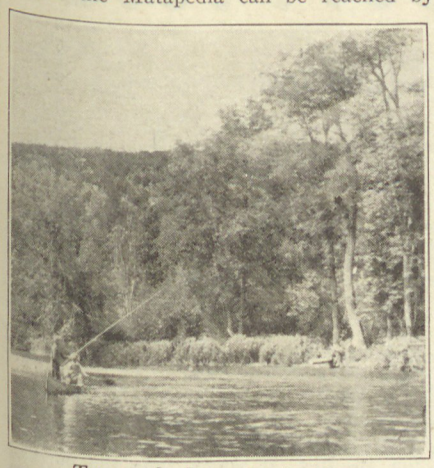
water. It is on the provincial line between Quebec and New Brunswick. This river empties into the Bay of Chaleur as do the Restigouche and Nepisiguit. By motor the Matapedia can be reached by



*Tetagouche River, trout water.*

the same routes as the Restigouche and the Nepisiguit plus the main Quebec highway skirting the Vermont and New Hampshire borders. The Matapedia is one of the stellar salmon fishing waters of the northeast zone.

Loch Lomond is a series of three lakes stretching eastward about eleven miles. They are trout waters, although depleted in recent years. The nearest lake is ten miles east of St. John. By motor there are three routes from the United States. Then to Loch Lomond over a branch highway. Although somewhat improved the Loch Lomond road is in need of greater conditioning, being rough riders' delight.

Nerepis River is a trout water. Salmon can also be captured there. By motor this water is available via the main highway out of St. John up the St. John River. The road is replete with dangerous curves and a superabundance of hills, and is rough in spots, but not as rough riding as 90 per cent of the eastern Canadian dirt roads.

Rangeley River and Lakes, trout and salmon waters can be reached by motor. One of the most favored routes is via Lewiston, north. Roads in fairly good condition in final stage of journey.

St. Mary's River, salmon and trout water. This territory can be reached by motor via St. John, Moncton, etc. Roads not good.

Caledonia Lakes, a series of lakes in Nova Scotia, with trout forming the principal fishing. By motor the route is similar to that taken for St. Mary's River. The roads could be greatly bettered for most of the way.

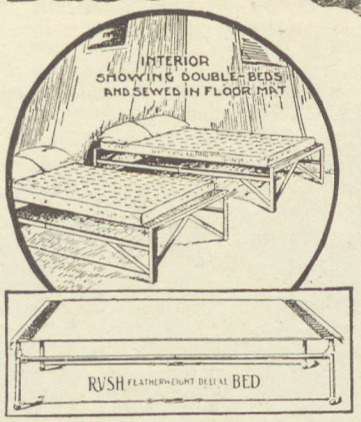
Bras d'Or Lakes, a chain of lakes on Cape Breton Island with trout in abundance. By motor the route is via St. John, Moncton, diverting east, through Amherst and Truro and crossing Canso Strait to Cape Breton Island to the Bras d'Or region, about midway on the island.

Also Tetagouche River, a trout water. By motor the route is the same as that taken for the Nepisiguit and Restigouche.

Margaree River, a salmon fishing water on Cape Breton Island. By motor over the same route as that taken for Bras d'Or. Connected with the Margaree are Lake Ainslee and Trout Brook, trout waters. Also on Cape Breton Island are the following salmon waters, Grand River, Middle River, Baddeck River, Black River, North River, Clyburn Brook, Bay St. Lawrence River, but all are secondary to the Margaree. Favorite flies are the Durham Ranger, Silver Doctor, Jock Scott, Black Dose, Silver Grey.


# Roughing It— *in* REAL COMFORT

*with a* **RUSH Poleless Palmetto TENT** *and* **De Luxe BEDS**




Rush Deluxe beds—the lightest full-spring folding camp bed made, with the Rush Light Fluffy Silk Floss Mattresses—afford home comforts never before found in camp equipments.

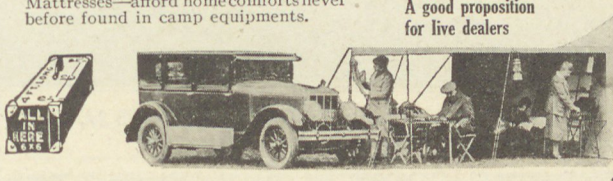
A water-proof "umbrella" type of tent, without center pole, substantially supported by four telescopic tubes. Screened mosquito-proof windows and door. Storm-proof shutters operated from inside. Sewed-in floor. Burglar-proof "locktite" door fasteners.

Tents shown are type B 10′ x 10′ Super Deluxe (canopy equipped with curtains) two-room outfits. The curtain or door of main tent locking on inside provides perfect privacy for two families with sleeping accommodations on Rush Deluxe 48″ double beds for from 4 to 8 people, as the main tent accommodates 3 Rush Deluxe beds with ample space for dressing purposes and one can be used in canopy annex.

Curtains extended provide 10 x 18 feet sheltered space. Largest and roomiest tent one person can quickly and easily set up—or that packs in such small space.

Note fibre carrying-case for tent on running board. Shipments can be made by parcel post.

**A good proposition for live dealers**

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Comfort and convenience so often lacking on a camping trip are provided for in the 1927 "Bungalow." *Write for descriptive circular and prices*

**HULL AUTO TRAILER CO., 18 N. Locust St., Hagerstown, Md.**

# Waltonian Activities

## News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

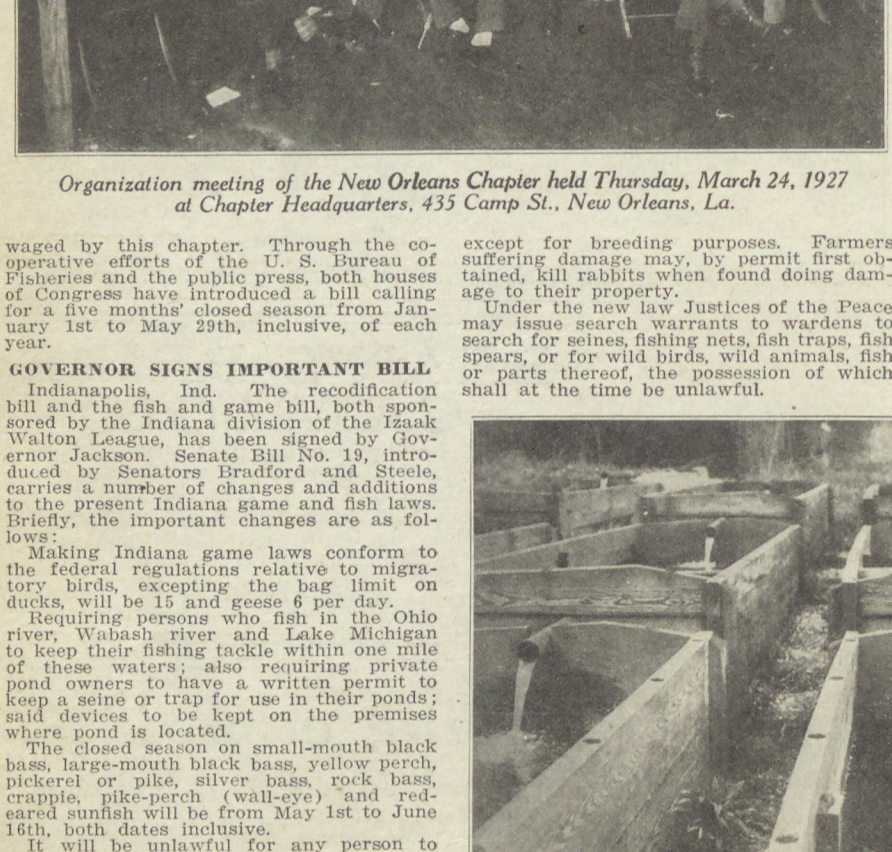
Executive Secretary

### NEW YORK AMENDS HEALTH LAW

UTICA, N. Y. Two important measures (Senate Bills Nos. 774-775) affecting the question of stream pollution have been sponsored by the New York State Division of the Izaak Walton League of America. These bills, relating to stream pollution, are to amend and clarify the Public Health and Conservation Laws of New York State.

### TO SHORTEN FISHING SEASON

Washington, D. C. A fight to put over a longer closed season for game fish in the waters of the Potomac under jurisdiction of the District of Columbia is being waged by this chapter. Through the cooperative efforts of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries and the public press, both houses of Congress have introduced a bill calling for a five months' closed season from January 1st to May 29th, inclusive, of each year.



*Organization meeting of the New Orleans Chapter held Thursday, March 24, 1927 at Chapter Headquarters, 435 Camp St., New Orleans, La.*

### GOVERNOR SIGNS IMPORTANT BILL

Indianapolis, Ind. The recodification bill and the fish and game bill, both sponsored by the Indiana division of the Izaak Walton League, has been signed by Governor Jackson. Senate Bill No. 19, introduced by Senators Bradford and Steele, carries a number of changes and additions to the present Indiana game and fish laws. Briefly, the important changes are as follows:

Making Indiana game laws conform to the federal regulations relative to migratory birds, excepting the bag limit on ducks, will be 15 and geese 6 per day.

Requiring persons who fish in the Ohio river, Wabash river and Lake Michigan to keep their fishing tackle within one mile of these waters; also requiring private pond owners to have a written permit to keep a seine or trap for use in their ponds; said devices to be kept on the premises where pond is located.

The closed season on small-mouth black bass, large-mouth black bass, yellow perch, pickerel or pike, silver bass, rock bass, crappie, pike-perch (wall-eye) and red-eared sunfish will be from May 1st to June 16th, both dates inclusive.

It will be unlawful for any person to take or catch more than 25 bluegills, crappies, rock bass or red-eared sunfish. The aggregate of black bass or silver bass will be 6 per day with not more than 12 of all kinds in possession in two or more days' fishing. The limit will be 6 on pike-perch or wall-eye. Two days' catch may be possessed in two or more days' fishing.

The length limit on the two black basses will be 11 inches; on silver bass 10 inches; pike or pickerel and pike-perch 15 inches; crappie 6 inches; yellow perch 7 inches; rock bass, bluegill or red-eared sunfish 5 inches.

The open season on rabbits will be from October 1st to January 11th; on squirrels August 1st to November 1st. The bag limit on rabbits will be 10 per day; on squirrels 5 per day. Protection to red squirrels (pineys) withdrawn. The sale of rabbits will be prohibited in closed season and entirely prohibited on squirrels at any time except for breeding purposes. Farmers suffering damage may, by permit first obtained, kill rabbits when found doing damage to their property.

Under the new law Justices of the Peace may issue search warrants to wardens to search for seines, fishing nets, fish traps, fish spears, or for wild birds, wild animals, fish or parts thereof, the possession of which shall at the time be unlawful.

The Recodification Bill was, in fact, about nine bills in one; Anti-Pollution Bill; bill for establishing new lakes; re-establishing old lakes and raising lake levels of the present lakes; a fifty-two bond issue measure, whereby cities can issue bonds for 52 years for sewage disposal plants, and other bills relating to parks, reserves and reforestation.

### FREEPORT ENTERTAINS MANY

Freeport, Ill. The Stephenson County chapter entertained five hundred people at a banquet with an address by Dr. Preston Bradley, at which time the purchase of land for a fish hatchery was discussed.

### CHICAGO BUILDS LOG CABIN

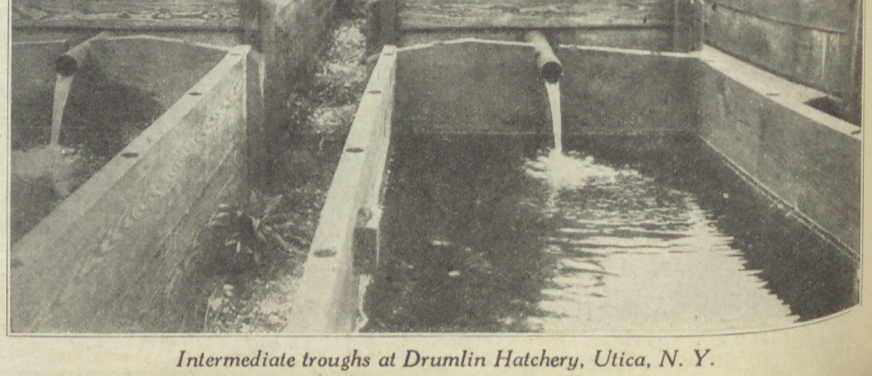
Chicago, Ill., March 15th. More than 300 Waltonians and their families attended the banquet given by North Shore Chapter in celebration of the construction of their new log cabin being built for them by the Cook County Board of Commissioners in the Forest Preserve adjoining Chicago. Dr. Walter Henry Macpherson, of Joliet, made the principal address in which he made an ardent plea for the unknown boy and stressed the potential possibilities of all youngsters. Chief Forester Kennicott described the beauties of and the necessity for preserves to enable people living in cities to better enjoy life. Peter Hoffman in charge of constructing the cabin made a short address in which he told of the work now being completed. A record crowd is expected to attend the dedication of the cabin May 1st.

### TO MODIFY GAME LAWS

Rapid City, So. Dak. An interesting meeting was recently held for the purpose of proposing changes in the South Dakota big game laws. Recommendations were made in the form of resolutions to shorten the hunting season to further decrease the bag limit on big game. The Rapid City chapter has been propagating trout, stocking the Black Hills streams, and have leased Cleghorn Springs, where they are constructing a fine trout hatchery, part of which will be under state supervision. Considerable interest has been aroused over the possibility of hunting and fishing license fees being transferred from the Fish and Game Commission to the State General Fund.

### SIOUX CITY HAS CLUB-HOUSE

Sioux City, Ia. Last fall this chapter purchased a tract of land consisting of one hundred acres and a large ten-room house at Crystal Lake, Nebr., and it is



*Intermediate troughs at Drumlin Hatchery, Utica, N. Y.*

their plan to remodel the house into a club house in the near future. The new officers for the year 1927 are as follows: President, H. M. Sanderson; vice-president, Cedric Hoskins; secretary, Mat Kostomlotsky; treasurer, Donald Davis.

### START POLLUTION CAMPAIGN

Huron, So. Dak. At the annual meeting of this chapter it was decided to formulate a plant to eliminate pollution in the James River. The campaign will include efforts to have an adequate sewage plant built in Huron. A. B. Blake was elected president; A. Schroeder, vice-president and George S. Sherman re-elected secretary. Dr. H. A. Hartwich was chosen treasurer.

### SIXTY-TWO AT CHARTER MEETING

Montpelier, Ind. This chapter recently organized, closed its charter with sixty-two active members. A large banquet was given and pictures were shown.

### NEBRASKA PUTS ON A DRIVE

Lincoln, Nebr. The Nebraska division headquarters is instructing its chapters in a big membership drive under an organized plan that is producing splendid results. Enthusiastic support has been given to legislative measures sponsored by Izaak Walton League members and division officers.

### THE KERKHOVEN CONGRESS

Kerkhoven, Minn. Dave Egerstrom, secretary of this chapter, reports that the First Annual Conservation Congress held here January 20th for the purpose of raising funds for conservation extension work in this locality, proved a big success both in attendance and financially. The stage setting for the meeting consisted of about one hundred Christmas trees that were used during the Christmas holidays, intermingled with Mr. Gandrud's wonderful collection of big and small game specimens. The speakers represented the best in oratory as applied to the subject of conservation. They are: Rev. E. R. Weeks, of Kerkhoven; Sam Anderson and Jake Jacobson, of Hutchinson, Minn.; Frank Bigham, of Wilmar, Minn. John McGovern, representative of the Minneapolis Journal, and Chas. Hentke, assistant commissioner, State Department of Conservation. The Kerkhoven municipal band, under the direction of G. Gronoski, gave one of its well balanced concerts. The Kerkhoven chapter citizens through the medium of OUTDOOR AMERICA, desire to extend their feelings of sincere appreciation for the cooperation shown by the press, the radio station, sporting magazines, jobbers and manufacturers, national headquarters, the several clubs and organizations, to Mr. Doellner, the active state division secretary, and to everybody who so generously supported this chapter in their First Conservation Congress. The approximate net cash returns from this congress are estimated at about $800.

### GEORGIA HAS NEW CHAPTER

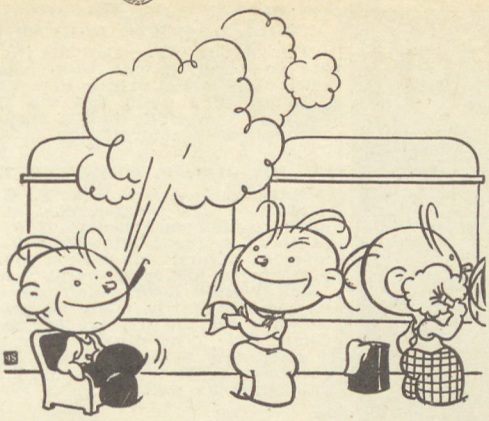
Columbus, Ga. A charter containing 107 signatures represents the interest that Columbus sportsmen have in the League's program. Temporary officers were elected: W. McKenzie, president; J. E. Humes, first vice-president; T. P. Wade, second vice-president; J. W. Willis, secretary and treasurer. The new members were addressed by Ozark Ripley, sportswriter, I. T. Quinn, and P. F. Twitty, game and fish commissioners of Alabama and Georgia, respectively.

### BEAVER FALLS HEARS REITELL

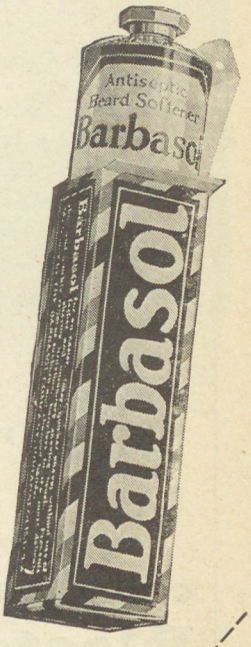
Beaver Falls, Pa. Beaver Valley chapter No. 94 held a well attended banquet dinner. The members and guests were instructed in the local pollution campaign by Dr. Chas. Reitell, University of Pittsburgh, and Sherman Roney, chapter president. The short business session concerning the chapter's constitution and by-laws was followed by three reels of motion pictures and an address by Ozark Ripley, nationally known sportsman and writer.

### ANNUAL SPORTSMEN'S BANQUET

Spokane, Wash. The Ninth Annual Sportsmen's banquet under the auspices of the Heideman chapter was enjoyed by members and guests on February 24th. Much originality on the part of members of this chapter was expressed in the preparation and execution of the elaborate program. The "Spokane Press" ran an extra sheet containing clever comedy news items on the characteristics of some of Spokane's leading sportsmen. The program was an amusing satire on the activities of prominent members and did much to arouse interest and create good will toward the constructive work of this chapter.

# Your Best Pal on any Outing




Roughing it is bully. But after you've been in camp two-three days, doesn't a nice clean shave feel great? **Barbasol's your best pal then.**

And you know if you let a couple of women within hailing distance of any summer resort, they'll get up a dance. You've just got to slick up and go. **And you want Barbasol then.**

Or is touring your game? Why, there isn't a run by car or train that isn't ended better by a cool, smooth **Barbasol shave.**

So take Barbasol with you on your trip. It helps you to travel light. No brush to pack or **lose.** Just your dandy old razor and **Barbasol!**

You'll be first to breakfast, first on the lake, first out of the tourist camp—every morning—because Barbasol's the fast, no-rub-in shave. Look:

1. **Wash the face (and leave it wet).**
2. **Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in).**
3. **Shave!**

And what a sporty shave! All silky smooth and cool. For Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin—takes nothing away but the whiskers. Send for the sample—try Barbasol three times according to directions—and you'll be glad forever.

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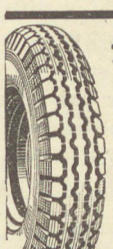

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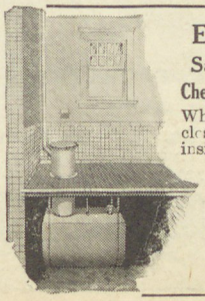

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### WILL OBSERVE FOREST WEEK

Danville, Ill. The Danville public schools are co-operating with this chapter in the celebration of American Forest Week, beginning April 24th, for the purpose of arousing the public to the real facts and advantages of reforestation.

### DR. WM. P. GRIFFITH DEAD

Manson, Ia. Dr. Wm. P. Griffith, organizer of this chapter, died at the home of his mother on February 26th. Dr. Griffith was a true Waltonian and an ardent lover of nature. He took a great deal of pleasure in his constructive work for the Izaak Walton League and one of his last wishes was that he might be strong enough to work for the passage of the Fish and Game Bill. The death of Dr. Griffith is a great loss to the Jefferson and Manson chapters and to the state and National organization as well.

### FISH-FRY AND SMOKER

Olathe, Kans. A well attended banquet given by the Johnson County Chapter was held at a local cafe recently where members and guests were well entertained by Col. C. L. Lutkins, international fisherman, who talked on "Fishing in the River Dove in England," which stream was made famous by Izaak Walton. Col. Lutkins related many other highly interesting fishing experiences and displayed several kinds of mounted fish and a collection of fly rods, some of which were used by his father sixty years ago. Mounted birds and animals, Indian curios and guns were also displayed.

After Col. Lutkins' talk, the members held a round table discussion on fish and fishing which proved to be both interesting and educational. The officers for the past year were re-elected: Harry Case, president; W. D. Morrison, secretary; J. C. Dennis, treasurer. President Case explained, in an interesting way, the manner in which the principles of the Izaak Walton League could be applied to the vicinity in and around Olathe and predicted a successful year for the Johnson County Chapter.

### OKLAHOMA CONVENTION

The annual convention of the Oklahoma Division will be held on May 3, 4, and 5, at Bartlesville, Okla. Members desiring reservations or seeking detailed information will communicate with F. J. Hill, state secretary, or A. O. Harrison, president of the Bartlesville chapter.

### CHAPTER NO. 1 CELEBRATES

Spearfish, So. Dak. The third annual banquet attended by 647 members, guests and prominent state officials, sponsored by the Izaak Walton League chapter No. 1, held at Spearfish Park, March 14th, was a great success. Gov. W. J. Bulow, L. N. Crill, O. H. Johnson, director of the Department of Game and Fish, and Chauncey Yellow Robe of the Rapid City Indian school, addressed the gathering after the elk and fish dinner. Without previous notice to anyone, a unique announcement was made by Gov. Bulow at the dinner, to the effect that he chose this meeting as the occasion to appoint O. H. Johnson director of the Game and Fish Department.

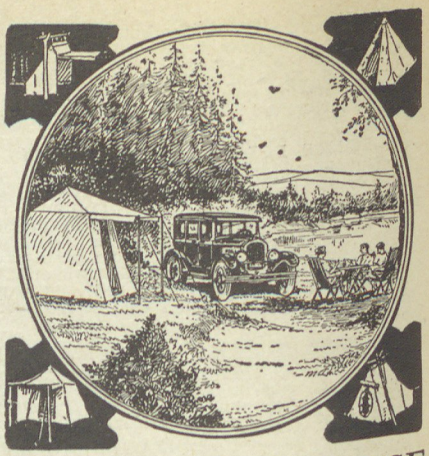
### ANDERSON, IND., HOLDS FISH-FRY

The third annual fish dinner of the Anderson chapter attended by 500 persons was held March 22nd. The speakers were Herbert H. Evans, Newcastle, Ind., Con. Albert P. Vestal and Dr. Karl Brown, of Indianapolis. Reverend Walter H. Macpherson, Joliet, Ill., was the principal speaker who covered the subject of conservation for posterity in a manner that was highly instructive to his listeners.

### MEMPHIS ELECTS OFFICERS

Memphis Tenn. The following were elected to serve as officers of the Memphis chapter for the ensuing year. Dan Wolf, president; J. F. Waggoner and Jack R. Horsley, vice presidents; A. J. Taylor, secretary-treasurer; J. A. Riechman, Henry Loeb and Judge Tom Harsh as the executive committee. Dr. W. M. Slack and Henry Loeb were elected delegates to the National Convention. A committee was appointed to have prepared and erected ten large highway sign boards bearing slogans to promote the observance of fishing and hunting laws. Merton Heiss, former national secretary, who has been active in promoting the League's interests in Memphis, addressed the members.

A most interesting and practical four page monthly bulletin is being published by this chapter. Their first number portrays the essence of true Waltonian spirit and is a big credit to this progressive chapter.

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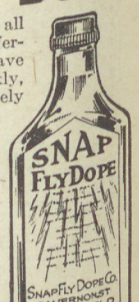


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### FREE THEATRE PROGRAM

Cape Girardeau, Mo., chapter No. 56, offered the public a free motion picture show consisting of afternoon and evening programs showing scenes of America's Great Out-of-doors. Mr. Henry Depping, of the State Fish and Game Department, addressed both audiences and music was furnished by Kassel's 140th Infantry Orchestra.

### SHARON, PA., PRINT BULLETIN

The Shenango Valley Chapter No. 57 circulates periodical bulletins to their members containing the latest news on chapter and state division activities. In one of their late issues they covered the accomplishments of the State Game Commission, legislative measures to be supported, the number of hunting licenses issued in their county in comparison with the number of members in their chapter and other helpful suggestions.

### PLANS FISH HATCHERY

Bentonville, Ark. This chapter at a special meeting decided upon the construction of fish hatcheries. Plans were also made for an organized membership drive.

### MONTGOMERY, PA., BANQUET

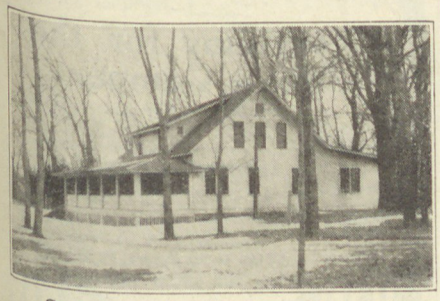
This chapter recently held its annual banquet which was well attended and created a great amount of public interest. Dr. Chas. Lose of Montoursville, addressed the meeting on the subject "Wood, Smoke and Running Water." Dr. Lose was recently elected honorary president of the Montgomery chapter. A. C. Kilmer, secretary, reports that 190 members and guests were present.

### NEW KENTUCKY CHAPTER

A new chapter with 52 charter members has been organized at Owingsville, Bath county, Kentucky. Officers of the new chapter are: W. C. Lacy, president; L. A. Goodpaster, secretary-treasurer.

### PARIS, KY., ENDS MEMBER DRIVE

After three weeks drive for new members the Bourbon chapter reports 96 additions to the roster bringing the membership up to 315. Delegates were chosen to the Fifth Annual National Convention. The chapter's slogan for this year is "Plant a Fish."



*Sioux City Chapter's new club house.*

### ST. JOHN, N. D., GIVES DANCE

This chapter recently entertained members and guests from surrounding chapters at a successful ball. An interesting outdoor exhibit provided by Emmet Sutton created much interest, while neighboring chapters contributed one act playlets and musical numbers between dances. The proceeds of the entertainment were about $250.00. President Wm. Schuill addressed the members on the aims and objects of the League.

### CORRY, PA., PLANS WORK

Committees to investigate stream pollution; a more rigorous enforcement of game laws; farmer co-operation; rebuilding of the Columbus dam; attention to Legislative measures and vermin control represent some of the activities of this chapter. Ozark Ripley was the speaker at their April 1st meeting.

### COLFAX, S. D., NAMES OFFICERS

Members of this chapter recently elected the following officers: Jess Neal, president; Dr. W. A. Mitchell, vice president; L. L. Burgunder, secretary-treasurer. Virgil Canutt, Carl Baker and Dr. E. N. Layton, comprise the board of directors. Educational, publicity, membership and legislative committees were appointed.

### EADS, COLO., RESTOCKS LAKES

This chapter, through its secretary, W. Z. Lawrence, is negotiating with the State Fish and Game Department regarding the restocking of their local lakes with fish and stocking this territory with pheasants. Colorado has just passed a law closing

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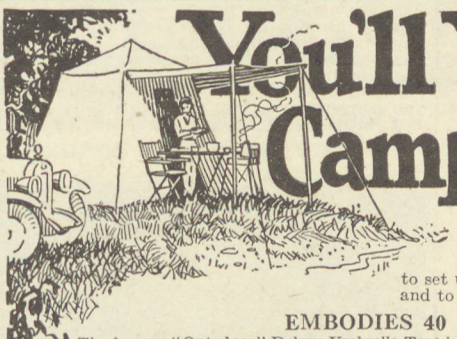

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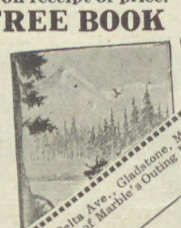

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the prairie chicken season until September 15, 1929. The season on male ring neck pheasants will open September 26, 1930. President Anderson appointed committees on education, entertainment, publicity, membership, legislation and enforcement. Mr. King, the chapter's vice-president, has given the members permission to use part of his land on Lake NeGronda as a recreation camp.

### LINCOLN, NEBR., ANSWERS CRITICISM

"The Lincoln Journal," through its "Voice of the People" column, published two letters, one written by a prominent agriculturist of Wellfleet, Nebr., the other by L. M. Campbell, secretary of the Lincoln chapter, portraying in an interesting manner the farmer's viewpoint of sportsmen and the Izaak Walton League's attitude toward the farmer.

To summarize the friendly debate in a few words, opposition to hunters seems to be due to the farmer not being sufficiently informed as to the purposes of the League. Mr. Campbell's letter very clearly sets forth the co-operative spirit that should exist between the farmer and the city hunter.

### PASSAIC CO-OPERATING WITH STATE

Passaic, N. J. The Wanaque River, a trout stream running from Greenwood Lake to Wanaque Valley watershed was "adopted" recently by this chapter as the stream to which chapter members will give special attention this year. They have received assurances that it will be well stocked with trout and they propose to prevent pollution of it and to assist the wardens in the enforcement of the laws there. President E. H. Remig appointed a committee on anti-pollution and a committee to canvass the chapter for members for a new trapshooting and rifle club. The chapter voted to move toward the formation of a state division of the League. There are now fourteen chapters in New Jersey with indications that this number will be doubled by next January.

### UTICA ELECTS OFFICERS

Utica, N. Y., chapter No. 3 held its election of officers, heard reports of committees and adopted several resolutions at their annual meeting. Ward B. Edwards was re-elected president, and those chosen to assist Mr. Edwards are, first vice-president, Leon W. Porter; second vice-president, Rev. Arnold F. Keller; treasurer, H. C. Moore; secretary, V. R. Evans; director for three years, W. T. Langdon. Carl Schantz, chairman of the membership committee, announced 571 new members have been taken in during the year. In the resolutions the chapter went on record as backing the junior project work in tree planting and pledged support to amendments to the conservation law and the public health law proposed by State Senator Freiberg, of Buffalo.

*Senator O. W. Sparks, Galena, Kansas, to whom great credit should be given for the passage of House Bill 593, which assures Kansas of proper conservation laws.*

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**Bodifit Auto Cushion**
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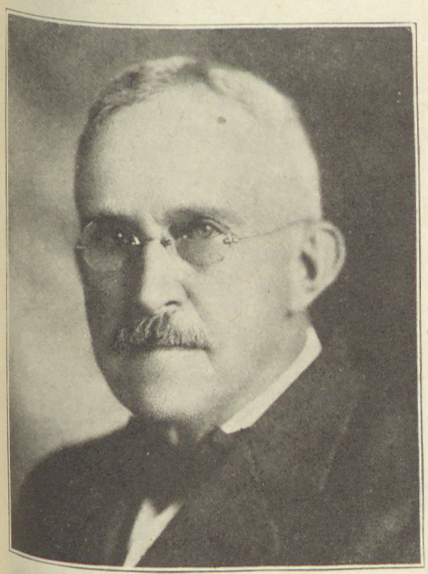
SEE PAGE 138 FOR
INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
(DISPLAY)

### HANLEY FALLS GAME REFUGE

Hanley Falls, Minn. N. A. Simonson, president of this chapter reports: "Our game refuge established two years ago is full of game birds. The birds were given food and shelter on account of the snow coming so early this winter. It is estimated that there are over 500 quails there this winter, to say nothing of prairie chickens and pheasants. A crate of Hungarian partridges will be added this spring."



*George A. Clark, Topeka, Kansas, member of the Forestry, Fish and Game Commission the past two years, twice Secretary of State and sponsor of the first fish and game laws in Kansas about thirty years ago. The recently passed Forestry, Fish and Game Bill went over, due mainly to his efforts. Mr. Clark has been a hunter of big game, loves angling and is a practical, true conservationist.*

### HAVE YOU HEARD DULUTH?

Duluth, Minn. Harry J. Denney, second vice president of the Minnesota Division, informs us of their success in broadcasting Izaak Walton League programs by radio over station WEBC, every Wednesday evening at 7 p. m., central standard time. The program plan followed for the past four months consists of having a speaker from every town possible to come to the broadcasting station to address the radio listeners. Each speaker is usually accompanied by a delegation from his chapter and Duluth chapter reports many diversified Izaak Walton League programs are thus arranged by versatile visiting members. The newspapers are lending their support to this novel idea which is producing very favorable results.

### EACH ONE ACTUALLY GOT ONE

Marion, Kans. A. H. Case, secretary of this chapter reports that the success of their membership campaign has been greater than expected. Between the first and second meetings every member was requested to get one new member. The second meeting developed fifty members, the third meeting eighty members and at their last meeeting their membership was 107. Their gatherings are in the form of a smoker, following a 7 o'clock dinner at the country club. The town of Marion has less than 2,000 inhabitants and 107 members represent a good percentage; however, the membership drive continues.

### I. W. L. A. CLUB IN HIGH SCHOOL

Oklahoma City, Okla. The "Oklahoma City Times" gave front page space to a movement sponsored by Miss Florence McMullen in which students of the Harding Jr. High school have formed an Izaak Walton Club for the conservation of wild life. Four degrees are granted to the members based on points won in the tests. They range from fifty points for the first degree to 600 for the building of a bird house and the construction of a bird "cafeteria." Stalking and reporting on wild birds or animals, taking their pictures, planting a tree, work in landscape gardening and planting grain on waste land for the birds, are a few of the many ways of earning points toward the coveted degrees.

The **Kamp King** has removable, folding steel U rods run through double sewed pockets along the eaves and spring-lock at corners, making a frame that will not weave or buckle in a wind. One-piece steel center-pole, which folds in three sections, has sole leather base. Ratchet appliance automatically adjusts pole to proper height. Strong strips of webbing from corners of eaves to peak, with sole leather cup at peak, reinforce tent cloth and permit drum-tight, rigid erection.

Made of Deep, Forest Green, 8⅓-ounce closely woven Tent Cloth. Dry Water-proofed by most perfect treatment known. Sheds water like a duck's back. Water-proofing process leaves tent dry to touch—will not mildew—wears well. Sewed-in floor of same material is reinforced where tent-pole stands. Storm-proof window (size 14 by 18 inches) is made rain-proof by patented gutters on either side. Window can be closed from inside. Tent door, 38 by 60 inches, has bobinet screen door, and storm door, which with the aid of double door laps, 6-inch door riser and snap fasteners, make an unexposed enclosure. Eaves, 6 feet, 2 inches high; center, 7 feet, 6 inches. Awning has 2½ inch drop edges, provided with snaps for attaching side curtains. Side curtains and awning poles can be furnished at small additional cost—TENT CAN BE SHIPPED BY PARCEL POST.

**460 W 9590**—Base size, 9 x 7 feet; 5 feet square at eaves. Complete with canvas carrying bag for tent, extra bags for poles and steel stakes. Size, knocked down, 4 feet by 11 inches. Awning poles not included. Shipping weight 45 pounds..... **$33.95**

**460 W 9591**—Base size, 10½ x 8¼ feet; 5 feet square at eaves. Size, knocked down, 4 feet by 11 inches. Awning poles not included. Shipping weight 48 pounds..... **$38.95**

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**(Awning poles for above tents $1.98 per pair)**

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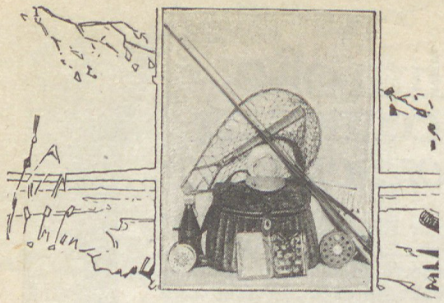

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### DETROIT HAS JUNIOR CHAPTER

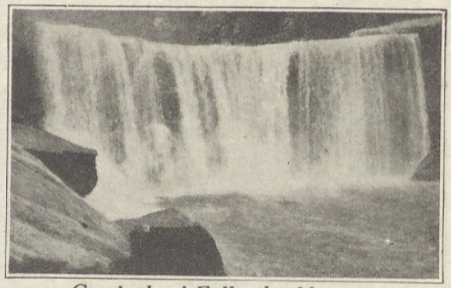
Detroit, Mich. L. J. VanSchoick, chairman, and Andrew J. Krebs, secretary, report through the "Detroit Free Press" the organization meeting of the Junior Izaak Walton League at Cass Technical High school, March 12th, with an attendance of 300 boys. The boys will be taught the essentials of fishing and woodcraft and instructed in the value of conservation of natural resources.

### MAYWOOD, ILL., GROWING

B. B. Coons, secretary, reports that a great amount of interest and activity has followed the start of their membership campaign. Maywood is a west suburb of Chicago located near the DesPlaines River. Immediately following the conclusion of their membership drive, they plan to direct their efforts towards co-operating with other chapters in the matter of cleaning up the DesPlaines River.

### LOCK HAVEN CHAPTER COOPERATES

Lock Haven, Pa. Arthus S. Bush, secretary, reports that they are working with the Clinton County Game and Fish Association, having a membership of over two thousand. They expect to have an attendance of at least 500 at their second annual banquet to be held soon.



*Cumberland Falls should not be despoiled.*

### CRYSTAL RIVER SPONSORS REFUGE

Crystal River, Fla. At a meeting of the town council of Crystal River, Mrs. Agnes Adams, representing the local Izaak Walton League Chapter, presented a resolution asking the council to extend the city limits to include territory about Salt River to provide for policing this territory in order that it may be maintained as a preserve for wild animal and bird life.

### ENGLEWOOD HOLDS BIG MEETING

Englewood, Ill. (Chicago) chapter recently held one of its most enthusiastic meetings attended by delegations from neighboring chapters. National President Chas. W. Folds addressed the members and three good wrestling bouts provided entertainment. Many new candidates were elected and installed to membership through a ritual ceremony that deeply impressed the new members with the principles and the purpose of the Izaak Walton League. After this ceremony, a dinner was served to the guests. Englewood is conducting a record-breaking membership campaign under the leadership of President Edgar.

### PENN. CHAPTERS FIGHT POLLUTION

Izaak Walton League chapters and kindred organizations of Pennsylvania are waging a big fight in support of the State Anti-stream Pollution Bill No. 911 recently introduced in the State Assembly by Charles F. Bidelspacher. Endorsement by the Philadelphia city council of the pending legislation will serve to show senators and representatives at Harrisburg, that other than fishermen are interested in the measure. All Waltonians should know that conservation of natural resources is primary and that fishing is only one of the numerous benefits the public will derive from clean streams.

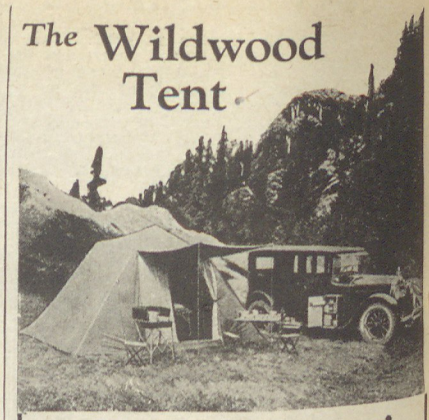
### CANON CITY ELECTS OFFICERS

Canon City, Colo. The annual meeting and dinner of the Royal Gorge chapter provided splendid entertainment for members, guests and visiting members from surrounding chapters. The following officers were elected: Dall De Weese, president; G. V. Hodgin, first vice-president; Ernest Stump, second vice-president; T. B. Coulter, third vice-president; R. L. Hinman, secretary; E. R. Bancroft, treasurer.

### PRODUCTIVE FISH HATCHERY

Guthrie, Okla. Harry Atkins reports that within two weeks more than 70,000 bass from four to eight inches in length were taken from a two and one-half acre lake and placed in waters of Logan County.


The Wildwood Tent



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You'll like it because it's the most sturdy and stormproof tent of the type that you'll find. It has sewed-in floor, Bobbinette rear double window and extra ventilating door of Bobbinette that closes tightly from top to bottom with "Zipper" fasteners as used on Galoshes. No tent could be more securely sealed against insects or reptiles, and with the awning down, you'll be perfectly sheltered in stormiest weather.

Light and compact, steel telescopic frame—conveniently carried complete in bag on running board.

Write for full details and prices on this delightful Outer's shelter.

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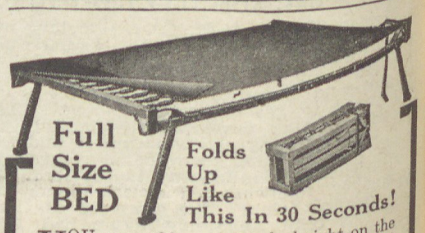

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YOU carry this complete bed right on the running board; then when you arrive at camp—just a few simple movements and in thirty seconds you have a full double bed. Heavy canvas top, with spring supports gives comfort and rest. Size folded 5½ x 9 x 24 inches. Another model has full wire fabric spring top. *"You'll never rest till you get one!"*

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Guthrie sportsmen propose to improve their plant next year, and by taking out their product two months earlier, increase the capacity to more than 100,000.

**UTICA PLANS FISH DISTRIBUTION**

Utica, N. Y. This chapter has purchased a truck which will be used for the transportation of fish to and from the hatchery. This truck will also be used by the committee on Game Propagation headed by H. W. Pearson. Ray P. Thomas, chairman of the Committee on Fish Propagation has announced that, "the work of the committee on fish planting has been so planned this year that no one will be forced to take any time from his business. In order that planting may be facilitated and better results obtained, a battery of receiving troughs will be available at the hatchery at all times. It is quite often the case that train connections are such that fish cannot be delivered until late in the afternoon, which does not allow sufficient time for proper planting. Freshets sometimes occur and streams are in no condition to be stocked at the time when they arrive. Again it may be impossible to obtain men on certain days to assist in the planting. Whenever necessary, shipments of fish will be immediately transferred to our hatchery at Barneveld and held until they can be properly planted. They will be in charge of an experienced fish culturist in the employ of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries from the time of their arrival until they are finally placed in the various waters in this vicinity."

**LANCASTER, WIS., DOES GOOD WORK**

N. O. Mink reports chapter No. 17 has been holding some very successful meetings. A weekly banquet is served in the club room of their new municipal building. E. F. Bean, State Geologist, gave a most instructive and interesting address at the March 21st meeting. Nearby streams have been stocked with trout and efforts have been made to raise ringneck pheasants. President Henry Mink has appointed committees on membership, propagation and entertainment, headed by active interested members. Through the assistance of J. B. Kunan, the county Agricultural Agent, an enthusiastic Waltonian, actual work in reforestation has begun.

BALTIMORE, MD., TO STOP NETTING

C. Clemson Brown, president of this chapter, has issued an open letter denouncing purse-netting as an "outrage." Members will gather at Annapolis to fight for the passage of a bill to prohibit this kind of fishing.

TOPEKA, KANS., USES ARMORY

President W. G. Dickie announces that permission has been officially granted to the chapter Rifle Club to use the indoor target range at the Armory every Friday night.

NEW HOLSTEIN, WIS., "PICNIC"

A. T. Hipke, president, reports the annual pilgrimage of its members to the woods; known in this city as a mid-winter frolic or picnic. This picnic is just what the name implies, but the difference lies in the fact that the members of this chapter have learned to appreciate the beauties of the out-of-doors in the midwinter season.

WELLSVILLE, MO., BANQUET

This chapter had a reindeer banquet which served as a get-together affair for all the local members and was voted a huge success predicting united teamwork in the chapter for the future.


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## The Camping Marvel of the Age

*No Center Pole—No Guy Ropes—No Corner Poles*

Stoll's 1927 CLEAR SPACE TENT is in all respects the finest tent these master tent makers have ever designed. Its many new improvements and exclusive features make it so. The highest grade 10-oz. U. S. Army duck is used. It has bobbinet door with zipper fastener, eliminating straps and snaps. Screened door and window. Sewed-in floor and raised threshold. Perfectly rigid arch roof support without center pole or corner poles. Set up like magic by one person in 5 minutes. Large awning with peaked roof provides extra room. In all respects a marvel of tent construction providing the utmost room because of wide hips and no center pole, and maximum comfort for all camping purposes.

It comes complete with steel tent stakes; awning guy ropes, water-proof carrying bag and everything ready for camping.

*Write for complete catalog of Stoll tents and Stoll Camp Equipment. IT'S FREE*

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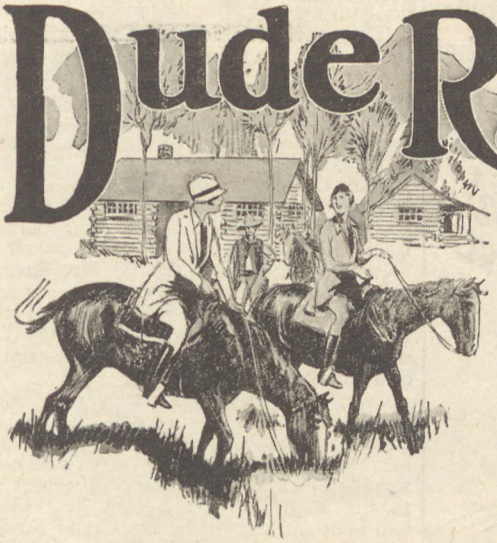
# Dude Ranches

## In Canada



Fathers? Riding the skyline trails. Sisters? Camping with the collegiate element. Juniors? Learning to ride and rope with the cowboys. Nothing for mothers to do but rest. Or "Alpine" up to the Falls. Or fish. Or ride the spectacular trails. Something always doing—that's a Western Canadian Dude Ranch. Never on one? Then here is your family vacation. Bother-free. Comfortable quarters. But hurry the reservations—ranches fill up fast!

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No brewing, no dripping, no grounds. You don't even have to tote a coffee pot. One teaspoon of G. Washington's coffee, a cup of hot water and you have a steaming, fragrant cup of coffee. Packed in tin so it can't lose its flavor, or get wet. Add to the joy of the open that sense of luxury perfect coffee gives—in this efficient, practical form. Remember when you plan that next trip — G. Washington's coffee is on sale at your grocer . . . no camper should be without it.

G. Washington's INSTANT COFFEE

# Michigan State Convention

Reported by
PAUL D. BURRESS

THE Michigan State Convention, closed March 26th at the Statler Hotel, Detroit. H. A. Savage of Saginaw was elected president of the Michigan division. Henry A. Schuil of Grand Rapids, retiring president, received the unanimous vote of the convention for honorary president of the State Division. Sidney Madden of Detroit and Dr. William Kerr of Bay City were elected vice presidents for the ensuing year.

The convention recommended that no change be made in the fly fishing order of the department of conservation under which bait and spinner fishing is now prohibited on certain Michigan trout streams, with the suggestion that the order be continued for one year so that the value of this conservation measure might be determined.

## Resolutions Adopted

A resolution was adopted requesting the various utilities and industries in the state to join with the League in the preservation and perpetuation of the purity of its waters and the conservation of its natural resources.

The convention called upon all citizens of the state to resist any effort to repeal the discretionary power act now resident in the director of conservation, characterizing it as "the most forward step taken by any state in the Union." It also endorsed the measure now before the legislature which would bring all abandoned lands under control of the conservation department.

The convention adopted another resolution commending the work of John Baird, former director of conservation, and went on record as pledging the undivided support of the League to Leight J. Young, present director and to the conservation commission.

With the election of Mr. Savage as state president, the Michigan division headquarters are transferred from Grand Rapids to Saginaw.

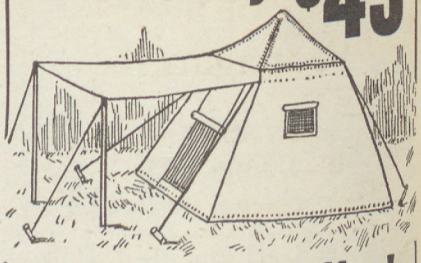
In accepting the presidency Mr. Savage eulogized the work of his predecessor and pledged himself to the solution of the Michigan Division's problems. "Our Division should have 100,000 members within a few years," he said.

Capt. Charles E. Belknap of Grand Rapids, struck a leading note in the last day's session by pleading for the enlistment of the youth of the country in conservation work. He referred especially to the Boy Scouts and told how plans had been worked out by the Grand Rapids council for taking all Boy Scouts into the Walton League as Junior members.

The convention closed with a banquet at the Hotel Statler at which Charles W. Folds, national president of the League, was the chief speaker.

The other speakers who addressed the convention were Judge Willis B. Perkins of Grand Rapids, who spoke on "The Rights of Riparian Owners on Streams Being Used for Hydro-Electric Power Development"; Fred K. George of Grand Rapids, on the subject of "How to Finance a Comprehensive Program of Conservation," and Jay W. Lindsey of Grand Rapids, who explained what the decision of the Michigan Supreme Court in the Collins-Gerhardt case means to fishermen of the state.


Only $45



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The tent accommodates three cots and a table. Ample ventilation is assured by the large screened window and door. Sewed-in waterproof floor, rustproof steel telescoping poles and metal stakes. Compact to carry, easy one-man erection. The large 6½' x10' awning affords shade and comfort.
Your summer will be more enjoyable if you have one of these tents. Drive where you wish, camp where you wish and really enjoy the great out-of-doors. It pays for itself in ten days in saving hotel bills.

### Your Guarantee

Our 45 years' integrity your guarantee of **absolute satisfaction.** We pay the freight. Shipment will be made same day your money order is received. If tent is not entirely satisfactory it may be returned and your money will be refunded at once. Order today and begin enjoying real tent-comfort and satisfaction.

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*Assures Rest and Sleep!*

HUNTERS, fishermen and auto campers enjoy dry, restful sleep on AIRO camping mattresses. Easily carried. Made of all new rubber, khaki covered, and will last for years. Quickly inflated by mouth or any auto pump.

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A pocket of air under every "dimple" assures super-resiliency and comfort—low air pressure with maximum buoyancy. AIRO cushions are also made for boats, canoes, porch swings, autos, sick room and office use. Write for catalog.

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# The Adventures of a Propagandist

By
EDWARD BRECK
*Pres. Anti-Steel-Trap League*

NO doubt I looked a little glum. Here I was, the John B. Gough of the trapping game (trapped all my life, off and on), and slowly coming to the unwelcome conclusion that a mere statement of fact will not cause millions to pour into the League treasury. My chum, who loves me as well as he can anything except his wife and the higher mathematics, favored the direct method.

"No use describing things," he said. "You might as well try to make people enjoy a dinner by describing it. You've got to bring it home to them, to make them actually see the animals wriggling in the traps,—that's the only way."

"Yes, that's all right, but how—in this case?"

"Well, here's a lead for you. In this burg the West Side set gives the tone. Get the West Side interested and the battle's half won if it's the mazooma you want. Now in the West Side there's one dame who *is* the West Side, namely, Mrs. Dick Salter. She's got the oof, she's got the go, and she's public-spirited. Just get her attention off her society functions for a few minutes and I'll bet she'll come across. That means that all the rest will follow."

"But would she be interested?"

"She probably would. I heard she gave $10,000 to the fund for abused cats, and anyone who'll do that will help to save wild animals from torture."

A brilliant idea galvanized my brain. "I have it!" I exclaimed. And this is what I did.

I put on my high hat and my spats and my Legion of Honor button and I called on Mrs. Dick Salter. As you don't know me, I can't make you realize how ingratiating I can be when I really try, but let it go with the plain statement that, before I had skipped airily down the impressive front steps of the Salter mansion, Mrs. Dick had agreed to give up to me her big drawing-room, dining-room and winter-garden for a certain evening, and assured me that every one of the West Side Four Hundred would be present on that occasion, or she'd know the reason why. I had carte-blanche to go as far as I liked.

I called in my friend Dave Abercrombie, and between us we transformed that floor of the Salter mansion into a woodland glade. In one corner was a camp-fire which nestled almost like the real thing in a grove of pines and hemlocks, while a pretty brooklet ran over a rock and formed a beautiful waterfall, and then into a little pool in front of the trapper's lean-to, in which a few trout swam about. Carefully arranged on wires were several miserable, stuffed animals, mink and otter, which, at the proper time, were to be pushed into the jaws of concealed steel-traps. When this should happen, the tail of a small pig was to be twisted, to imitate the agonized cries of the trapped animals. I didn't like this feature, but Dave assured me that he wouldn't pinch very hard, and that he had a pig which squealed if you only looked at him.


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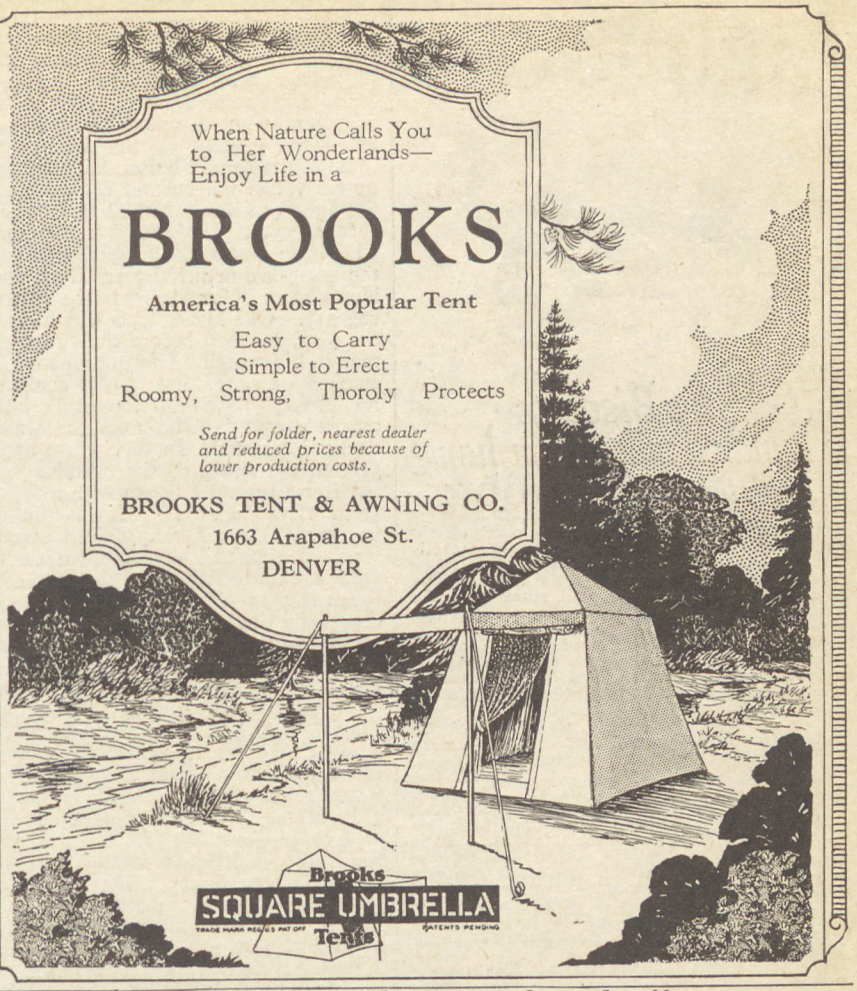


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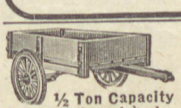

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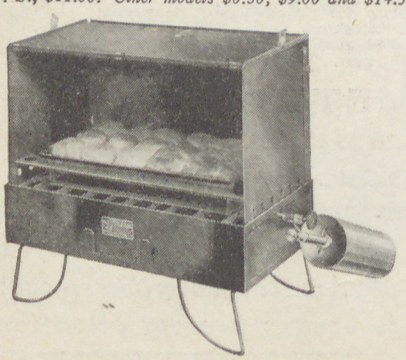



I must give Mrs. Salter the credit of getting together "a large and representative audience," as the papers have it. All the swagger set were there, most of the ladies with some kind of furs on, which was just what I wanted. Ladies don't know the cruelty of the steel-trap, but these ladies should before the evening was over. When the curtain rose, I felt that the fight was won. Fat checks danced before my eyes. The scene was really pretty. The little waterfall gurgled and purled, the camp-fire artificially crackled, and the birds sang (far behind the scene in cages!). Old Dave, who lent himself to the play, reclined before the fire with his pipe in his mouth (I forgot whether Dave smokes or not), and a big, comfortable hound-dog "gazed up trustingly into his master's eyes." The audience was evidently interested. In fact warm applause greeted the rising of the curtain.

After a second I began with a few lines from "Evangeline": "This is the forest primeval," etc. I rhapsodized about the virgin forest and the freedom of God's wild creatures and the beauty of untouched nature. Gradually I led up, by describing the beginnings of the fur trade in the wilds of the northern wilderness, to the final act, which was to be the catching in the traps of the stuffed furbearers. As I paused a moment, for effect, Mrs. Salter, perhaps feeling that she was not doing all her part toward the success of the evening, rose and took a few steps towards the camp-fire and the waterfall.

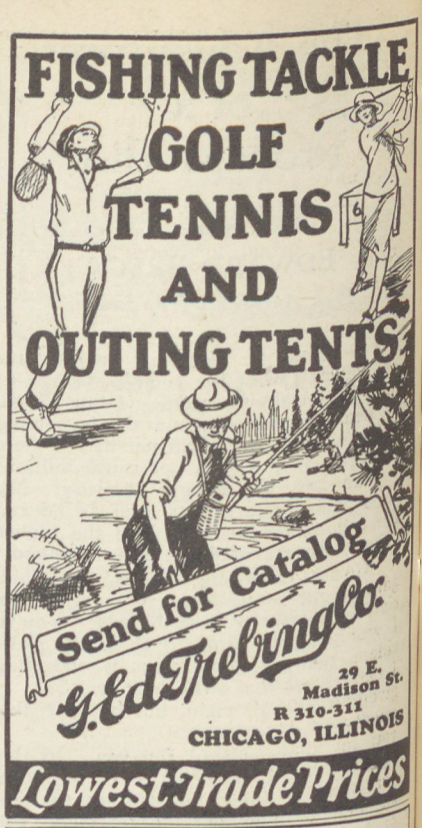
In alarm I waved her back as politely as I could, for if she continued in the direction in which she started, she would infallibly step right on the pan of a big toothed otter-trap by the brook's side. But she did not appear to hear me.

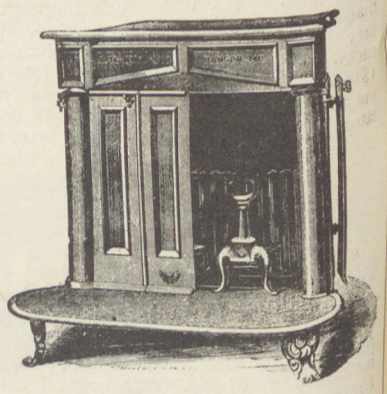
"Beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Lovely! I must see how you wizards made it all look so natural. Why, those fish are really alive!"

"My dear Mrs. Salter!" I cried out, now thoroughly frightened. "You really—"

But nothing would stop her, and before I could leap over a couple of intervening chairs and actually hold her back by force, and in spite of Dave's yell of warning, the unfortunate lady took the three needed steps to arrive at the brook's side and then planted her pretty, silver-slippered foot flat on the pan of the ugly otter-trap, which promptly snapped together like a pistol-shot! A scream of agony pierced our ears as the poor lady staggered and fell half in the water in a dead faint. Everyone rose and rushed forward, Mr. Salter himself the first. Dave and I were before him, and almost before the audience realized what had happened, we had freed the imprisoned foot, and were staunching the blood which literally spurted from the several deep wounds caused by the trap teeth. All was confusion. "A doctor! A doctor!" was the cry. Mr. Salter, when he at last saw what had happened, turned upon me in fury. He could hardly speak.

"What in h— is all this anyway?" he yelled. "I never saw such an outrage in my life! I'll have you arrested for endangering the lives of my family in such a way!" Then the doctor, who happened to be present, quickly tended to the wounded foot, and the unfortunate lady was carried to her room. As for Dave and me—wow! In five minutes we were left alone with the servants. It was no fault of Dave's, but, as for my single self, I had but one object in life: I wanted to get out of there before the irate and revengeful husband got another lick at me. I fled the house incontinently. I had realized my dream of exemplifying

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the torture of the steel-trap all too successfully. As Dave said, we had been too darned smart!

It was Dave who dismantled the artificial woodland in the Salter mansion. I wouldn't have crossed the threshold again for worlds. For a few days I was miserably unhappy, and only somewhat cheered by the answers given my repeated inquiries, to the effect that, owing to prompt treatment given, the condition of Mrs. Salter was not alarming, though one of the bones of the ankle had been broken. In the course of a fortnight, she was well enough to drive abroad, and I heard that she was considered to be a most interesting patient, and that she seemed to enjoy the martyrdom. As for me, I never expected to hear anything more about the whole episode and all I wanted was to have it forgotten.

Judge my astonishment when I received, about a month after the dramatic affair, the following note:

"Dear Captain:

"Your kind and repeated inquiries in regard to my foot have been much appreciated. I have been told that you feared I would never forgive you my little accident, which was entirely my own fault. I can assure you that my experience has given me a very complete realization of the cruelty of the steel-trap, and that, when you set that trap in my drawing-room, you builded better than you knew. I want very much to do a little toward abolishing all such inhuman devices for the purpose of torturing to death poor animals just that we women may wear quite unnecessary furs, and I ask you to accept the enclosed check for ten thousand dollars ($10,000), and to come and confer with me about the best way to have our Legislature outlaw the steel-trap.

Sincerely yours,
Sylvia Salter."

## Rod Making

*From B. C. R.—Cleveland, Ohio. I am having a great deal of pleasure in making a split bamboo fishing rod and have been informed by a brother Waltonian that I should construct this rod with six strip, instead of eight strip bamboo. Will you kindly give me your opinion on this subject? I enjoy your Uncle Ike programs immensely.*

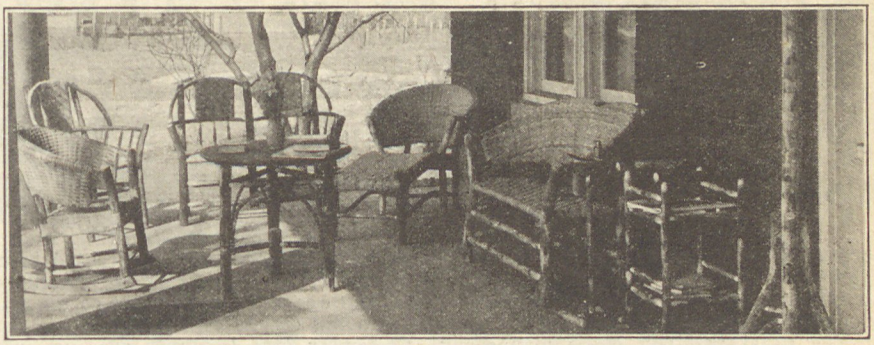
Answer—We agree with your brother Waltonian and believe that you will enjoy greater satisfaction from a six strip rod than an eight strip rod, presuming, of course, that you are building a light fresh water rod. In an eight strip rod the proportion of glue is too great in the tip and will not withstand the action as well as a six strip rod. Eight strip construction is often used in salt water rods.

## Decrease in Fish Weight

*From L. O. G.—Steubenville, Ohio. Does the weight of a fish decrease after it has been caught a few hours and if so, how much?*

Answer—The weight of a fish does shrink after death. The loss in weight depends upon the length of time after the fish is dead, and of course, upon the weight of the fish when caught. A very close estimate of the shrinkage can be made on fish weighing up to about fifty pounds when caught by the following calculations. For every pound that the fish weighed when caught deduct ¾ of an ounce for about six hours after death and about one ounce for each pound of original weight twelve hours after death. We have found these figures to be fairly accurate.


# Where Rest is Waitin'



The day's fishin' trip has been wonderful—the weather clear and the fish bitin', but more wonderful still is the little cabin in the clearin', where rest is waitin'—where nothin' looks better than the old pipe and slippers, the steamin' cook stove, and the faithful old Rustic Hickory chair.

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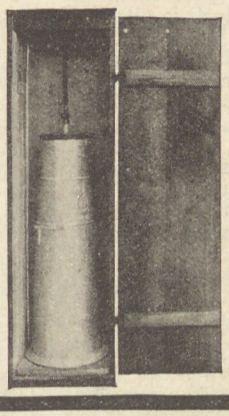

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# Canoes and Motor Boats

## The Sailing Canoe

By EDGAR S. PERKINS

THIS article deals with the open type of sailing canoe, that is, the ordinary paddling canoe that is very easily converted into a sailing canoe without injuring its continued use for paddling as we believe this is the craft of interest to the majority of our readers.

The usual paddling canoe may easily be made a sailing craft and for the novice the lateen rig is the safest, most easily handled and the best all-around sailing outfit. For a fifteen, sixteen or even seventeen foot canoe a sail having forty-five square feet of surface is recommended. This is practically the only rig that is carried in stock by the manufacturers of canoes. They carry the lateen sail in forty-five, fifty-five, sixty-five and seventy-five square foot areas, together with all necessary spars, masts and lines as well as leeboards and rudders.

The lateen sail is made in the form of an equilateral triangle, and two sides are made fast to spars which are connected at one end by a set of interlocking screw-eyes set in the end of each spar. The mast which usually is set just aft of the bow seat should be long enough so that, when the sail is spread and the slanting upper spar is swung from the top of the mast, the lower spar will swing fairly level with a tendency to tilt upwards at the after end about six to eight inches above the gunwales and the forward end of course to clear all parts of the boat in going about. In the event that the fore end of the sail where the spars are connected has a tendency to hit the deck or gunwales due to its downward tilt, fasten the halyard a little lower down on the slanting spar and this will give you a better clearance. The sail is hoisted by a halyard attached at or a little above the center of the upper or slanting spar, then drawn through a block attached near the upper end of the mast running down the mast and then through a block attached either to the mast just above the brace which holds the mast in position or to the brace itself. If the block is attached to the mast, would suggest taking a couple of turns with the line around the brace as a means of steadying the mast. The halyard should be cleated at some spot within easy reach of the sailor and always be in condition to let go with a run in case of need. The sheet line is fastened to the lower spar, in such a position as to be a direct pull from the spar to the sailor or possibly a little aft from him. Be careful it is not too far forward or you will pull the jaw attached to the lower spar that holds it firmly to the mast, away from the mast. The sheet line should be held in the hand at all times and the balance of it clear, ready to run easily on instant notice.

The leeboards are a necessary attachment to the sailing canoe. They consist of two blades about three feet long and ten inches wide, one dropping on each side of the canoe and firmly supported by a brace fastened to the gunwales. The blades should be so rigged that they can be made tight or loose by the turn of a wing nut, as while sailing in deep water, they are kept tight at least on the leeward side. When sailing in shallow water or going ashore they should be loose enough so that when striking an object in the water, they will quickly release, causing no strain on the canoe or leeboard brace. The leeboards as a rule are placed between three and four feet aft of the mast depending on the size of canoe and sail. Remember that leeboards are just what the name implies—boards used to prevent your craft from making leeway and aside from adding a trifle to the general stability of the canoe have no connection with its balance. That is done by your own body weight.

Generally speaking, a single rigged sailing canoe is steered by a paddle, although the rudder is being used more all the time. In buying a rudder, which may be done, as most of the canoe manufacturers carry them in stock, or making one, be sure the blade is long enough to catch the water well, or some wavy day you will find you have some useless steering apparatus at the back end of your craft. Also if possible, get one having the lower section so it will swing up, otherwise your rudder is apt to cause you much trouble both landing and after you have landed, such as a bent rudder blade, etc. It is well to have in mind that the experienced canoeist always has a paddle in his canoe and if you are using a paddle to steer with, it is a good practice to carry two of them in case of need. In sailing the single rig, the best position for the sailor is the center of the canoe from bow to stern or even a little forward of center. It is possibly a little harder to handle the paddle for steering on account of the greater width here than at the stern and of course there is no seat but your canoe will handle better, be much steadier and will also point closer to the wind. Also you will have more room for yourself when balancing against wind and waves with less danger of an upset than when using the stern, and in case of need you are handy to both leeboards and mast.

For a novice I would suggest going out in a fairly light steady wind taking the wind abeam on both port and starboard tacks while learning to use the body in balancing. On either of these tacks if the sail is slacked sufficiently, the boat will cease to lay over. This is often done when the wind has reached a strength where laying out over the windward side with the body is not enough to keep it from going over. The only other thing you can do in this case would be to come up into the wind fast and while the combined use of the paddle and sail is the quicker way, it is sometimes better judgment to slack the sheet line a trifle and put a little more pressure on the steering. When laying out over the gunwale with your weight, it is well to have in mind that you may need to get that weight back towards dead center just as fast as it went out, in other words, do not place your body in any position where it cannot quickly make the opposite change of ballast. Taking the wind abeam or close hauled is the easiest and safest sailing and running before the wind is of course the fastest, but it is also the time when a nice sense of balance is needed. This is true if there is a sea, as the sail is well out over one side, and if the sail happens to dip into a wave the sailor is likely to go swimming. It is also the hardest reach of them all to lose wind on, as slacking the sheet in this instance will be apt to get your sail caught in front of the mast. To come up into the wind you must complete a half circle, getting in your sail and laying out against the increased pressure of wind. When sailing with the wind abeam and it is a question of either slacking the sheet entirely or sailing close hauled, take the latter method. When a sail is slacked too much and too long, the canoe will be "in irons," that is, lose all headway and in that case a swift rush of wind abeam is likely to tip it over as can easily be seen. The cause and effect of wind on a sailing canoe is as follows: the wind presses against the taut sail and without leeboards the craft would go sideways, but the pressure of the water against the leeboards stops that. The only release, therefore, is for the canoe to go forward as the equipment is all so arranged and placed as to cause that to be the only other release. You can readily see that once this forward motion is

*Sport with a double lateen rig.*

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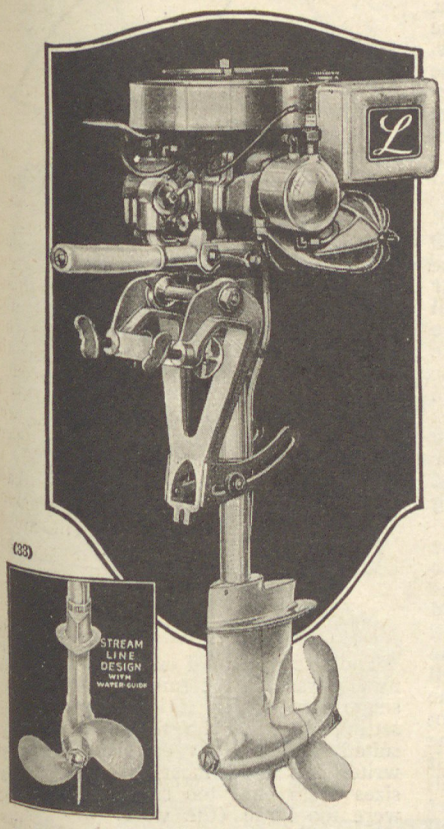


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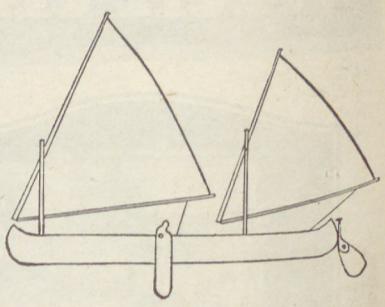
started, a stronger wind only makes it more rapid, but let the stronger wind hit the boat before it is started and you are apt to tip. The thing to do is slack the sail a little and lay the weight against the wind, adjusting both weight and sail as the canoe picks up headway. A little thought on this idea will prove why a canoe in motion is safer than one "in irons."

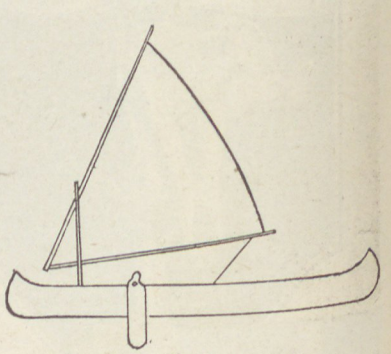
The double lateen rig is the easiest double rig to assemble as the sails are carried in stock by all the canoe manufacturers, and while it is not considered the fastest or best looking type of rigging, it can be used handily with practice. The two worst faults of this rig are due to the length of the lower spars, that is, the after end of the lower spar of the front sail will be very close to the forward end of the stern sail, and when the lines get a little loose these two points are apt to meet when putting the canoe about, and if the sailor is not aware of this, he is liable to be swimming before he knows just what has happened. However, if the sailor realizes these spars will hit when changing tacks, trouble may be avoided by merely lifting the lower spar on the front sail as it goes around, until it is clear of the stern sail and when he gets ashore he can retrim his rigs. The other feature that some do not care for on the double lateen is the length the lower spar of the stern sail which goes out over the stern of the craft, due to the necessity of placing the stern sail far enough aft to avoid the difficulty just mentioned, that of a jam when going about.

In arranging a double lateen rig in the canoe, it will of course be necessary to set the masts far enough apart so the sails will clear each other. The forward mast will set close to the usual small stock deck at the bow and if the canoe has the special twenty-inch deck, the mast will have to go through it. In adjusting the fore sail, be sure to see that the front end where the two spars join, clears the bow or gunwales of the craft when it comes about. The stern sail mast will go in near the stern thwart, the sheet rope going through a pulley in the small stern deck and then forward to the sailor. The sheet rope of the forward sail may lead direct to the sailor. The rudder, which must be used on this type of rig, except by most experienced sailors (and even they will use one in a race), will have two lines leading forward to a bar bolted so as to turn easily to the thwart just forward of the stern sail. The leeboards will be about four feet forward of the stern sail. The sailor seated between the leeboards and stern sail, in this position, has instant control of both sails, rudder and leeboards and still has plenty of room in which to manipulate his weight against the wind.

Generally speaking the double rig handles much the same as the single rig except of course, all moves are faster and the body must balance against more wind due to the use of two sails instead of one. The canoe when properly handled will seem steadier, but while there are two greater pressures working against each other that cause this to be a fact, do not let this feeling mislead you, as stated all actions are faster, even the upsets.

In both the single and double rigs a position has been mentioned for the leeboards which will vary with the length of the canoe. The best way to get this done right is to set the leeboards in the position stated and sail the boat a while. If it has a tendency to head into the wind too much, move the leeboard aft and try again, if it will not head into the wind at all, move the leeboards forward a little, keep adjusting until it handles right. Without the use of a paddle or rudder, a canoe should come up into the wind, slowly, when the sails are taut. Keep in mind it is the way your equipment is placed and handled that makes the best sailing canoe.





The size sails used on a double rig will usually vary to the same extent that the single rigs do, as it is a case of each setting up what he thinks is the best suited to his needs or pleasures. The writer has used most all the different sizes from ones too small to ones that were too large (the water was warm). We would therefore suggest sails used on a double rig to be one-half to one in proportion, that is, fore sail sixty square feet and stern sail thirty square feet, or fore sail fifty and stern twenty-five, etc., according to how much sail is desired in all.

Realizing the fact, as most of us do, that nobody has any business in any canoe unless he is a competent swimmer, the sailing should not be called dangerous any more than the ordinary canoe. To those without experience, the hazard is about the same, that is, a person who knows nothing about a paddling canoe will be apt to come to grief and the same is true of a sailing canoe. The customary way to break in is for the novice to go with someone else at the start and learn how a canoe is handled and paddled.

When a sailing canoe is upset take out the mast and sails and roll them all up together and stick them in one end of the craft with the end going inside the canoe headed the same way the canoe will have to go, then right the canoe and it will handle fairly easy when swimming and pushing it. These instructions are for the lone sailor who can either reach shore or has help near. If there are two or more experienced canoeists aboard you can take out the equipment, empty the boat, and re-rig it again. In using a single rig learn to raise and lower your sail in a wind on the water, this of course should be done when the boat is headed dead into the wind.

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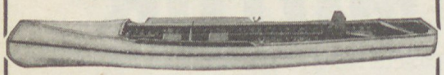

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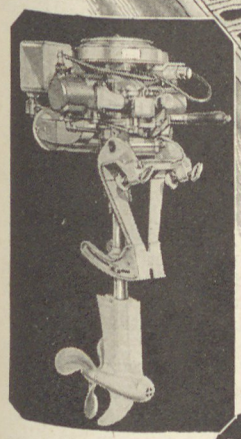

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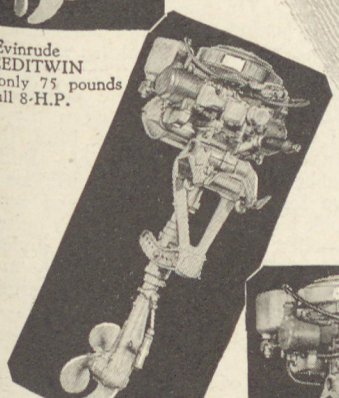

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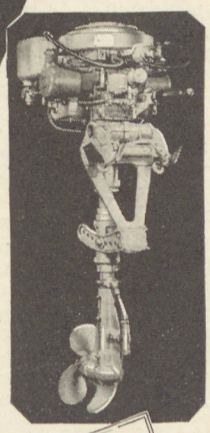

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**EVINRUDE BOAT-SPEED GUIDE** (© 1927)

Note: This is an abbreviated listing of boats and maximum speeds. Ask for Evinrude Year Book showing additional standard type hulls with speeds complete for all. Trolling speeds as low as 2 M.P.H.

| Type of Boat | Maximum Boat Speeds in Miles per Hour | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Speeditwin | Fastwin | Sportwin | Single | Inboard Twin | |
| | | | | Not Recommended | | |
| 1 or 2 Occupants | | | | | | 8-15 Pointed Stern 7-12 |
| Racing Hydroplanes | 15-27 | 11-23 | 9-12 | 6-9 | | |
| 9'-14' Long | | | | | | |
| Square Stern Canoes | 12-20 | 10-18 | | | | |
| 16-20 feet long | | | 6-11 | 6-8 | | 5-10 |
| Light, Round or V Bot. | | | | | | |
| 12' to 18' Boats. | 10-18 | 9-16 | 5-9 | 5-7 | | |
| Heavy Round or V | | | | | | |
| Bottom Fishing Boats | 9-15 | 6-11 | | | | |
| 12 to 18 feet long | | | | | | |

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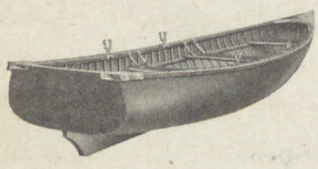

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# Down the Mississippi in a Motor Boat

### By a Motor Boat Enthusiast

TO resume our narrative—as we left our camp above Alma, the air was quite chilly and heavy coats were not uncomfortable. Below Alma, the channel restrained by levees, crossed the valley to the Minnesota bluffs. Attractive cottages lined the water's edge. Cottagers vie with one another in achieving trick names for their camps. The name Phil Up on one cottage is characteristic.

A fresh breeze blowing up channel from the south-east ruffled the water and, in the longer stretches exposed to the breeze, white caps began to appear. The Minnemo danced about a bit but ran quite dry. Now a cut bank on the Minnesota shore was surmounted by a meadow upon which a herd of cattle grazed. We passed Minneiska, Minnesota; then Fountain City, Wisconsin. Below Minneiska the U. S. Dredge Versuvius lay, industriously pumping sand out of the channel. A U. S. engineers tow boat tossed us up and down as we caught the waves from her big stern paddle wheel. Great bluffs, islands covered with trees in tropical profusion, quiet sloughs innumerable and wind roughened waters all contributed to scenes of indescribable beauty.

Shortly after ten o'clock the bridge at Winona was in sight.

Winona, Minnesota, is a delightful town. The atmosphere of decay which permeates so many of the river towns is here conspicuously absent. With her population of approximately twenty thousand, she was the largest city we had encountered since leaving St. Paul.

As we carried golf clubs and togs aboard the Minnemo, we were tempted to put in an afternoon on the links near Winona and to spend some time viewing the sights and scenery thereabout. But a homeward urge was upon the Mate and we finally decided to push on toward LaCrosse.

We cast off and were soon around the bend below town. The wind had not diminished and the stretches of open channel were becoming quite choppy. Below Winona we passed several attractive house boats and a pretty forty-foot cruiser. Here and there along the bluff were attractive residences looking out over a beautiful vista of water, islands and hills.

Despite the increasing wind in her teeth, the little Minnemo made good progress. Since leaving Lake Pepin a stiff current had assisted our progress and while, in a measure, the upstream wind nullified the current, we seemed to travel steadily down stream at a rate of about ten miles per hour.

Above a high, sandy railway embankment appeared the village of Trempealeau. As we passed below town, the bluffs with the little town cuddled at their base formed a pretty picture.

A few miles below Trempealeau we ran into a very stiff breeze. The Mate crawled forward to tie our canvas more securely. Spray began to cascade over the Minnemo's bows and after catching the tops of one or two white caps full in the chest as I sat in the stern seat, I decided that, rather than carry on against the wind and make camp with wet equipment, we would put in behind a wing dam and either await the wind's abatement or, stow all equipment snugly beneath canvas before proceeding.

We landed under a precipitous bluff from which a series of wing dams projected. On the windward side of the dam behind which we landed, the wind-swept water was breaking with the sound of a small cataract. The top of the dam lay just even with the water's surface. But in our corner between the lee side of the wing dam and the bluff, the water was a gently rippled pool. Putting the rubber sheet and some cushions ashore, we loafed and explored and wrote and took pictures. The bluff was quite thickly wooded with small trees and undergrowth in spite of its stony structure and steep angle. An icy, clear spring emerged above our heads, cascaded over the rocks and formed a mirror like pool at the river's edge.

Instead of dying out as the sun sank beneath the bluff, the breeze increased to a small gale blowing up-stream at a rate of twenty-five or thirty miles per hour.

By this time we had decided to stay dry and spend the night in our comfortable haven.

*Winneshiek country where the Izaak Walton League has its Game Refuge.*

By the time we fell asleep the wind had become a series of fitful gusts and, with a light-buoy bobbing and blinking at us off the end of the wing dam, the noise of the waves for a lullaby, we were soon sleeping soundly in our fourteen-foot floating castle.

When we awoke at dawn, the breeze had completely died and the waters were scarcely rippled. To stow canvas covers, lift anchor and start the engine was the work of a few minutes and, long before the sun illumined the crests of the bluffs, we had swung around the end of our wing dam and were well on our way toward LaCrosse.

Below LaCrosse, as above, the glacial valley is several miles wide and the channel winds among innumerable islands. It is well to watch the channel markings, even though you pilot a slow, shallow craft and are favored with high water. Below Genoa, Wisconsin, the channel lay along the west side of the valley.

Much time may be saved by cutting corners on the crossings and, in many places, this can be safely done with a small craft, particularly when high water prevails. But it must be remembered that high water brings about its own element of danger by partially or completely covering many of the dams, levees and jetties. Discretion must be used in cutting crossings, and it is well to keep inside the channel buoys, because many of them mark the ends of jetties and it is an unpleasant experience, when running downstream in a flood current, to strike full-tilt upon a partly submerged rock dam. Our experience below St. Paul gave us a wholesome respect for channel markings and, while we cheated quite a little, cutting crossings and running through sloughs and over submerged slough dams, the engine was tilted and the oars were manned as we floated over dams and, when the current was swift and any doubt existed, we followed the channel markings pretty religiously, with the result that, when we reached home, we had only one sheared propeller pin to our discredit.

Passing DeSota, Wisconsin, we were soon in sight of Lansing, Iowa. While we had not planned a definite luncheon stop, the time was about noon and our appetites and the town invited us.

Lansing is a friendly little town and not without her civic pride.

Leaving Lansing, we pushed on down the channel, with towering bluffs on the right and with great stretches of islands, sloughs and swamp lands on our left. A government steamer pushed up-stream and the Minnemo bobbed up and down in her great stern wave.

Lynxville, the lower boundary of the Winneshiek, was identified by the sign on the railway station, but, before reaching Lynxville, we had threaded through a watery labyrinth which led us among islands and past innumerable sloughs of indescribable beauty. It is in the beautiful Winneshiek country that the Izaak Walton League has its famous fish and game preserve.

We planned to stop at Prairie du Chien for commissary supplies and, as we swung out of the island channels below Lynxville, we encountered the western bluffs, towering high above the channel and casting their shadows over a veritable lake where the channel broadens above Dog Prairie. Below us the channel was again divided by islands, the left channel bearing past Prairie du Chien and the right leading to MacGregor, Iowa. As we neared our objective, a fast boat sped out of a slough off our port bow. It planed ahead at a speed of twenty miles or better. As we landed at Prairie du Chien, we


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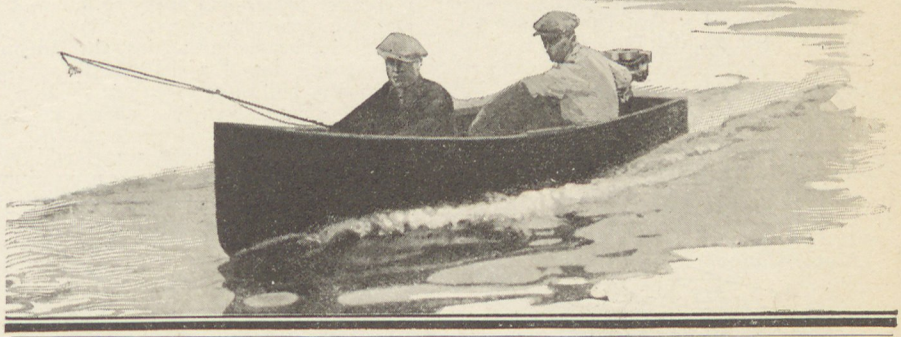

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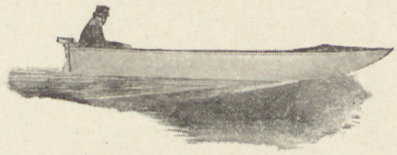

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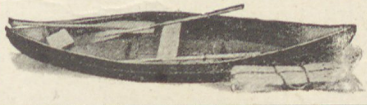

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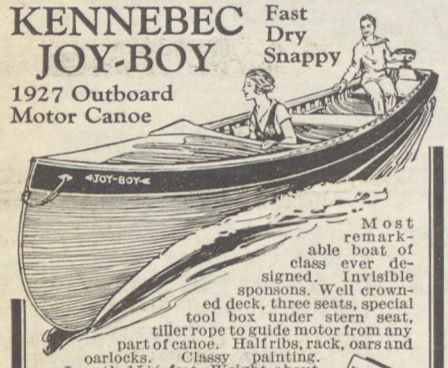


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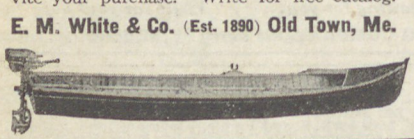

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were much impressed by several large buildings along the water front. A closer view, however, disclosed a great hotel with windows boarded up—another reminder of the "steamboat days" which are no more.

Just below the water front warehouses was a most interesting bridge. The draw was open to permit the passage of the ferry which, by the way, is the connecting link for auto tourists between the highway which terminates in Prairie du Chien and the one which ends in MacGregor, Iowa.

Below MacGregor the divided channels reunite into a magnificent expanse of water and just below this point the Wisconsin River contributes its volume to the stream. Like the Chippewa, the Wisconsin was pouring into the channel an enormous volume of flood water. A boiling current carrying great sticks of driftwood indicated that the state of Wisconsin had recently been rained upon.

Before reaching the Wisconsin, we had started into a slough, which promised a good camp site but this particular bit of water had been pre-empted by a pair of fishermen. If looks conveyed their meaning, our kicker was anything but welcome in that particular spot.

So we headed up against the Wisconsin flood and found a delightful spot upon which to build our camp fire above a "cut bank" along which we tied up and spent a restful night.

It was evident that we should reach Dubuque, Iowa, about noon on Sunday and upon arrival there we planned to "doll up" a bit, eat a leisurely lunch and see the town. Getting away to our usual early start, we shot down the Wisconsin flood into the Mississippi. Soon sunrise gilded the towering bluffs and flooded the wooded islands.

The journey this Sunday morning was uneventful but by no means monotonous. Around each bend lay a new vista of hills and islands. Occasionally we passed a village bathed in August sunshine and drowsing in Sabbath quiet.

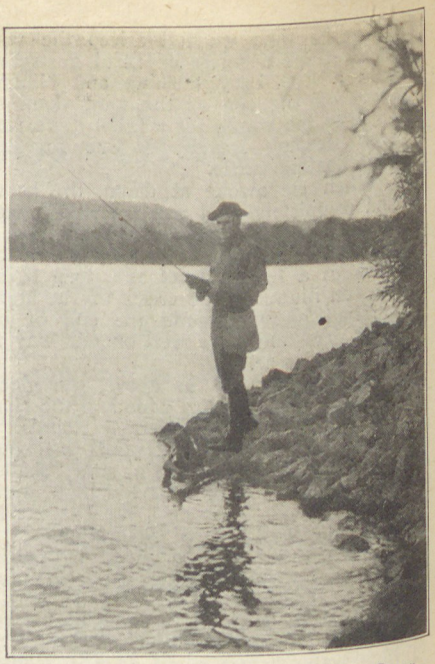
During the morning the hand pump for transferring fuel from the large tank to the engine failed to function. Examination disclosed the fact that the leather washers had worn away. Temporary repairs were effected by a wrapping of cotton cord and a mental note was registered to obtain new washers at the first opportunity.

Just before noon we saw the bridge which spans the river above Dubuque. Landing on the sandy east bank, a fire was built, water was heated and, after indulging in a clean-up and treating ourselves to fresh raiment, we proceeded down-stream toward town.

The high water was bringing down a great deal of driftwood and, after leaving the mouth of the Wisconsin, some care had to be exercised to avoid it. Now and then a small stick would be caught by the propeller and we could hear a "whang" as it was cast astern. But fortunately the propeller did not foul easily and no sheared pins resulted.

Just above the lower bridge we ran into a slough lined with shanty boats and pulled up to a float around which were tied a number of power boats. Being assured that we were welcome to tie up and that our plunder would be safe, we walked up to the center of town, where we found the one best eating place and thoroughly enjoyed our Sunday dinner.

After dinner we wandered down town and rode up to the top of the bluff on the almost vertical inclined plane. This is a curious bit of machinery. The operator sits in a hoisting house at the top



*Judge George W. Wood of Waterloo, Iowa, fly fishing for bass on the upper Mississippi.*

of the bluff. The little car with its step-like seats is otherwise unattended. When one wishes to ascend, he pushes a bell button and gets inside the box which is a cross between an elevator car and the Toonerville Trolley.

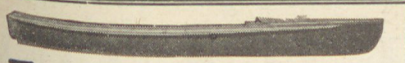
Before us spread a panorama of the town, the river and the opposite bluffs. Down the river lay many islands. We sat here for a few minutes, taking in the view and enjoying the breeze. We were now but seventy-five miles from home as the motor car rolls, but by river we had before us more than one hundred miles. Three hours by car or ten hours by boat. Monotonous, crowded, concrete road or ever changing, lonely expanses of water, and hills and islands and trees. What price speed when the choice lay thus?

Dubuque seems a typical river town. It has grown but little in many years. The steamboat days are gone and in passing they have left Dubuque flat. Such towns seem sleepily to await the return of days forever gone.

We returned to the float and with a cheerful chatter, our faithful little engine took up its burden of labor. We shot out of the slough, across the river into the steamer channel and down-stream under the bridge toward our Sunday night camp. Many fishing parties were in evidence and the shores were dotted with cottages and camps. Abandoning the channel, we passed behind an island and through the slough. As we saw broken water where the dam lay across the lower end of the slough, we stopped the engine, tilted the propeller out of water and drifted across with probably less than eight inches of water under the keel.

Loafing thus we espied, about sunset, an ideal camping spot, looking out over the stream between two islands. Stopping here we watched homeward bound fishing parties in motor boats of many kinds speeding or laboring up-stream. The night grew quiet except for the distant barking of some hound dogs and soon we slept snugly under the Minnemo's protecting canvas.

Sunrise found us chugging away toward home and offspring. We were nearing familiar country. Below Dubuque



## Family Favorites

Spending the summer about the water? The whole family will enjoy a Racinewis Boat or Canoe equipped with outboard motor.

The Racinewis "Sport" square stern canoe and the "Speedabout" outboard motor boat are gaining greater popularity every year. They're easy to row or paddle—and at the turn of a switch they change to swift, easy-running motor boats.

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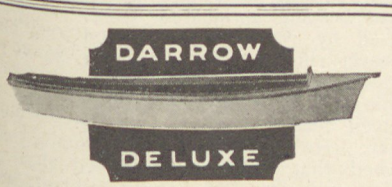
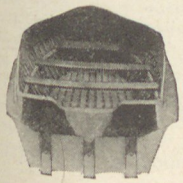


DELUXE



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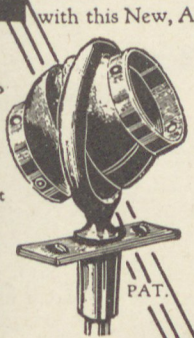


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Dealers write
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182D HURON ST.
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COMPLETE $1.25 PER PAIR


the bluffs are less impressive than the towering palisades and rocky headlands which guard the stream above. While the islands and sloughs continue, the wild swamplands and labyrinthine water ways of the Winneshiek are only imitated on a smaller scale.

The sky was half overcast with light clouds and a breeze began to blow upstream. We ran through the sloughs along the Illinois shore to avoid the wind and the chop. We saw a flock of decoys on a sand bar marking an early reservation made by a hunter.

Sand dunes lay along the Illinois shore and indicated to us that Savanna and the Federal proving grounds lay a few miles down-stream. Soon we saw the reservation signs which warn people away from the thousands of acres used by Uncle Sam for testing war material. Above the sand dunes we caught a glimpse of the headquarters buildings and above these Old Glory floated from a tall mast.

At noon we were off Savanna. On the Iowa shore a short distance below lay Sabula, which, viewed from the river, has a dreary look. The few houses which faced the river had the aspect of once-proud dwellings fallen upon evil days.

At two o'clock we passed under the bridge upon which the Lincoln Highway crosses the river from Fulton, Illinois, to Clinton, Iowa.

Between Clinton and Moline we saw several steam boats—mostly Government Engineers craft engaged in channel work. We were just a stone's throw from our house. Keeping in the channel and taking full advantage of the swift current, we hurried along.

Now Minnemo's home landing was in sight, and swinging out of the channel and across the lower end of Campbell's Slough, we headed for the foot of Seventh Street. As the engine was stopped and Minnemo's bow scraped the sandy river bank, we had spent just seven days in our down-river pilgrimage from Minneapolis to Moline—seven delightful, sunny days, graced by some of the most beautiful scenery on the continent,—days in which thoughts of business and housekeeping details were far in the background of our consciousness—seven nights we had slept under the Minnemo's canvas—slumber closing our eyes soon after sunset and enfolding us till dawn. Sunshine and wind had burned our faces, blessed our bodies, cleared our minds. Home we came with pleasant recollections of a perfect holiday, already dreaming of future journeys in the Minnemo.

SING a song of springtime
Summer's in the air
Trees are full of blossoms
Beauty's everywhere
Birds are in the tree tops
Trout down in the brooks;
It's time you hunt your fishin' togs
And sharpen up your hooks.

SING a song of springtime
The fever's got you right
You find yourself along a stream
Awaitin' for a bite,
At evenin' trudgin' homeward,
Gee! how tired you feel;
But tickled most to pieces
With the beauties in your creel.

* * *

Sing a song of springtime
Then go to sleep a-smilin'
And go fishin' in your dreams.

H. B. SHATTO


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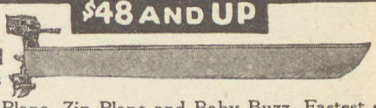
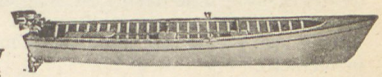
Speed Boats



Step Plane, Zip Plane and Baby Buzz. Fastest of all boats for outboard motor.

Fast Safe Family Boats



Designed and built to ride safely in rough waters. The popular Lake Model shown here is just the boat for safe family use. Catalog shows other models for Lake, Rivers and Ocean use.

**ROWBOATS $44 AND UP**

Square Stern Rowboats

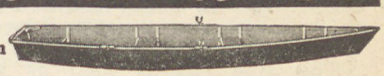
Made both smooth sides and lap strake construction. Steady, seaworthy and easy to row.

Double Ender Rowboats

Commonly called St. Lawrence River Skiffs. Fastest of all rowboats.

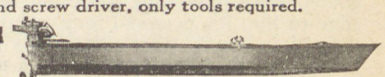
**FISH BOATS $38 AND UP**

Flat Bottom Boats



For row or Outboard Motors. Sold ready built or knockdown. Can be put together in an hour. Hammer and screw driver, only tools required.

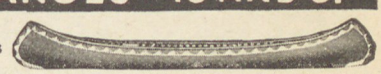
Special Fish Boats



For oars or Outboard Motors. Sturdy, stable, won't roll when you stand to cast. Light draft for the shallows. Easy to row.

**CANOES $48 AND UP**

Canoes



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# Guns and Ammunition

## *The Psychology of Shooting*

By OZARK RIPLEY

DURING the many years that take a large and small game hunter over a great amount of different country, as well as experiencing contact with various sorts of winged and four-footed wild creatures, he is prone to notice the best shots who have been in his company, as well as the poor ones. Excellent performance usually preponderates in your interest. They are exceptions and therefore outstanding. Poor shots are numerous, but the pleasant part about observing some of them is particularly the classes that discover their shortcomings, and immediately do everything to bring about improvement.

The obvious part concerning wing or rifle shots by shooters who do not improve attain a pitiable aspect. They might be listed in two classes without drawing too much on the imagination. The one class, the kind which never improves, might be listed properly the sort who believe they are absolutely perfect in every respect, will not admit their faults, and refuse positively to accept the best intended advice. The very suggestion of practice to them is deemed an impertinence, and invariably they face folks on the old much worn explanation—that this day of their missing is only an extraordinarily rare one in their outdoor repertoire, and they point with knowing mien to some day far back in their career when they ran straight on flying or running game every time their finger touched a trigger or their eyes sought sights along a gun or rifle barrel.

This type regards itself as perfect. When you happen to meet one of the genus, there is nothing to do but acknowledge to him his personal impeccability and thereafter devote your sententious interest in creating more and better shots to more receptive prospects. There is always a vast amount of pleasure to be derived from helping the beginner or the old timer who for some reason has not made good. It encourages on your part an analytical trend, and frequently leads you to discovering some vital matter affecting his marksmanship that possibly he never thought existed. Suddenly you become apprised of it, though you ascribe his failings to other causes.

Often people remark that women learn to shoot or cast a fly, quicker than the he of the family does. Possibly it will puzzle some to arrive at the explanation of this, though it is simple. The women pretend to know nothing about the two sports. If they are eager to learn, their success is positively assured—so much so that I cannot recall a single instance when a woman wanted to learn shot gun or rifle shooting, bait or fly casting that she failed to master either or all of the arts. I have never yet met a woman in the field who persisted, who remained a poor shot year after year, as is evidenced in the performances of so many men who go out annually for game. The woman starts shooting at the suggestion of a friend, or of her lordly worse-half. She decides to learn, and will exert every effort to that point. She has not been handicapped by personal beliefs in her own putative ability. Facts are stared at right in the face, and her endeavor to succeed is attended by careful striving to do exactly as her instructor tells her.

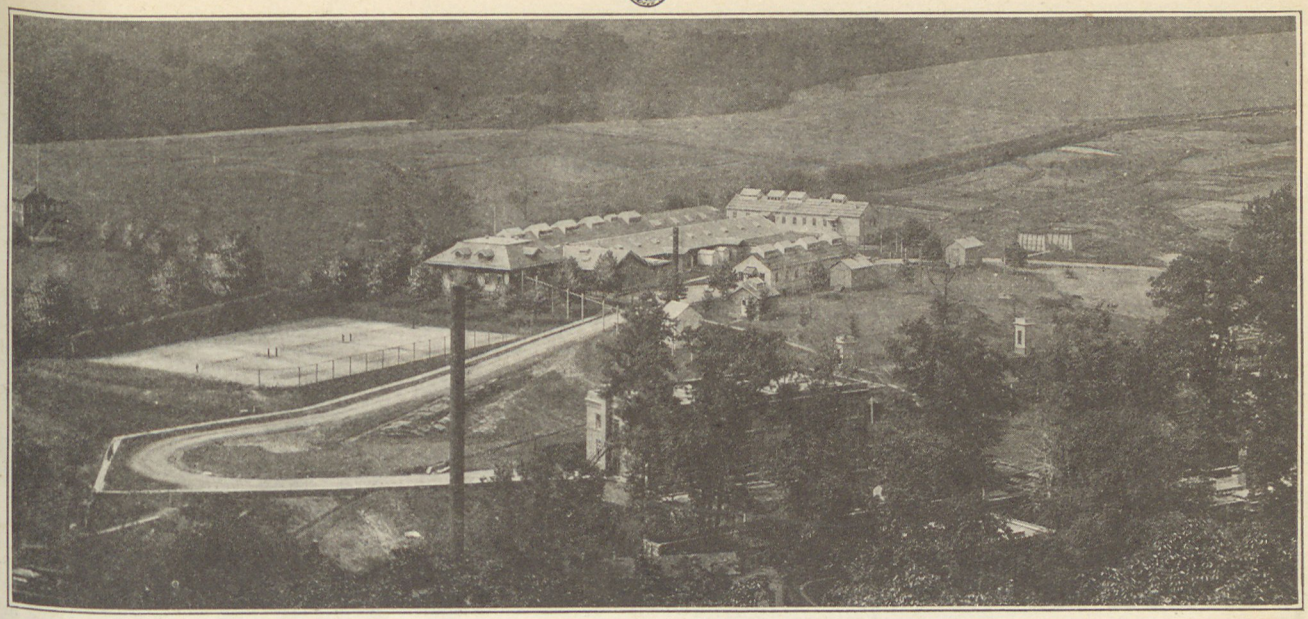
The handicap of instructing men is their innate conceit and obduracy in adhering to the bad form in which they began. They are inordinately sensitive. Bad form is indelibly stamped in all their actions, particularly if they have had some success through these methods. They will argue with you that they are right because once they obtained mediocre results through their system. Correcting bad form in the individual who is entirely self centered is a difficult task.

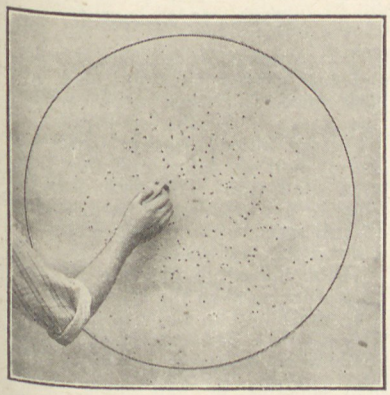
Next to the man who obdurately adheres to bad form in shooting comes the man who persists in believing only one certain arm is adaptable to a designated sort of game. This may come from the use of one arm nearly all the time, or through reading about a new one and the experience of someone else with the new arm which causes him to actually crave its possession and lose faith in the old rifle or shot gun which through many years served him excellently.

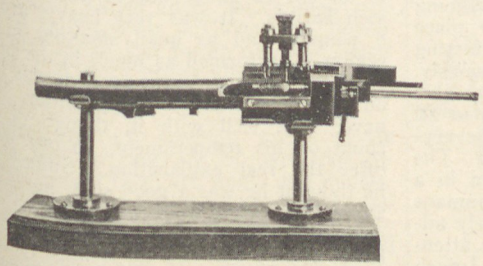
Right now this brings to mind sporting rifles and an individual who suddenly lost faith in his erstwhile dependable possession. He shot accurately in a brushy country at deer an old .30-30 lever action rifle. He began reading and observing the remarks of others—that these rifles had become antiquated, were no longer used by real sportsmen, and the only proper rifle for his use was a .30-06 remodeled Springfield. On the subject of this arm he had read and pondered so much that it became an obsession with him. He had become so mentally harassed that he almost believed that all his good shooting heretofore had been only the result of sheer luck, and none of it could be attributed to his old arm. I was perfectly satisfied that he would soon be in possession of the new arm, the very type the rifle experts were exploiting as the only real, practical arm for hunting purposes, the well known serviceable bolt action remodeled on sporting lines, Govt. .30-06.

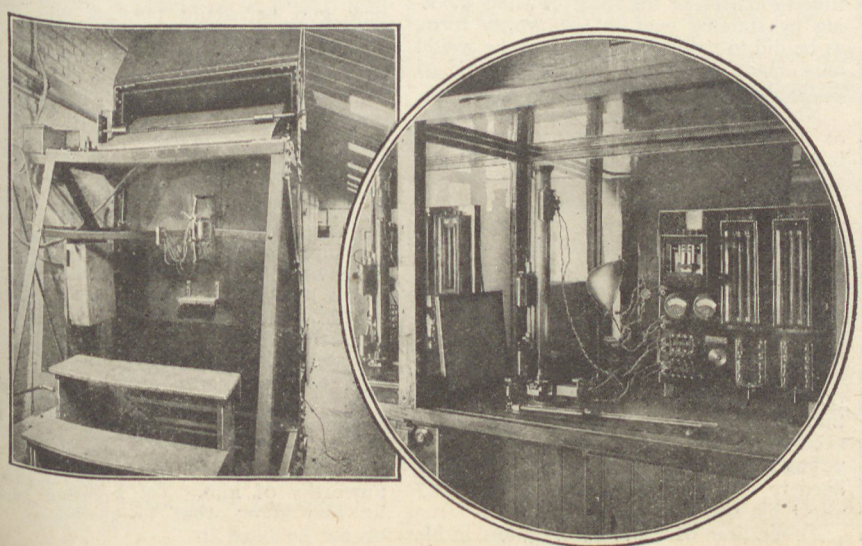
This would be all right, I told him, if he accustomed himself to it. Furthermore, I alluded to it several times because we were going into a brushy region of the French river country where he had

*Fields, a dog and a gun—and the world is the hunters'.*









# *Ask Me Another*

IN their day the following authorities would have been rated thus:

Francis Bacon, born 1561, died 1626, discoverer of Black Powder—10%.

Daniel Boone, born 1735, died 1820, early American Sportsman—20%.

1. **What is Black Powder?**
2. **What is a Kentucky rifle?**
3. **What is Smokeless Powder?**
4. **How are velocities measured?**
5. **How are pressures determined?**
6. **a. What is meant by maximum pressure?**
   **b. At what point in the barrel does it occur?**
7. **What determines the choke of a shotgun?**
8. **By what standard are three drams of smokeless powder determined?**
9. **What is the limiting velocity for lead bullets?**
10. **What modern rifle powder limits metal fouling?**

The correct answers to these questions will **not** be found on the next page. However, they can be discovered in any modern Ballistic Station.

The du Pont Company has always endeavored to furnish complete information regarding smokeless powders to anyone interested, believing that a thorough understanding of the performance of our powders will assist the shooter to attain proficiency.

Inquiries similar to the above are answered by the Technical Staff of Brandywine Laboratory, which is maintained to insure the quality and uniformity of our smokeless powders.

The Laboratory is only a short distance from the center of Wilmington and is readily accessible by either auto or trolley.

Sportsmen interested in visiting the Laboratory can obtain a pass by addressing their requests to

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And your rod bends almost double—

And you know you've hooked a big one—

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On reels, 3-in-One oils the mechanism perfectly and prevents rust.

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To keep away mosquitoes and black flies, rub face and hands with 3-in-One.

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LR267

always proved himself to be an expert snapshot with a rifle on jumping game. He was used to his old arm—the short barrel and the stock had the exact drop that suited him most. I was skeptical about his accommodating himself to a new gun, and functioning the new bolt action quickly in an emergency, when he had for so many years been accustomed to a lever action. I suggested plenty of practice, but all my talk was useless. He would not practice with his new arm, which arrived only a short time before the hunting trip, but assured me he knew all about it and anticipated handling it with as much speed as he had his .30-30.

Not long after, we hunted the French river country, a cut-over area which had about as close growing an abundance of spruce, birch and poplar timber as one could find. We went up as far as Pine Camp where we could hunt by ourselves, and away from the hunters below who were driving with dogs. Then came my friend's trouble. The bolt of his new rifle was catching all the time in brush. He did not seem to know how to avoid it. He missed cleanly several close shots in cover at jumping deer. After he missed at first, never was he able to get in a second shot, because he had not accustomed himself to functioning the bolt rapidly, as many men can do as fast almost as with a lever action. In fact, in his excitement at missing game he seemed altogether oblivious for an instant that a bolt would throw out an empty and load another cartridge with great smoothness of movement.

The least hint I uttered about spending a day in camp getting used to his .30-06 was of no avail, but stubbornly he continued as he had started, missing some splendid opportunities. Nor would he accept the loan of my old rifle which was an exact replica of the one he had used for many years effectively on game.

I knew another man, a pretty fair shot—one of those fellows who shoot well in streaks and shoot badly in streaks quite often, too. He had a mighty good opinion of his skill as a wing shot. I liked his company when he was going well, but I would rather be any place than with him when one of his missing attacks was pressing him tenaciously. Then he was one of the most disagreeable personages imaginable. He attributed all his failings in no mild words to everything and everybody but himself. The least advice offered simply set him in a rage, and he was one of those humans who starting in bad form, obstinately adhered to it the more you called his attention to it. If he only devoted as much time to mastering the sport of wing shooting by starting over in the proper form, as he did to cultivating obstinacy he would have made other hunters take notice of his skill.

Not long after I had the misfortune, or good fortune, of observing another hunter to whom the mental slant of his arm played sorry pranks with his chances of attaining shooting skill. He would not try to study out what was wrong nor analyze himself in order to discover what had gone amiss. He was one of those chaps who could think fast along lines of his own imaginings, and by no other route. He could not make a mistake—he was always right. When you run across that kind of material, you feel certain that in the near future he is bound to take a tumble off his self-exalted perch. Yet even that will not convince him he is wrong. His faults are mental and pretty hard to remedy by suggestions, and they affect his shooting accordingly.

At the time of these observations in his field shooting he had clung tenaciously to an old 12 gauge double gun with 32-inch barrels. It was very heavy, around 8 pounds, and as quail shooting in his region is performed as much in the brush as in the open, so heavy an arm was both an unhandy and unwieldy affair. He never shot well with it, though on account of his temperament, no one dared offer the real explanation. Suffice it—he thought he was a good shot, but something must have told him that he was open to marked improvement, and he believed a new gun had to be used to bring this about. He decided on the sort of new gun he would possess, and immediately purchased it. Being closer to him than most persons, he confided to me that the new scattergun he had bought was a 20 gauge with 26-inch barrels. Immediately I had visions that a sudden change from a 32-inch, 8 pounder, to a 26-inch light weight would for a while perhaps affect his shooting. I thought so much about it that in a little while I developed sufficient recklessness to predict that his field shooting might suffer a little when the unfamiliar new gun was in his hands. He would have to practice a little, and I was open in my predictions that after he did he would become infatuated with the little arm.

When I mentioned practice, lo and behold! I had insulted a divinely gifted creature who believed he was the best shot in the world and such a thing as having to practice with a new arm was unworthy of him. Yet I was bound to let him know what to expect, whether or not he liked it.

*Linton H. Kearny, Jr.*

of San Antonio, Texas, aged 7 years. He and his brother Cresson, aged 9, got a buck apiece Christmas week on the Catarina Ranch in Southwest Texas.

Cresson killed his first buck when he was 7, and he killed the one this year on a dead run. The buck saw Cresson when he got in about 75 yards and started off full speed, but the little fellow brought it down the first shot.

Their father relates the little fellow "wiped his eye" as the sportsmen say, last fall, by killing a mallard duck with his .410, after he had shot twice and missed.

I warned him that he would find his gun a little bothersome at first to line on far birds in the open, and very easy at close birds in timbers. One thing he was sure to feel, the extreme lightness of the new gun by one who had always used the heaviest 12 gauge. Sure enough, that obstinate individual never shot worse than when he used the efficient light twenty. He would not wait to get mentally balanced properly and to analyze just what was troubling him. Never again would he use that little arm, and afterwards he almost frothed at the mouth when one was spoken of in his presence.

When you see good shots you find them of the right mental equipment for their sport. They study the why and wherefore of each gun, when they miss and why they kill. The mentality of the shooter is the thing which co-ordinates with the physical and makes cool, steady nerves at the right instant and creates the right poise for successful shooting of a rifle or shotgun at moving game.

## Unusual Collection of Guns

AT the Metropolitan Museum in New York a collection of guns—from the crude, straight, staff-like weapon of the sixteenth century to the percussion gun of a generation ago—forms one of the new exhibitions recently opened to the public, and one which cannot fail to be of interest to sportsmen.

The exhibit has been arranged, not strictly in chronological order, but more according to historical, and, to a certain degree, geographical, classification. Thus, one case contains a fine series of early hunting guns of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Another group illustrates the history of the blunderbuss, among which is a Spanish piece of great rarity from the little town of Ripoll, and said to have belonged to one of the grim pirates who, under Morgan, were for so long the terror of the Spanish Main. Another of these was found walled up in the chimney corner of an old house in Gloucester—doubtless the secret last resort of some hardy Puritan. A third group illustrates the history of the "Kentucky Rifle," beloved by Daniel Boone and Kit Carson.

Specimens of sporting arms dating from 1688 to 1800 are of particular interest; among them are single and double-barreled guns, both smooth-bored and rifled, including pieces of the little-known transition period between the flintlock and the percussion arm of our own fathers.

One group is composed of breech-loading firearms dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, one of which, a wheellock, dated 1638, is self-winding, while another has the interrupted screw action of modern cannon. The repeating flintlock guns of still another group are extremely unusual; among them is a fourteen-shot model intended for military use. It is appalling to imagine what a regiment armed with these repeaters could have done against troopers whose muzzle-loaders fired at best one shot in two minutes.

The greater part of the firearms in this exhibit have been lent by Mr. William G. Renwick for the period of one year. With them also is exhibited the collection of guns and pistols bequeathed to the Museum by the late Charles M. Schott. Although the pieces on view are limited in number by the space available in the Museum, they present, nevertheless, a panorama of the evolution of the firearm of real interest and value.


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# Flapper Fanny and the First Flight

By GUY W. VON SCHRILTZ

FLAPPER Fanny cocked her little black and gray head on one side, peered up through the scudding mist, opened her little broad black bill and quacked. That quack was a quivering question. It wanted to know what that noise was up there in the fog.

Over by the lily pads Henry, the drake, woke up and wheezed a dreamy half interested word of comfort.

"Nothing, Fan, nothing. Go back to sleep. I'll take care of things."

A wedge of whistling wings edged out of the fog. Flapper Fanny raised right up on her tail, tugging at her anchor, quacking at the top of her voice. No lover ever begged, implored and pleaded with his adored one as Flapper Fanny coaxed that wild bunch. Beyond the weeds English Mary backed up Flapper Fanny with the best she had, milling around and around as she shouted. Near shore Gray Mable stirred up the muddy bottom in her frantic efforts to flap the lake dry with her wings, also yelling at the top of her lungs. Henry sedately swam back and forth, back and forth, rasping advice, with dignity, to the strangers, as became the head of a large and prosperous family.

Some wit has said that a flapper is "a young chicken which comes home late to roost."

By this criterion Flapper Fanny fails to live up to her name. Fails in two things. In the first place Flapper Fanny does not come home late to roost. She *never* goes to bed, according to Bill, who keeps our English callers and who has neighbors who are jealous of their sleep. And she is not a chicken; she is a little black—nearly black—English caller duck. But somehow the name seems to fit her. In action Flapper Fanny is a wonder. She is pretty, vivacious, and probably to those of her kind, impudently enticing. And she can make more noise than a steamfitter inside a six foot boiler.

Of course, my fool alarm clock had to fail me the very first day of the open season. All that chilly, foggy weather the past two days had been too good to be true and those reports of green wing teals and a few gray ducks hovering about the ponds scarcely seemed possible.

Nevertheless it was only 5:20 when I drew up at the curb in front of Bill's house. Bill awaited me, kinda reminding me of Santa Claus in his big coats in the mist, a small orange crate in one hand and a long slim shadow in the other.

The orange crate we stored in the rear end of the coupe, propping up the lid so Flapper Fanny's "singing voice" might not be impaired by the dust and exhaust fumes. Fanny acknowledged the kindness by a contented mumble as we eased the crate down. Bill stored the long slim shadow carefully next the door and we drove off into the fog and oblivion.

At the lake, without light, we fumbled and fingered ducks and dinkuses, finally wading into the water with a live decoy which tried to claw our fingers off, in each hand. Flapper Fanny lit with a splash, squawking and flapping and three fine wild ducks went up and away into the darkness. The blind proved dry as toast and it wasn't long until the edge wore off our excitement. Bill dozed on the seat and I settled down for a good long wait. It seemed a long, long time before Flapper Fanny got into action. It always does between flocks.

Twice the wild ducks, three of them, circled back over our heads. Each time Flapper Fanny's frantic appeals brought them reluctantly back. The third approach they dropped among the wooden blocks fifteen feet beyond Flapper Fanny. Flapper Fanny quacked contentedly a couple of times and swung coquettishly at the outer end of her anchor string.

It had grown lighter, much lighter.

"Look at that duck on this side, head and neck like a snake," whispered Bill.

"Sprig tail, maybe," I suggested. "Let's get 'im."

We tumbled the hay bundles aside and stood up. I can see the look of astonishment yet on that snaky duck's face. Up he sprang shouting "help," "bloody murder," "police," interspersed with much blasphemy at decoy ducks in general and at Flapper Fanny in particular. Anyway Bill thinks that's what the drake said as he looked disgustedly down at Flapper Fanny as he started away. A look it may be added which seemed to trouble the treacherous little coquette not at all, for she preened herself even as he came tumbling down in response to my first shot.

Bill bagged the second, though I poured some number fives into him just as he cut loose all hold and started down. I saw his fatal ailment too late to stop my trigger finger. Bill ceased firing and it seemed up to me to get the third duck. I got him though it required two loads, the first giving him a sort of "wabble geared" action, the second sending him in a nose

*"Flapper Fanny," the enticer.*

*"Henry," the guardian.*

dive into the grass beyond the neck in the lake.

Shortly came a pair of hawks. Flapper Fanny after one soft warning quack, huddled, discreetly silent, eyes alert.

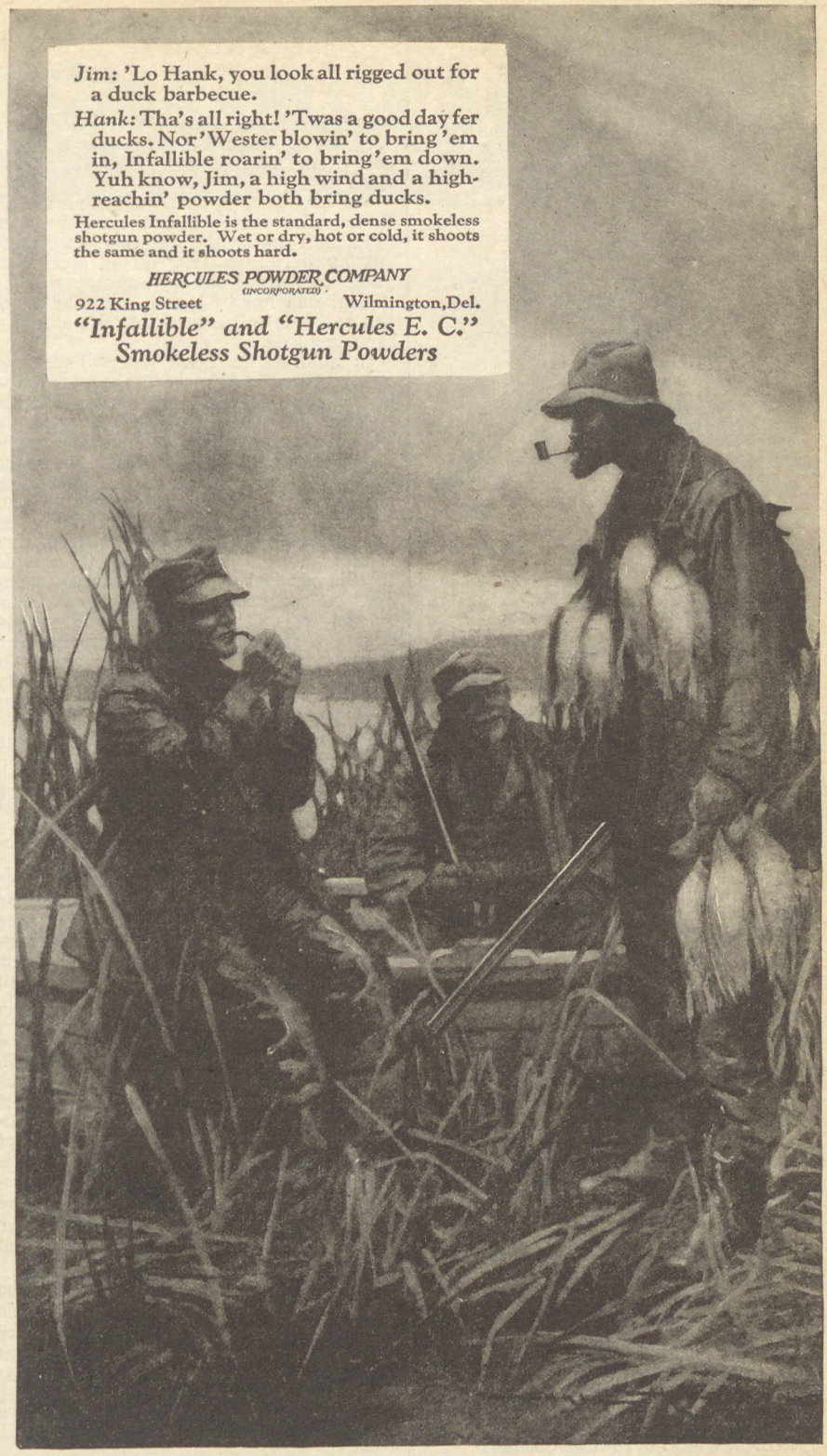
About seven thirty, three large ducks came by flying high. Flapper Fanny all but loosed a lung trying to coax them in and the other three decoys ably assisted. I had a bushel of fun listening and watching. The wild trio swerved back, made us a good careful inspection and went away.

*Guy Von Schriltz, Fanny's boss.*

Flapper Fanny quacked disappointedly ten minutes after they had gone and began a great hullabaloo when four big black crows came up. I think she was guying those crows, jeering at them. I am sure there was an ironic ring in her voice which had not been there when she had called to the ducks.

I killed two of those crows in two shots as they whirled back when I raised up, one almost falling upon Henry, the drake, who struggled desperately to get away from the black floating bunch of feathers, the other plumping down on the far bank, bouncing two feet high when he struck.

Not so much of a bag. Nothing to brag about. Still I've had worse first days—and doubtless if Flapper Fanny can keep her health—and her voice—we will have better days later when Jack Frost has reaped the vegetation and King Winter dons his snow shoes and comes romping down out of the North.

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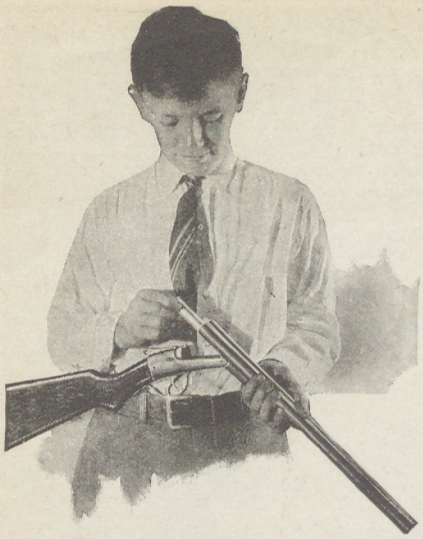

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# Less Time Between Bites

*(Continued from page 46)*

being thereupon started on their happy way to be eaten by the same relatives and friends as fresh meat instead of fresh eggs.

We have steadily increased in zeal in all these endeavors to beat the lag between bites until during the last few years these 291 hatcheries working on 15 species of game fish turn out an average of one billion, one hundred million infant game fish to be duly launched into life amongst the cannibals.

In addition to these paternalistic and maternal endeavors on the part of the government, I am aware that Mother Nature has herself been busy also. Private enterprise in the shape of responsible mother fish are working upon the same problem. They are probably doing more than the paternal government, for all I know. Private enterprise usually does. One thing we do know, and that is that it takes a host of fingerlings to provide for the survival of a fish of blessed memory. At a particular control over Alaskan salmon it is estimated that 1,668,750,000 eggs and fry were launched into life and 3,740,000 adult fish came back and it is thought all who escaped infant mortality did come back—so that the loss was 99.77%. Or, in other words, it took 450 fry to make a fish. And at this rate the annual one billion, one hundred million fry and fingerlings from the whole battery of hatcheries would produce one-third of a fish per fisherman per annum.

I may say parenthetically that I introduce these statistics of birth registration and infant mortality among fish, because it will relieve your minds of anxiety as to accuracy. But if anyone feels those figures may be wrong, he has my permission to divide or multiply them by any factor based upon his own experience with the time element in bites, the size of fish, or the special incantations.

In any event, one billion one hundred million bureaucratic mothered fry from all our combined government hatcheries was only 2.2 fry for each fish in the modest minimum national ideal which I have insisted upon. And if anybody thinks that it only takes 2.2 fry to make a fish he is mightily mistaken. I conclude that statistically from my own experience of the time between bites that the Alaskan figure of mortality should be corrected from 99.77% to 99.99%.

What I am coming to is that it is the solemn fact that only some microscopic percent of these fry or fingerlings, whether synthetic or natural, ever live to that state of grandeur which will serve as inspiration to polish the tackle or insure the approach to the battle in renewed hope with each oncoming season. And we lose ground every year, sector by sector, as the highways include more fishing holes in the route. We must either multiply the output of our hatcheries by some fearful number, or find some other way out.

### The Experiment

Some four years ago I expressed to Commissioner O'Malley, when inducting him into the headship of the Bureau of Fisheries, my complete skepticism over the effectiveness of our synthetic incubation, and its statistical relations to the realistic life of a fish. My general thesis was that these infants did not have a dog's chance to gain that maturity which was required either by public policy or to produce the fishing beatitudes. He and his able assistant, Mr. Leach, thereupon started experiments to see if we could not apply mass production in nursing infant trout, bass, and other game fish to an age when they could survive traffic accidents, or do battle with cannibals, or enter the cannibal ranks themselves—and, in any event, hope to survive. It was my aspiration that if these adolescent youths could not win in open combat at least some of them reared to three inches long might make a full meal for a cannibal instead of his requiring 200 fry fresh out of the eggs, and then we would save 199 or so. These experiments were seriously successful. And the same authorities, Messrs. O'Malley and Leach, are convinced that by this same means we have improved the fighting chance of these children of fish up to about a fifty-fifty go, and thereby our one billion, one hundred million governmental fingerlings might serve as a base to produce the national ideal of five hundred million big ones. I again refer you to my previous statement on the safety factor in the magic of statistics.

Nor was it so expensive. One hundred bass couples in specially prepared pools produced 200,000 offspring and raised them to three inches long for a total outlay of $500, omitting rent and experts, or four fish for a cent. Likewise trout were carried along in life under the shelter of hated bureaucracy until they could do battle.

After this preliminary experience I, two years ago, appealed to your chapters and to fish and game clubs throughout the country to cooperate with us in establishing more experimental nurseries—the Department of Commerce to furnish free fingerlings, free breeding stock, and free technical supervision. It was one of the conditions that all streams in each neighborhood should be stocked with the product so as to give the boy a chance also. Fifteen chapters of the League, 16 clubs and private individuals, 5 states and municipalities have cooperated and established nurseries in 9 states. Pennsylvania leads with 14 stations, Minnesota next with 13 stations, every one of the latter being League chapters whose officers should be taken to the heart of every man and boy who has hopes for the fishing beatitudes. The State of New Jersey, working independently from the same conclusions, has done wonders on their own.

Last year was our first year; 4,667,000 fish were raised up to battling age in these coöperative nurseries and delivered into the streams. The annual capacity of these nurseries when going full blast is probably near 20,000,000 fish. I believe the verdict of all those who have overcome their initial troubles enthusiastic of success.

### The Proposition

Now the purpose of these statistics is to demonstrate that we need more nurseries. We ought to have several hundred. They are inexpensive compared to the annual outlay on tackle, and the automobile journey to the fishing holes. When you get through at that fishing hole you would have been glad to have paid for several hundred fish at the rate of 4 to a cent. And by stocking all streams in the neighborhood they offer a large opportunity for establishing

fealty from the small boy to the ideals of the sportsman. He may for sound reasons of his own continue to use his worn fly, or even a worm, but be assured he will grow up to refined tackle all right later on.

Our government, national and state, is today spending nearly $2,000,000 a year on game fish hatcheries. We are convinced of their futility unless we can carry their work this one stage further. That stage should be accomplished through local effort and coöperation, and the federal government is prepared to furnish instruction, advice, breeding stock, and fingerlings free to any chapter or club which will undertake it. If every state in the Union would respond as Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey have responded the job is done.

The hatcheries are the necessary works for mass production of infant fish. That is a technical job requiring large expense, high skill and training. Clubs cannot well undertake to run them, and we have long since accepted that as a proper function of the federal and state governments.

But the nurseries require only a few thousand dollars for plant, and but a few hundred dollars annually for operation. It is our view that the nurseries are the only agency that will make the hatcheries worth while. If our nurseries could turn out five hundred million three-inch fish we could trust the natural mothers to supply the balance.

And I appeal to the fishermen of America to take up and further exhaust this great hope of permanent game fishing in our country. It is your problem and the remedy for a departing sport is with you. Not by demanding that an already maternally and paternally responsible government do everything, but in the pride of sportsmen to do their own job. Unless something like this be done our sons will not be catching the limit. It is the real hope of triumph over the discouragement between bites.

### The Protest

And there is another phase of all this. Aside from the cannibalistic enemies of infant, adolescent and adult fish, acting in lively alliance with the organized army of 10,000,000 fishermen, we have still another fish enemy to deal with. That is pollution. Herein is the poison cup which we give to eggs, fry, fingerlings, adolescents and adult fish alike.

Now if we want fish we have to reserve some place for them to live. They all occur in water, but it happens that nature adapted them to clean water; I suppose that was because nature foresaw no fishing beatitudes along a sewer.

And this question of pollution has a multitude of complications and lack of understanding.

There are as many opinions about pollution as there are minds concerning it. Those who oppose it are not under the spell of the fishing lure. Pollution exists in different waters in different degrees—from ships, factories, coal mines, chemical works in cities and towns—only to mention a few of them. Many of these things damage public health, destroy the outdoor appeal of the streams, and all of them damage the fish.

But after all we are an industrial people. We have to work at least 8 hours a day, and all but two or three weeks in the year, and we cannot abolish our industries, and still pay for fishing tackle. So I have long since come to the conclusion that what we really need in every state is that there should be a survey of all the streams and a division of them into three classes.

First to determine the streams that have


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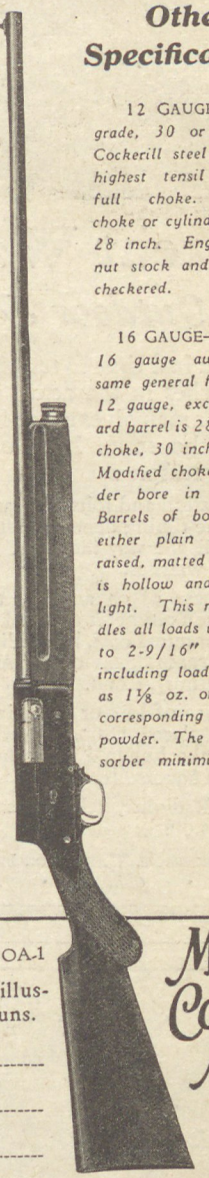

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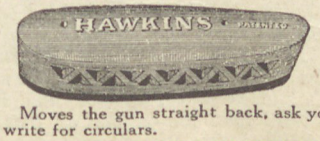


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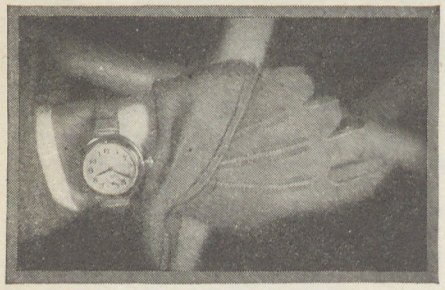

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* *"An African Holiday" and "Tiger Trails in Southern Asia"*

not yet been polluted, then give immediate protection to these streams, or parts of them, that they never shall be polluted; that no industry shall be allowed to settle upon them unless there is adequate guarantee that there will be no pollution. The second category includes the streams that are polluted to the finish. There are many of these that could never be recovered as a matter of practical fact, without the displacement of hundreds of thousands of people from their homes through the crushing of their industries. The numbers who would benefit by clearing them would be infinitesimal compared to the suffering and loss implied in such an operation.

Then we should have a third category of streams—those that are perhaps partially polluted where we could get correction by systematic and sound action and gradually restore them to the first category.

There are also problems of pollution of our coastal waters. I have discussed that before and will not enter upon it now. The sane handling of our stream pollution is the first conservation measure in our country. For various reasons of states rights it is but little a federal problem. But states rights are state responsibility, and the mental complex of some states that their rights extend to passing the buck to the federal government needs psychopathic treatment by indignant chapters of the Izaak Walton League.

### The Reason for It

Now the reasons for all this are some of them economic in their nature, some moral, and some spiritual. Our standards of material progress include the notion and the hope that we shall lessen the daily hours of labor on the farm, at the bench and in the office—except for public servants. We also dream of longer annual holidays, and more of them, as scientific routine and mass production do our production job faster and faster. And when they do the job at all, they dull the souls of men unless their leisure hours become the period of life's objective, stimulation, and fishing.

We are decreasing hours. These same infallible clocks of progress, the humble statistic, tells us that the gainfully employed have steadily decreased in hours of work during the whole of 30 years.

The great majority of us (except public officials) really work no more than 8 hours a day except during the stress of planting or harvest or elections. Anyway if we sleep 8 hours we have 8 hours in which to ruminate and make merry, or stir the cauldron of evil.

This civilization is not going to depend upon what we do when we work so much as what we do in our time off.

The moral and spiritual forces of our country do not lose ground in the hours we are busy on our jobs—their battle is the leisure time.

We are organizing the production of leisure. We need better organization of its consumption. We devote vast departments of government, the great agencies of commerce and industry, science and invention to decreasing the hours of work—but we devote comparatively little to improving the hours of recreation. We associate joy with leisure. We have great machinery for joy, some of it destructive, some of it synthetic, some of it mass production. We go to chain theatres and movies; we watch somebody else knock a ball over the fence or kick it over the goal post. I do that, and I believe in it. I do, however, insist that no other organized joy has comparable value to our outdoor experiences. We gain less from the other forms in moral stature, in renewed purpose in life, in kindness and in all the fishing beatitudes. We gain none of the constructive, rejuvenating joy that comes from return to the solemnity, the calm and inspiration of primitive nature. The joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain, all reduce our egotism, soothe our troubles and shame our wickedness.

And in it we make a physical effort that no sitting on cushions, benches or sidelines provides. To induce people to take its joys, they need some stimulant from the hunt, the fish or the climb. I am for fish. Fishing is not so much getting fish as it is a state of mind, and a lure to the human soul into refreshment.

But it is too long between bites; we must have more fish in proportion to the water.

# Fifth Annual Convention Izaak Walton League

(*Continued from page 40*)

bodies, as provided for in the platform of the League.

Impounding flood waters of the Mississippi River, creating reservoirs to reduce the flood hazard of the lower river, and further use of the reservoirs in advancing the cause of outdoor sports.

Restoration of desecrated marshes in Wisconsin, including the famous Horicon marsh.

Initiation by the executive committee of the League of a nation-wide program of research by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries for carp control.

Recognition of the pearl and shell re-

## Will H. Dilg
### In Memoriam

*THE end of the last red beam of life—is ashes!*

*When the founder of the Izaak Walton League moved among us, we felt the flame of a crusader's spirit—warm and valiant.*

*It was an Olympian fire, burning for a great cause; a great ideal. On those glorious heights where no winds blow, may the ashes of that flame repose in glory and in honor.*

*And may the fervor of that flame still warm the spirit of our high resolve, stirring and expanding fresh stores of service to the Walton cause.*

SHERMAN BROWN.

sources as being a natural resource of the United States, and subject to the most advanced conservation principles.

Passage of the Woodruff-McNary bill for acquisition of national forests in the lake states, in the Appalachians, and in the south.

Legislation promoting and authorizing both state and national participation in the cost of creating and maintaining miniature hatcheries as a sound and practical source of fish supply.

Gathering of information from League chapters on increase or decrease of migratory game.

Uniform laws on the part of the U. S. and Canada in regard to fishing in boundary waters.

Other resolutions opposed the following:

The indiscriminate drainage of marsh lands.

Construction of a diversification ditch at Lima Lake, Ill.

A committee was appointed to study Mr. Fold's message and report recommendations concerning it to the convention. The report of this committee was very complete, and took up in detail every point touched on by Mr. Folds. Every recommendation was enthusiastically concurred in, and the membership of the League was called upon to stand back of the message and to carry out the suggestions given. Special emphasis was given by the committee to that section of the message dealing with the Migratory Bird Refuge law, and the League was urged to do everything possible to further this important piece of legislation.

As a preface to the report the committee said:

"We believe it to be a cause for the most sincere congratulations to the Izaak Walton League of America that it has had a man of such unusual ability, high integrity, untiring energy, and great devotion to the ideals of the Izaak Walton League to direct its course during the critical period since our last National Convention.

"We believe that President Folds has managed the business of our national organization in the most efficient and skillful manner, and in a way that sincerely deserves the praise of every member of the Izaak Walton League.

"The splendid results accomplished during his administration speak more eloquently of his success than can any words of your committee."

On Saturday afternoon national officers were elected.

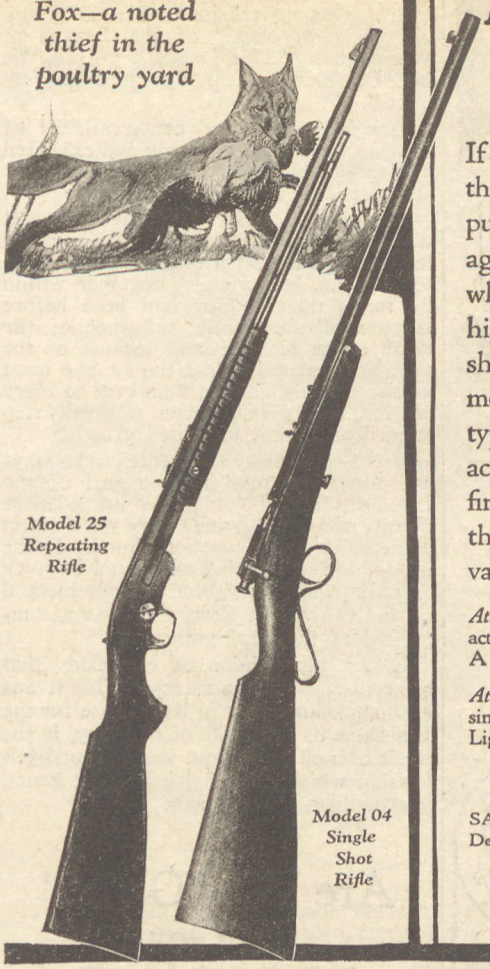
**Hon. Herbert Hoover, Honorary President; Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, President; Thornhill Broome, Treasurer; Fred N. Peet, Secretary.**

**Vice-Presidents: Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Senator L. G. Bradford, Judge Henry Graass, Judge Escar Floyd, James O. Heyworth.**

**Executive Committee: Charles W. Folds, Chairman, George E. Scott, Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Judge George W. Wood, Fred N. Doellner, H. A. Savage, Frank J. Brady, Harry C. Goodwin, J. Quincy Ward.**

The annual banquet in the evening was one of the most noteworthy in the history of the League. As usual, the convention hall was filled to its utmost capacity, the attendance passing the 1,200 mark. Secretary of Commerce Hoover arrived early and discussed League matters with President Folds, renewed friendships formed at the second annual convention, which he also attended. His speech was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and everybody present realized more than ever that Mr. Hoover's interest in the League of which he is honorary president is very real indeed.


*Fox—a noted thief in the poultry yard*



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*Model 04 Single Shot Rifle*

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*At Right*—Model 04—22 Caliber rifle, single shot, take-down, bolt action. Light weight. Price $7.95.

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The Secretary of Commerce prefaced his speech, which is printed on page 46, with a glowing tribute to Mr. Dilg and his work on behalf of the League at Washington. "This League," he said, "is Mr. Dilg's monument. It must go forward."

Jack Miner, beloved conservationist of Ontario, gave a splendid talk and exhibited motion pictures taken at his internationally known refuge for migratory fowl.

The banquet ended the convention. It was an enthusiastic closing. The spirit of the occasion indicated that the Izaak Walton League, bound closer together within its ranks than it ever had been before because of the uniting influence of the death of its founder, and because of the resultant realization that the League must be more firmly builded than ever to carry on his vision, had taken a fresh step toward an almost unlimited growth.

If there were any differences as to ways and means of reaching the goal of the League (for who likes to argue more than does a sportsman?) they were not in evidence as the convention closed. If the inevitable factions that are found in every organization had not been entirely merged on the convention floor, this was accomplished at the final gathering.

It was the opinion of everybody that the convention was a success. That it was even more important in its promise for the future, in its final note of harmony, in the spirit of unification and mutual good-fellowship which pervaded its closing hours, goes without saying.

## Are We "Game" to Get More Game?

(*Continued from page 20*)

ties, barring of course seasonal changes, are made as uniform in charges and regulations as possible.

10th, When all well-meaning and contributive agencies to the Press of Civilization, railroads, automobile builders and manufacturers of outdoor appliances, start a substantial educational publicity campaign on the possibilities of Game Restoration that will create a new outdoor world for the General Public to enjoy, if it cares to join the ranks of sportsmen in so doing.

Utopian? Maybe so.

Practical? 60 per cent. (What one state has accomplished other states can accomplish.)

Probable? The next five years will tell! We are drifting.

There is still, as I say, a deal of game in this country and there is no reason, unless we fall down on the job and quit cold as a nation and individuals beyond control, why game restoration cannot be improved and perpetuated. If we do fall down on the job then we have no one but ourselves to blame. And then if any man, or group of men, has money enough to buy or lease land and propagate thereon game for sporting purposes, we cannot blame him or them one bit. If Privilege is necessary for perpetuation of game and fish after the warning we have had and the chance we now have to get together and snap out of it, I for one won't be sorry to see it come.

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See Page 138 for INDEX of ADVERTISERS (Display)

*Patronize Our ADVERTISERS*

# Rainbows and Rattlesnakes

(*Continued from page 11*)

paroxysms of laughter and profanity, and I was the object of most of it. George was about fifty yards above me on a very pretty riffle, and in a short time he let out a yell to the effect that he had a whopper hooked, and after a while I looked up to see what was going on. I must admit that he seemed thoroughly occupied. My lagging interest was revived somewhat, and after a while he landed what seemed to be a very fair trout. His gloating made me sick. He talked about how in his country nothing less than a herd of mountain lions would ever stop a real fisherman. He actually became almost insulting. Finally he asked—"Do you want to see this one?" and I said "No!" "Well," he said, "it should weigh four pounds, and is the best one I have taken." I paid no attention to this, for I was wondering how I was going to get back to camp. I had fully made up my mind to swim the Big Wood (in the middle of the stream) rather than climb that cliff. Finally George said, "This is certainly good enough to warrant a drink," and with that I came to life, for that was news worth considering. Looking up I beheld Frazer standing on a rock holding his trout by the throat. With his free hand he pulled a pint bottle out of some concealed pocket, and with his teeth pulled the cork. These manœuvers were interspersed with comments of a kind mostly relating to me, and from them he got much amusement. Just as he got the cork out, and was about to take his drink, his prize trout gave a kick. In trying to secure a better hold, he slipped, lost his footing, and trout, pint and Frazer disappeared. Only Frazer emerged from the Big Wood.

You who follow in the footsteps of Izaak Walton may draw on your imaginations, if necessary, but for those of you lacking in that respect, let me say that the blue haze which enveloped that otherwise beautiful landscape was to me the end of a perfect day.

## CATCHING MINNOWS

Probably the live-baiter has invested in a minnow trap ere this, for they sure are the berries when it comes to capturing minnows. They can be secured in glass and lighter transparent material these days. Set where the current runs through the trap, carrying cracker crumbs with which they are baited, out into the stream. Watch the manner in which the "shiners" will follow up the trail of crumbs, up and into the trap, pell mell. I have been surprised at the quickness with which a trap will fill, once you get 'em coming. A trap is the thing. A seine works well too, though it takes two to run it. No question but that it is sport to catch minnows. Where you can work along a narrow ditch or creek with a dip-net, you can take enough for a day's fishing. Then, too, one can catch fine 'lunge and bass bait, using a minnow hook and line. I have even gone after minnows with artificial flies, becoming so enamoured of the bait catching as to forget all about fishing for real fish. You will be surprised how much fishing for minnows with artificial flies will do for your style and how interested you will become in it. Carry a good minnow pail to put the captures in, and don't crowd.

—O. W. S.


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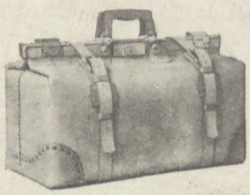

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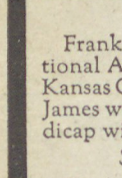

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List of donors of prizes to the Annual Casting Tournament held in connection with the Fifth National Convention of the Izaak Walton League at Chicago.

**American Fork & Hoe Co.**, Cleveland, Ohio, 1 True Temper Fishing Rod.

**American Gas Machine Co.**, Albert Lea, Minn., 1 No. 3 Kampkook Stove.

**Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.**, Ashaway, R. I., 2 Fishing Lines.

**Wm. C. Bailer**, Buffalo, New York, 2 Bait Assortments.

**Battle Creek Dog Food Co.**, Battle Creek, Mich., 1 Case Dog Biscuits.

**Barbasol Co.**, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1 doz. tubes Barbasol Shaving Cream.

**G. H. Bass & Co.**, Wilton, Maine, 1 pr. Bass Moccasins.

**Brown & Bigelow**, St. Paul, Minnesota, 1 Billfold; 1 Folding Cup; 1 Golf Score Pad.

**Burlington Basket Co.**, Burlington, Iowa, 1 Everybody's Portable Refrigerator.

**W. R. Case & Sons**, Bradford, Penna., 1 Axe.

**Chappel Bros.**, Rockford, Illinois, 1 Case Ken-L-Ration.

**Coleman Lamp & Stove Co.**, Wichita, Kansas, 1 Coleman Camp Stove.

**Converse Rubber Shoe Co.**, Malden, Mass., 1 pr. Rod & Reel Boots.

**Creek Chub Bait Co.**, Garrett, Indiana, 1 Bait Assortment.

**Enterprise Mfg. Co.**, Akron, Ohio, 1 Pflueger Supreme Reel; 1 Pflueger Summit Level Reel.

**Lou J. Eppinger**, Detroit, Michigan, 1 doz. Dardevles; 1 doz. Notangle Spinners.

**Gephart Mfg. Co.**, Chicago, Illinois, 3 Steel Rods.

**Gold Medal Camp Furn. Co.**, Racine, Wisconsin, 1 Lacquer Arm Chair.

**B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.**, Akron, Ohio, 1 pr. "Litentuf" Sporting Boots.

**Goodwin Granger & Co.**, Denver, Colo., 1 Fly Rod.

**Green-Case, Inc.**, Racine, Wisconsin, 1 Tackle Case; 1 Metal Fly Book; 1 Aluminum Fly Book.

**Jas. Heddon's Sons**, Dowagiac, Michigan, 2 Bait Assortments.

**Ithaca Gun Co.**, Ithaca, New York, 1 Ithaca Gun.

**W. J. Jamison Co.**, Chicago, Illinois, 1 Bait Assortment.

**Johnson Motor Co.**, South Bend, Indiana, 1 Zipper Carrying Case for Light Twin Motor.

**Kennedy Mfg. Co.**, Van Wert, Ohio, 1 Tackle Box.

**G. H. Mansfield & Co.**, Canton, Mass., 1 Set Lines.

**Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.**, Gladstone, Mich., 1 Woodcraft Hunting Knife.

**A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co.**, Elyria, Ohio, 1 Trout Reel; 1 Level Wind Reel.

**Metropolitan Camp Goods Co.**, Athol, Mass., 1 Perfection Cape.

**Wm. Mills & Son**, New York, New York, 1 Peerless Special Fly Rod.

**Montague City Rod Co.**, Montague City, Mass., 1 No. 2 Model Casting Rod; 1 Jupiter 80 yd. Reel.

**National Carbon Co.**, New York, New York, 1 5-cell focusing Searchlight.

**Outing Mfg. Co.**, Elkhart, Indiana, 1 Tackle Box.

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**Shakespeare Company**, Kalamazoo, Michigan, 1 Tournament Casting Reel.

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**Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.**, Chicago, Illinois, 1 Rod.

**Winchester Repeating Arms Co.**, New Haven, Conn., 1 Winchester bamboo fly rod.

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1 set American Game Bird Pictures.

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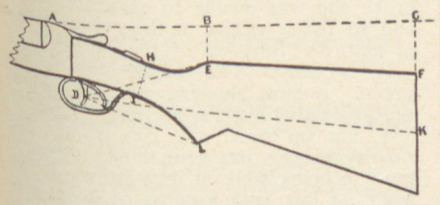
# Questions and Answers

## Gun Stock Measurements

*G. M. M., Fond du Lac, Wisc.—Kindly explain the usual gun stock measurements and how they are accomplished.*

Answer: Referring to the sketch, the distance from "D" to "K" is the stock length. The comb drop is from "E" to "B," "B" being a point on the line with the rib of the gun shown as line "AC." The stock drop is the distance between circumference as taken around the stock distance is from "D" to "E." The grip "C" and "F." The shoulder to trigger at the points "H" and "I."




## Trap Shooting Handicap

*F. S. Elwood, Pa.—Will you please explain the distance handicap as practiced in trap shooting?*

Answer: The distance handicaps range from 16 to 23 yards. The average of each shooter at 16 yards should be taken and handicaps according to those averages should be as follows: 95% or over, 23 yds.; 94%, 22 yds.; 89 to 91%, 21 yds.; 86 to 88%, 20 yds.; 83 to 85%, 19 yds.; 80 to 82%, 18 yds.; 77 to 79%, 17 yds.; 76% or under, 16 yds.

It may be necessary to adjust these handicap figures according to the needs of the individual, as some shooters' scores will be slightly affected at the increased distances while others will vary severely at increased distances. We might suggest that you use the added trap handicap system which we believe is more simple and equitable to the shooters.

## Diving Depth—Ducks

*C. L. P. Barnard, Missouri.—Some of you good fellows kindly scratch an answer on this page. This to settle a friendly wager. Is it a fact that canvas-back raft up and sometimes feed in 75 feet of water?*

Answer: The writer is unable to find authentic information on the depth that the canvas-back or other species of diving ducks feed, but looking at the matter from a point of water pressure, we are of the opinion that seventy-five feet producing a pressure of about thirty-four pounds to the square inch would be too great a pressure for the duck to withstand, and furthermore, the physical exertion to reach this depth would relieve him of most, if not all, his feeding energy.

In talking with experienced salt water duck hunters, they advise that the canvas-back ordinarily feed in not more than ten feet of water and furthermore the extreme depth of seventy-five feet would not provide vegetable food, which is the principal diet of the canvas-back.

The writer regrets that he cannot give you the words of some authority on this subject, but I believe that you will be able to form an opinion from the above, and, lacking as it is in definite information, it may save one of the two of you from losing a bet.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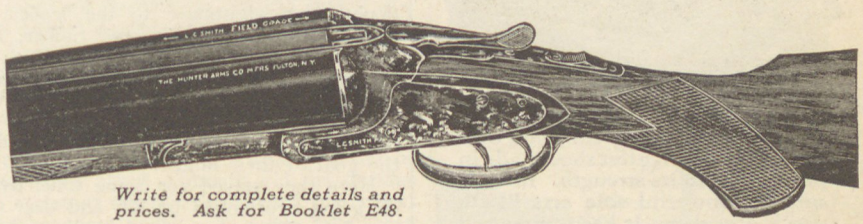


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*Pages 134 to 137, inclusive*
Plan your vacation from these pages. Patronize those who patronize us

# Phantom, the Blue Ram

By HENRY M. SEIPT

IT was a year that winter came early. December was introduced with a heavy snowstorm that drove a bunch of biddies off the mesa above timber-line. They were feeling their way to lower altitude as their ancestors had done for centuries.

An old biddy led a bunch of fourteen. By the knowledge she had gained, having lived on that mountain all her life, with the gift of the mountain sheep to judge precipitous ledges they finally worked around a promontory and found temporary shelter in a patch of scattering scrub pines that were eking out a meager existence in the shallow soil, sloping towards the cliffs which encircled the mesa, the summer home of mountain sheep. Day by day the sheep drifted lower. It took them three days to cross a low saddle, the saddle that had been doubtless a nightmare to the leader, as besides the snow there was timber, and well she knew timber was no place for sheep. Above timber-line nothing could escape her keen eye; in the timber it was different. After several unsuccessful attempts, they at last gained a high ridge, the goal of their migration.

Here they stayed for some time, living on grass overlooked by elk and deer. It was here they were joined by three large rams who had answered the call of nature. It was mating season. The rams were a welcome addition to the biddies, as all guard duty automatically fell to the rams, who seemed to realize their responsibility. Never was there a time from daylight until dark when there wasn't one of them at rigid attention, scanning the landscape, giving the warning signal by stamping their feet at the least suspicion of the presence of an enemy to their clan.

It was the biggest ram who later led that now happy family to the extreme end of the ridge, where there was a series of minor ridges or hogbacks leading from the main ridge down to lower altitude and losing themselves in some mountain park or meadow. Those hogbacks lying crosswise to the prevailing wind were almost always blown clear of snow, affording good grazing for the bunch.

After about a month, the rams one morning failed to join the bunch, and again it fell to the lot of the biddies to keep their own vigilance. Eagles were their main source of annoyance. At the least sign of a shadow flitting across the mesa they would bunch up, heads out, often to discover that it had been a false alarm, as the reflection was cast by a Clark's Crow flying from ridge to ridge. A prowling mountain lion meant more guards, more compact feeding, and often a move to another range. In all, they had settled down to a regular routine, leaving their ledges about three or four o'clock in the evening and staying out until the sun was two or three hours old the next morning, always bedding down on some shelf under the rim where they had a clear view of all approaches.

About the middle of February one of their number was missing and was never seen again. A blizzard had forced her to seek shelter behind a giant gnarled pine, where a number of magpies found her the following spring. Snow blowing in on her, with extreme cold, had sapped her strength so that when the storm broke she was unable to extricate herself and so fell a victim to the relentless law of nature's "Survival of the Fittest."

It is May. The farms are turning green. Robins, bluebirds and all the rest of the feathered tribe are back in the valleys, but up under the rim, winter only slowly releases her grim hold in spite of the sun being well on its northward journey. At last, little patches of green grass appear in sheltered spots. The snow left between timber and rimrock, rotten and honeycombed, no longer hinders the sheep from filling up on old feed, and with the warmth of the days they are losing their haggard, starved appearance, and patches of hair scattered about show that they are shedding and doing well.

Towards the end of the month little white woolly balls are seen lying in the best sheltered spots, with the biddies, solicitous, going back and forth, never over a hundred feet from them. In all there are eight lambs, one biddy with twins, six with a lamb each. There seems to be a provision in nature that a sheep has to be two years old to stand the ordeal of motherhood, with the conditions and hardships imposed by nature on mountain sheep.

"Phantom," as he later became known, was one of those lambs. For weeks he was a weakly sort, staggering about trying to follow his mother in a shambling, tottering gait that either denotes infancy or the end of life's journey.

The signs of the wild eventually informed the old leader that the saddle so much dreaded was clear of snow and every day found the bunch a little higher towards the mesa, their Mecca.

The middle of June finds them back at the foot of the chimney where the little lambs, now frisky, full of frolic, enjoy the shade of those stunted pines, all lying together in some sheltered spot, the biddies scattered amongst the boulders, blending well with the surroundings, their hair, again a bluish grey after having lost the white coat issued to them by mother nature while sojourning in the snow. A heavy drift in the chimney obliged them to stay here over a week. Each evening as the sun declined towards the west the lambs would start their game of tag. The vim and vigor put in that game by Phantom and his playmates would make an optimist out of the biggest grouch on earth.

July finds them on top. One day Phantom saw what he took to be one of his own kind, standing against skyline surveying the Plateau, with massive head, enormous shoulder, and an eye like an eagle, looking for possible danger. Phantom advancing slightly caused that soli-

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tary sentinel to disappear. Later, feeding toward the spot, Phantom again tried to locate him, but he had moved to other pastures.

The following winter, the rams having again thrown their lot with the biddies, Phantom tried to get acquainted with the rams, but the master of the flock would have none of it. He would lower his horns as if to attack, stamping his feet angrily, causing Phantom to retreat at once in spite of the little set of horns now worn by him.

There was another young ram in that bunch and it was on him that Phantom tried to gain the practice necessary in the struggle he sensed was to come, but his prowess wasn't appreciated by the other youngster and Phantom had to try his strength on rock and stumps. Any stump not yielding to his manoeuvers was sure to last some time.

After about six weeks he found himself one morning in absolute authority, his rival having mysteriously disappeared. Over night Phantom had realized his ambition and become Chief. As Chief he was all the most fastidious biddy could hope for, always on the lookout. Once a hapless fox, indiscreet, seeking to show himself on the hillside, learned that it was dangerous to cross sheep territory.

Spring soon came, the upward journey again began. The low snowy saddle no longer was a menace of the pilgrimage of the flock. Phantom, now past two years old, with muscles like steel, broke trail. Being rather partial to a new addition of six lambs about a month old, he decided to arrive at the old rendezvous two weeks earlier than usual. A week later they were all happy on top. Here life seemed monotonous. One evening Phantom, climbing a slight elevation to view the country, saw other worlds to explore and conquer. The next night found him boldly striking out across the mesa heading westward. Leaping lightly from boulder to boulder he soon found strange country. Toward morning on a long grassy slope that led to a hidden pass he saw a bunch of six rams, feeding, unconscious of his presence. Slowly working down the hillside he made his presence known by cutting a circle around the strangers, when they all started toward him to intercept his line of march. The biggest ram at once opened hostilities by charging Phantom, catching him off his guard, striking him amidship, rolling him over and over into a steep wash from which he emerged a very much surprised and puzzled youngster. The old ram continued to resent Phantom's intrusion and kept at a respectful distance from the bunch, but not for long. Inside of a week Phantom, no longer Chief, became an obedient subject to the big ram marching last in line to and fro to a mass of sharp high needles which the leader had chosen as bed ground. That old warrior exercised undisputed leadership. Phantom, who only a week ago doubted the existence of an equal, was most submissive, and in less than a week he had the pleasure of watching the initiation of his late playmate, an ordeal more enjoyable viewed as an onlooker. For two years Phantom was the humble servant, answering the beck and call of the old chief, following him to a strange canyon that winter, spending better than a month with a bunch of strange biddies, and young rams.

While here he distinguished himself by routing a lynx, singlehanded. Outside of getting a badly lacerated foreleg, he was none the worse for the battle, a feat that gained him the prestige and respect of the whole herd. Phantom now was second in command in their journey back to the mesa. Coming to some drift he would

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volunteer to break trail and even the old warrior himself would meekly follow. Phantom seemed once more to have gained his life's ambition to be a chief, a position he proved himself fit for by trouncing into submission two young rams who made overtures to join his flock, after an hour of battling by moonlight.

A week later he showed his supremacy, by vanquishing an immense ram who had come from nowhere, into a bruised bleeding mass and further showed good judgment in exiling his late adversary from the mesa to hunt a different range, thereby keeping his throne secure without further strife.

So far Chief Phantom had been very little in touch with mankind. Once while bedded on a ledge that commanded a clear view of a large park two thousand feet below, he saw three men with five horses stop and make camp near a clump of large pines. A gray-colored cloud was rising from the camp. Chief Phantom scenting that cloud in the future, always associated the odor with man. After three days they left the same way as they had come. Phantom well knew that they would go that way, as the only pass out of the basin was his secret.

Again that fall he saw two men approach his mesa. Giving orders for his followers to adjourn to a spot designated by him he remained behind, watching from a convenient boulder the ascent of the hunters and allowing them to get within a quarter of a mile, when boldly stepping from behind cover he walked leisurely against the skyline toward the east. The moment he realized he was out of sight he transformed, in an instant, into a different being. With the speed of a deer and the agility, second nature to his kind, he covered a mile straight west. Climbing a slight elevation he watched the hunters' snakelike crawling towards the place where he had crossed the ridge. Being satisfied that his ruse had worked, he soon joined his bunch for their daily rest.

It was his sagacity that kept his bunch from being depleted by hunters during the season, as often while bedded on some high jutting point he could hear thunder-like reports down in the timber that bid ill omen to some creature of the wild.

Whenever he smelled that vapor-like cloud he would muster his followers, at once, and that night make a forced march to territory unknown to man, staying retired in those remote sections until the sun apprised him to the fact that it was time to hunt a way to join his family, a matter that got very little thought from him excepting this time of the year.

The next spring found Phantom again on his beloved mesa. Below the rim he knew of a place where there was a little spring trickling from under the rock, where the grass was most luscious. The sun reflecting from the palisade-like cliff made this place an ideal spot to loaf and meander.

A hunter prowling about in quest of bear saw the band of sheep from across the valley. With trembling fingers he returned his powerful binoculars to the case and with Indian-like stealth he stalked Chief Phantom, who in imaginary security had lain down behind a boulder. Little by little the hunter was crawling up the slope. The wind in his favor, he finally gained the level of his intended victim. He was getting ready to shoot. It was hitting below the belt, foul murder. It seemed hours before he got a desirable position from which to shoot. Mentally appraising the value of that head, with finger on the trigger he was sighting, when a shrill cry of "DON'T" smote his ears. For only an instant did he hesitate, looking in the direction from which the cry had come. He resumed his sighting, but his victim was gone. Chief Phantom, true to name, had dissolved into mist. Unnerved, perplexed, the hunter stared, his mouth agape. Had that ram been real or an apparition? Had he heard a cry, or was it hallucination? Trembling, he got to his feet, looking for a possible explanation. Shaky and nervous he left those uncanny surroundings and struck off down the creek, toward camp.

Chief Phantom is still alive, and should you be lucky enough, while vacationing near the Grand Mesa, to see silhouetted against skyline, the form of a mammoth ram, and after blinking to clear your vision you stare into empty space, don't blame your bootlegger or think you have had an optical illusion, but congratulate yourself on having had a much coveted glimpse of Chief Phantom, the Monarch of the Rockies.

# My First Hunt

*A Game Story by a Game Boy*

By WARREN DOYLE, JR.

IT was to be my first real hunt.

Dad had promised that afternoon if the rain cleared off and the cold wind continued, we would be able to go, and probably get our bag by twelve, if we got an early start the next morning.

He and I are both real tramps, not the kind that walk railroad ties and follow the highways from city to city, but, ones who tramp the fields, early and late, summer and winter to breathe fresh clean air, to see the clouds and the stars, to watch the ways of the wild things that live from tree top to the deepest burrow underground. So you know just how excited I was; I, going on a real hunt with, not only Dad, but three other grown men. Say, I wouldn't have changed places with the Prince of "Whales!"

Our home is in New Orleans and the run to Kenner, where we were to hunt for snipe, didn't take very long, and as we raced along the ribbon-like roads, I felt as though I'd pop, everything was so beautiful.

Have you ever traveled a country road just as the sun was coming up? There is the caroling of a million birds, their throats fairly splitting with the joy of being alive. Ground squirrels dart across the road and peer maliciously at you from their point of safety. Woodpeckers beating their constant tattoo of rat-a-tat-tat, a drum-like accompaniment to the carols.

A ridiculous idea that they might be crooks of birddom, ticking their messages across to the black crows, came to me. Guess this trip was making me goophey.

"Well, here we are, Warren, and I'll bet you an Ingersoll watch that I bag more snipe by twelve-thirty than you do, even if I am seventy-two."

The actual gathering up of the trophy was, at first, a little sad to me. The warm, feathery, fluttering thing! I wanted to put it in my flannel shirt to revive it, but when a fellow's out hunting with men he can't do fool things like that; so I threw my first bird in my coat pocket (a large khaki affair) and went on, a little sick at my stomach, but, determined to be a man. I'd be fifteen next July and couldn't behave like a kid any longer.

Dad had sent me off in an entirely different direction than taken by the others and Frank, our setter, followed me. We'd gone about a mile or so when we came to a muddy looking place that the rain of yesterday had left positively oozy, so I picked my way about rather cautiously, stepping only on the grass roots. When I had nearly reached the other side, my foot slipped and I went down, down; it seemed I'd never stop. Keeping my wits about me I whistled for Frank who came running up with the bird he'd been retrieving for me. With a half bark, half growl he came towards me. Grabbing me by the coat, he tried to drag me out, but only slipped deeper and deeper into the drawing, dragging sand, for I realized now, it was quicksand.

"Go get Dad, Frank, go quick!" I commanded. Unhesitatingly, he scrambled from root to root and away. . . .

The pulling at my legs was the queerest feeling I had ever experienced, and try as I might, I didn't seem to be able to do more than keep myself from sinking in to the armpits. I gave the whistle Dad and I always use, but he was too far away to hear me. I'd been in the sand, it seemed hours, before Dad and the others came running up. They threw a board across the grass sods and I was able to pull myself out. Frank fairly made the woods howl with his joyous barking. He'd gone nearly three miles and almost told them I needed help. Dad looked kinda pale, but he slapped me on the back and said:

"Old man, it's all in the day's work, and if you want to win that bet you'll have to hump yourself. The Captain has eight birds already."

We didn't meet again till lunch time. By that time I had thirteen snipe and the appetite of a horse. The Captain was the last to appear and one look at his bulging bag told me that I had lost. When I told him of my luck he pounded me on the back and shouted:

"The young scoundrel, if he didn't beat me by one bird." The others started kidding him about my being able to beat him even when I'd spent most of my time in the crayfish hole, and he, good sport, took their teasing like a major. But I couldn't shine in that kind of glory, so while they were fixing the lunch I counted his birds and he had the limit—twenty-five.

I strung them on a branch and carried them to the improvised lunch table and showed them. He'd beaten them all!

The Captain positively blushed like a kid. You'd have thought he'd done something small, instead of the biggest thing a hunting man could do. Gee Whiz! I hope I grow up to be a good sport like that man.

On our rounds that evening I managed to finish my bag and I think Dad was kinda pleased, 'cause he promised that I could go with them on their first duck trip the following November.


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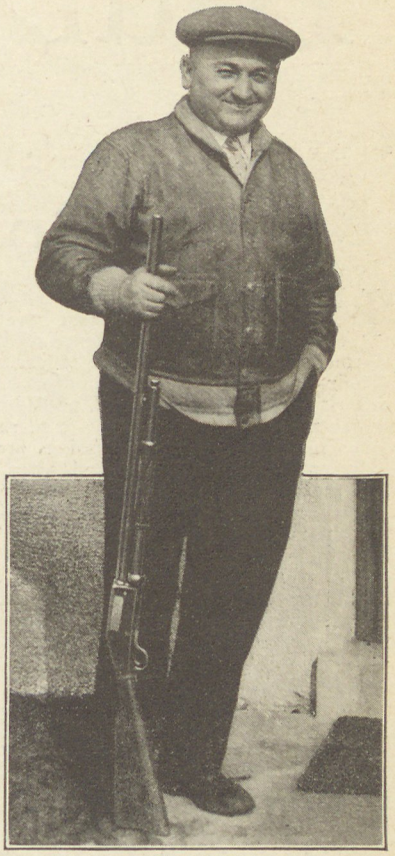

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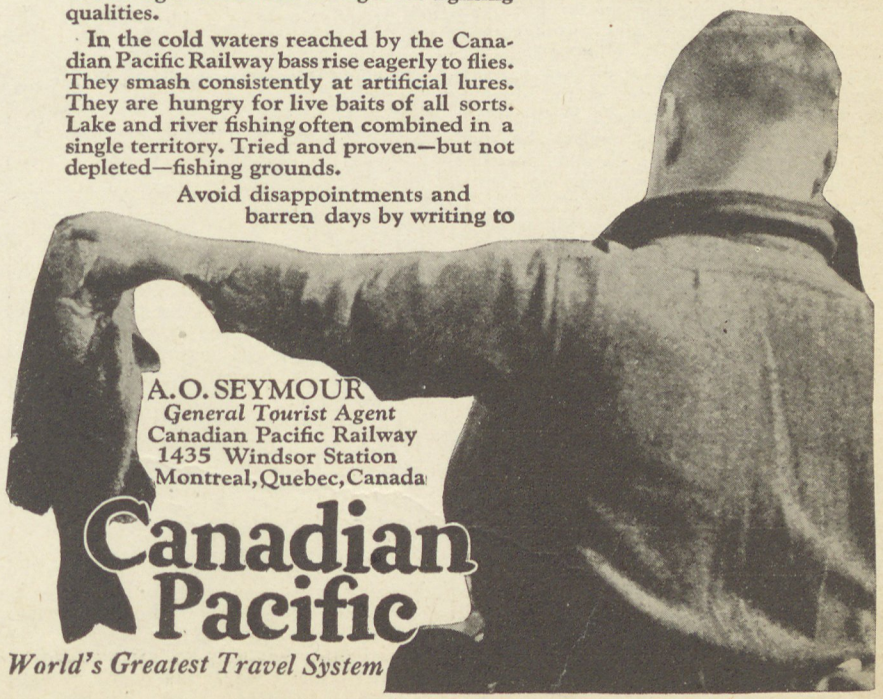

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# Your Dog and Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

## Pointers or Setters?

I FEEL that a large majority of owners of pointers and setters must have gone through the same experience as I, and formed their conclusions accordingly. Their fancy or predilections for certain breeds have been regulated according to different gradations in their careers and opportunities. Different occasions produce different striking appeals, and often it is not the easiest matter to discover how one man has an outstanding fondness for a setter and another for a pointer. Then too, we observe many great field trial and shooting dog enthusiasts who can never settle the matter definitely in their minds about which is the best breed, so they are usually in possession of a fair number of both.

Early conditions possibly form the basis of opinions about a particular breed, opinions which are frequently difficult to analyze, yet ineradicably fixed. I have to draw on personal experience to elucidate what I mean, and at this stage of the game, a pretty old chap at that, I admit, having my opinion hanging in the balance and being not altogether certain whether a pointer in every way surpasses a setter or the reverse. Ultimately I discover that I have to regulate all my thoughts and decisions by what I have seen individual dogs do on certain, specific occasions, rather than being able to prove that one breed is outstandingly superior to the other.

My first choice years ago was for the Irish Setter, particularly a large handsome female of the old color and type and not of the present day type of the color and conformation which was made to please the eyes of a certain class. She was quite a fairly wide going dog whom I thought had good range, nose, and was a capable worker on quail, prairie chickens and occasionally grouse. Also she was an exceedingly good retriever in the ducking grounds which I frequented. Furthermore, when opportunities presented she performed nicely on woodcock and jacksnipe. What more could a growing sportsman ask of the Deity?

All went well for a time with my Irish Setter predilections. For quite a while I considered the breed outstandingly over all others. Eventually I was asked by a friend to visit his country home and bring along the famous Irish girl that I had praised so frequently to him in letters. I was elated at the last request and arrived at his shooting grounds one day pridefully in possession of "Queen."

I observed then that he had a small setter of a breed with which I was not familiar. She did not weigh at the most over 40 pounds, and her color was black, white and tan. She carried herself with an indescribable air of self-confidence. However, I did not take to her. Her nose was a little too snipy; she was too small. Yet I could not fail to regard with admiration her trimly built, cobby body.

On asking my friend in a cynical manner, what sort of mongrel she was, he informed me she was a Llewellyn, and a pretty fair worker. At this I sneered, but reserved further comments until I saw, as I fancied in advance, Queen begin to show her up.

I was shortly after due for a surprise. Queen never showed her up. She simply outclassed my red girl in every way, and while openly I did not admit it, silently I recorded her superior performance. She was much faster and wider going in every way than Queen. She struck out for likely places for her game instead of crisscrossing the field back and forth. That she carried her head high and hunted with the aid of the wind did not fail to impress me, and also I felt that Queen's method of continually hunting for footscent was not to be compared with the one of this capable little black and white damsel. She out-found Queen on singles and bevies, and late in the evening seemingly was going at as fast a speed as in the morning; while the red girl was laboring because she had not previously been stressed to go all day by any dog.

My friend gave me his bitch just before he left for a four years' stay in Europe. Then right off I was a convert to the Llewellyn breed, considering this bitch "Waif" as a fair example of it, and loudly proclaiming that they were the best breed in all the world.

For two seasons Waif held my esteem. Nothing could beat her so I thought, or the Llewellyn setter breed. All of them had to be as good as she, for no other reason than that they were Llewellyns.

Up to this time I had heard considerable about pointers. Most I had seen were not purely bred and I judged the entire breed by them. Waif was in her prime, and the dog par excellence in my mind. Suddenly a pointer arrived and forced me to change my opinion once more.

A very handsome large pointer arrived at my home one day. The reason for its appearance was that an old maid whose bachelor brother had died, had left her his shooting dog. Knowing I loved dogs she sent him to me in a nice crate, express prepaid and a letter with his pedigree and registration papers. He was a son of that famed old English pointer Osborne Ala. Even in my immaturity of judgment I could see that he was of a different type and conformation than any of the scrub pointers I had so far seen. This was the first I saw of "Duke," a dog I shot over annually until he dropped dead on point one day in his fourteenth year.

I expected Duke to be well broken, because his former owner was a man of hunting fame and dog renown, but that he would equal Waif in every way I did not even so much as anticipate. He more than equalled her. In fact, he excelled her in every part of the bird hunting sport. Then immediately I became convinced that pointers were the real thing and no other breed could approach them in general field qualifications.

This personal narrative was precipitated through a belief that the real reason some have favored one breed and others another, is because of their experience with certain high class individuals which have exceeded others of the opposite breed. They form a love for a breed by admiration of an individual. Then there are others who prefer setters because their type of beauty appeals to them more than that of pointers, and that particular fascination will carry on even when judgment comes to actual field work on game.

The demand for the English or Llewellyn setter in the United States got its real impetus from recognition of beauty and merit. The breed became popular on the bench and popular in the field. Beauty was there and every field quality too. The unfortunate thing connected with these dogs was that the proponents of beauty originated and kept a separate bench show type, while the field trial man began to be so thrilled by speed and range that they began to breed for this, overlooking to a certain extent actual or inherent bird work.

To the extent that it afflicted English and Llewellyn setters, pointers never suffered so much from strictly bench show breeding, and very little in their early career from the craze for speed and range, at all cost. The mania for speed and range ultimately effected this great breed, though meritorious bird work and bird finding ability were their first transcending attractions. The early advent of pointers in trials or as class shooting dogs was not propitious. The first types appearing in this country had no dazzling speed or thrilling range. Those that were put down in competition had the reputa-

### To My Dog

By HARRY VARLEY

*You're not so much of a dog, you know,*
*But I'm fond of you just the same;*
*You'll never be ribboned at any show*
*For you haven't a blue-blood name.*
*But you are as good as the best to me*
*And I'd trust in you to the end,*
*Though doubtful and vague as your breed may be*
*You're a pal and a faithful friend.*

*When I look at you, then I wonder what*
*You have done that I like so well;*
*And it's hard to find anything that's not*
*Much too foolish for me to tell.*
*But you are a vagabond, just like me*
*And your pedigree none may scan,*
*You're just the kind of a dog I'd be*
*If I hadn't been made a man.*

tion of being dog trailers. If one happened to get away from its brace mate for a short time, it immediately began to hunt and follow its trail, as if the birds were only a secondary consideration.

The introduction of the blood of King of Kent and a few other prepotent individuals soon began to change pointer history, and before long pointers were ranking with the best of setter blood.

In offering counsel about which breed to choose we fall back on the sole advice to dog lovers to follow their personal likings and not let their decisions be biased by the performance of certain individuals but by the actual merits of either breed. To say one breed is better than another in every way is a far fetched conclusion. Whichever one you choose, have faith in it and give it every possible opportunity to display its natural qualifications. You will never be satisfied with either breed if you are always comparing them.

Summing up the physical and other qualifications of a setter you can include that they are exceedingly handsome and possess lovely coats which help in winter to keep them warm and protect them, too, from briars and spring growths of all sorts encountered. They can stand a lot of exposure under wet and cold conditions and have speed, range, nose, endurance and bird sense aplenty.

Pointers have speed, nose and bird sense. They will not ball up when working in soft snow, and many of them will take briar patches like setters which have a fighting heart, and no setter which has not a fighting heart will break into them. Pointers can stand more heat than setters, and are now their equal in wide going.

The best thing to do is to get either a pointer or a setter, forget all other dogs but that one, and bestow all your training ability on it, and forget completely for the time any other competing breed.

# "Jack"

## By E. W. BEEBE

BEFORE reaching the railroad station, I realized that my patience had been rewarded. The neatly graveled platform presented the usual familiar setting; a truck, the milk cans and bags of mail, but there in a neat, varnished crate, was the object of my anticipation. It was difficult to keep from running, and with long strides, straight past the agent, ignoring his genial "Hello" I went to meet and greet my new dog.

It was a large moment, that meeting between "Jack" and me, a sort of mutual sizing up of each other,—of quick searching curiosity on my part, and on his, sundry sniffs, tail waggings and whines. He was a big fellow, strong, active and vital in every move. He had kept himself miraculously clean during the long trip, the dark liver colored spots showing distinctly against their white background, and the short hair glossy and smooth over his splendid body.

The sight of him could not fail to give one a vision of long days afield in flame colored woods and scented brush patches. Now as I write about him there remains a feeling of deep loss, as the events of our friendship unfold themselves in memory tinted page of happy hours afield.

He was not a super dog, unless you could call his persistent wilfulness a touch of genius, and never was there a word of his parents or himself to be found in the annals of aristocratic dogdom. He


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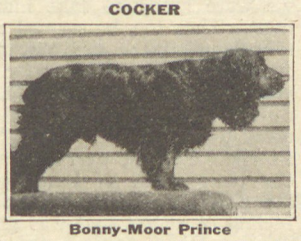

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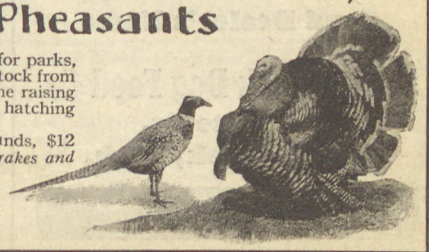

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would scramble over a four-foot fence and run a mile to get away and hunt by himself; then coming back tired and dirty with the last four inches of his tail positively vibrating with penitent lavishness of affection, to escape with little more than a severe scolding. In such times of stress, that trick of lifting one side of his lip, in a grotesque attempt at a smile saved him more than one much deserved paddling.

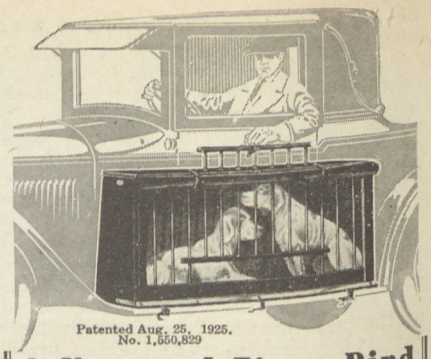
But there is an uncontrollable devil in many of these big pointer dogs—not a mean malicious devil, but rather a roguish devil, that is much bothered by restraint. Jack's particular devil could see no sense in standing still, when birds were flushed, or retrieving birds that were dropped. Eventually a long rope tied to his collar taught him the futility of chasing birds, but the idea of retrieving was as a closed book to him until—well, I shall tell you.

One October day, after a particularly enthusiastic demonstration of chasing and blundering, and failure to heed our entreaties for more sedate working, we decided that Jack would have to go. Not because we didn't like him, but game was scarce in the district where we hunted, and so scattered and easy to flush that a steadier dog would be the only means of getting an occasional shot. So Jack was advertised for the roistering, powerful fellow that he was, and soon there came a check and a request that he be shipped to a country of broad prairies and big coveys, where his speed and endurance would be a blessing instead of a handicap, and his strong legs and deep chest would show to the best advantage the sturdy heart of him.

We had not thought that this parting with Jack would be much more than an unpleasant incident, until the actual day came when the crate was finished, and we were ready to take him on the last hunt. Then too, he seemed to sense something out of the ordinary for the usual frolic when the guns were brought out was missing, and he kept close to us rather than frisking ahead as was his usual wont. A quiet "Heel" brought him slowly following over the short walk to our little patch of hunting territory, in a manner that did little to alleviate the feeling of regret that was growing within us every moment.

But we went on, and soon in the expectancy of skulking birds that might be under that next grass patch the feeling wore off. Down the tracks, on the outskirts of town, and over the fence to the first little swale in Martin's cornfield, where an occasional snipe might drop down to bore for lunch or take a short nap in the sun before lifting and away for far Southern marshes. On we went through the buckwheat patch where lived our flock of quail, and even way down

*Jack on point.*

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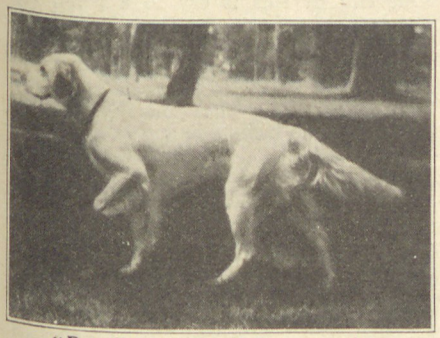
to the second swale and beyond, to where the crows would pass in flying from one cornfield raid to another. So after an hour of fruitless walking we turned home, to have that thought of impending loss come back stronger than ever.

Even the knowledge of his stubbornness, persistent breaking to shot and absolute refusal to retrieve failed to qualm our pangs. It was at early dusk; the songsters of the day were swelling the cooling air with sweetest harmony as if in prayer to the Creator that he may



*"Betsy" Llewellyn Setter, owned by L. C. Minor.*

watch over them in their hours of rest—a time for thought, not speech,—when almost from under our feet the flock of quail we had been seeking went hurtling off into the smoky autumn dusk. Two shots, almost simultaneously, then silence—except for the fluttering wing of a bird that was down, but that had vanished in the dusk.

Up sprinted old Jack, all enthusiasm, all interest, whining a bit in excitement as he nosed the bird that had fallen near us, only to race away and out of sight,—and not until after a moment's admiration for the handsome plumage of the little cock quail, did we miss him. "That confounded dog is gone again," and gone he was, nor would calling or whistling bring him back.

So after a few moments we started leisurely on, almost convinced that the shipping of old Jack would mean the end of our troubles. Then a movement in the cornfield we were passing brought us up short, tense, listening. "It's Jack—" Jack it was,—with wagging tail and that grotesque grin, almost crawling on his belly with pent up excitement, and bearing in his mouth, in an offering of penance and devotion to his gods who were displeased, a wounded quail. Gently as a thoroughbred he laid him at my father's feet.

Words were useless then. His expressive eyes and quivering body was the most poignant human appeal and lasting recollection. It was as if he said, "There,—is it all right, now?"

You may be sure that Jack was fondled and praised and petted. But promise of man to man is not a thing for dogs to understand, and few words were spoken as the crate with Jack inside was taken to the express office that night, where, with anxious eyes peering from slatted openings, he watched us write finis to that chapter of friendship with a hasty pencil scrawl. As we turned away, his deep vibrant whine was like a strong man weeping,—and then two men with moist eyes, silently walked into the darkness, having learned much that is fine and true in the heart of,—just a plain dog.

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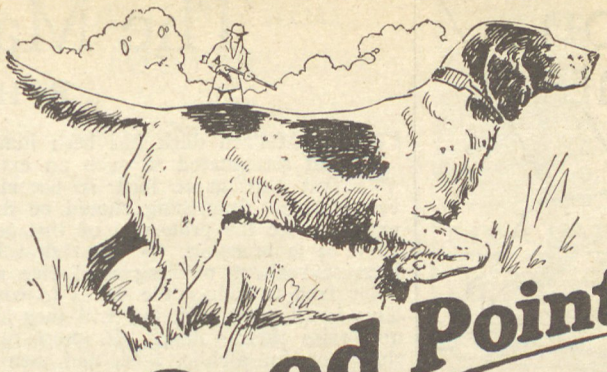

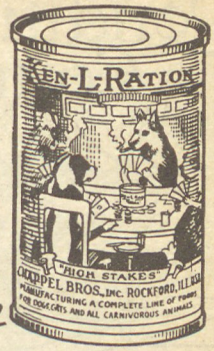


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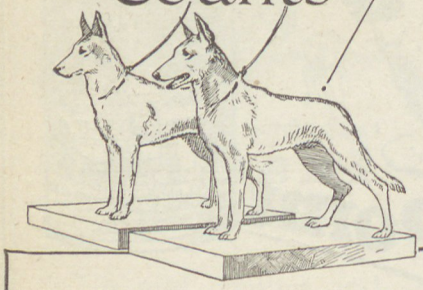

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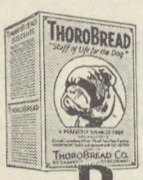


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# The Mallard Nest

By H. E. KOCH

THE Mallard duck has been hunted and slaughtered to such an extent that this game bird is becoming very scarce. Something should be done to encourage the protection of this fowl while it is breeding. A great deal has been said about planting wild rice and other feed to induce the ducks to come. This is all very well, but will they stay and raise their young? In most cases they stop for awhile, feed, and then go on to some other place, which is better adapted for breeding and where they have better protection. Now if a proper breeding place could be provided, where the ducks will be protected from the hunter, the hawk, the crow, the weasel and other destructive enemies, the Mallard would stay in the above mentioned feeding grounds and breed there. This protection can be provided, and I think we are indebted to Mr. J. G. Tibma, of La Porte, Indiana, for showing us how to do this.

Mr. Tibma is a Hollander, and he tells me the farmers in the old country who have water on their farms provide nests for the Mallard. They are made out of marsh hay, rye or oats straw. They are easily made, the cost is only one hour's time. The nest resembles a large jug, the neck or entrance of which should be from five and one-half to six inches in diameter, and the large part of the nest should be about twelve inches in diameter on the inside. The outside measurements are twenty-nine inches in length, and about fifty inches in circumference, and the wall is about two inches thick. These nests are constructed very much like the old straw bee hives, but do not have to be woven so tightly.

The nest is placed in low bushes or even in trees or stakes near the water but high enough above it to protect the nest from rats and minks. It should be placed on its side, and the lower part of the entrance should be extended a few inches to provide a landing place for the duck. If these nests are situated where the Mallards are working, the ducks will take possession at once.

The only tool needed for the work is a wooden needle. It is made of hard wood. Cut a piece one-fourth inch thick, one and one-half inches wide, and ten inches long. One end of this is cut to a point, like the bow of a boat, and the edges of this point sharpened so it can be pushed through the straw easily. Next cut a hole through the needle in the point end, about two inches from the point. This hole should be one inch wide and one and one-half inches long. Sandpaper the needle smooth, and it is finished.

To start the nest, take a bunch of marsh hay, or long straw about one inch thick, and tie a knot in the middle of it. Next push the needle through the knot, fill the hole in the needle with straw, and pull it through the knot, so you have equal length on each end. Now take the two ends of the knot and twist them together and curl them around the knot. Then take the strand you have drawn through the knot and twist it over the first strand in such a way that it will hold in place. Again, push the needle through the knot and pull another bunch of straw through. Twist the first two strands together and draw it tightly around the knot and twist the new strand over it to hold it in place. In this way you continue, making a round disk which forms the back of the nest, always twisting the loose ends of straw together and twisting the new strand over them after you have pulled it through with the needle. Keep on in this way and shape the nest as illustrated.

To fasten the last end of straw, where the nest is finished, take a thin strand and with it sew the last end of straw down just as you would a piece of cloth to keep it from raveling. The lower wall of the entrance should extend about five inches to give the duck a place to land before he crawls in the nest.

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# Questions and Answers

## St. Bernard-New Foundland

*M. C. H., Wausau, Wis.—I would appreciate some information regarding St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs. Anything you may be able to send me about these two dogs will be very much appreciated.*

Answer: The Newfoundland is a native of the island of Newfoundland. It is termed a native American breed, yet it is really not. The present breed was evolved from dogs of large size brought to Newfoundland from England. The cold climate and its work with the fisherman in the water made the dog a hardy one and a close-coated retriever.

The dog presents a beautiful appearance, giving the impression of great strength and dignity. In disposition he is gentle and is an excellent companion for children. Few good Newfoundlands are seen; in fact, the breed is not popular. Of course, he is a large dog and, like most dogs of massive size, foams at the mouth, breathes in gasps and is slow moving. The color commonly seen is the jet black; however, the black and white is coming into popularity.

The St. Bernard has been used in Switzerland, especially at the Hospice of Great St. Bernard, where he is chiefly used to break a path through the snow and to mark the route through mountain passes. The exact origin of the St. Bernard is a matter of doubt. It is likely that he is a mixture of massive bloodhound crossed with Newfoundland and Great Dane. The breed has never become common and at various times has been threatened with extinction. At the present time he is enjoying an increase in popularity.

The general appearance of the St. Bernard is one of strength. The head is a striking part and the expression of the St. Bernard is one of kindness, loyalty and intelligence. The weight of the dog should be from 170 pounds to 210 pounds. The height should be at least 30 inches from the shoulder. There are two varieties, namely, the long coated and the short coated.

## Hook and Whip Worms

*R. T., Chillicothe, Ill.—I am anxious to ascertain if my dog has a hook or whip worm and wish you would advise me where I can have the stool examined for the ova of these worms.*

Answer: I would suggest that you place about a tablespoonful of the matter in a small screw-top jar similar to a cold cream jar. Wrap it well to prevent breakage and address it to Dr. T. B. Crowe, 1827 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago. The examination fee is $2.00.

## .22 Rifle

*G. R. S., Des Moines, Ia.—About how many shots can be fired through a .22 caliber rifle barrel before it wears out to the extent of being inaccurate?*

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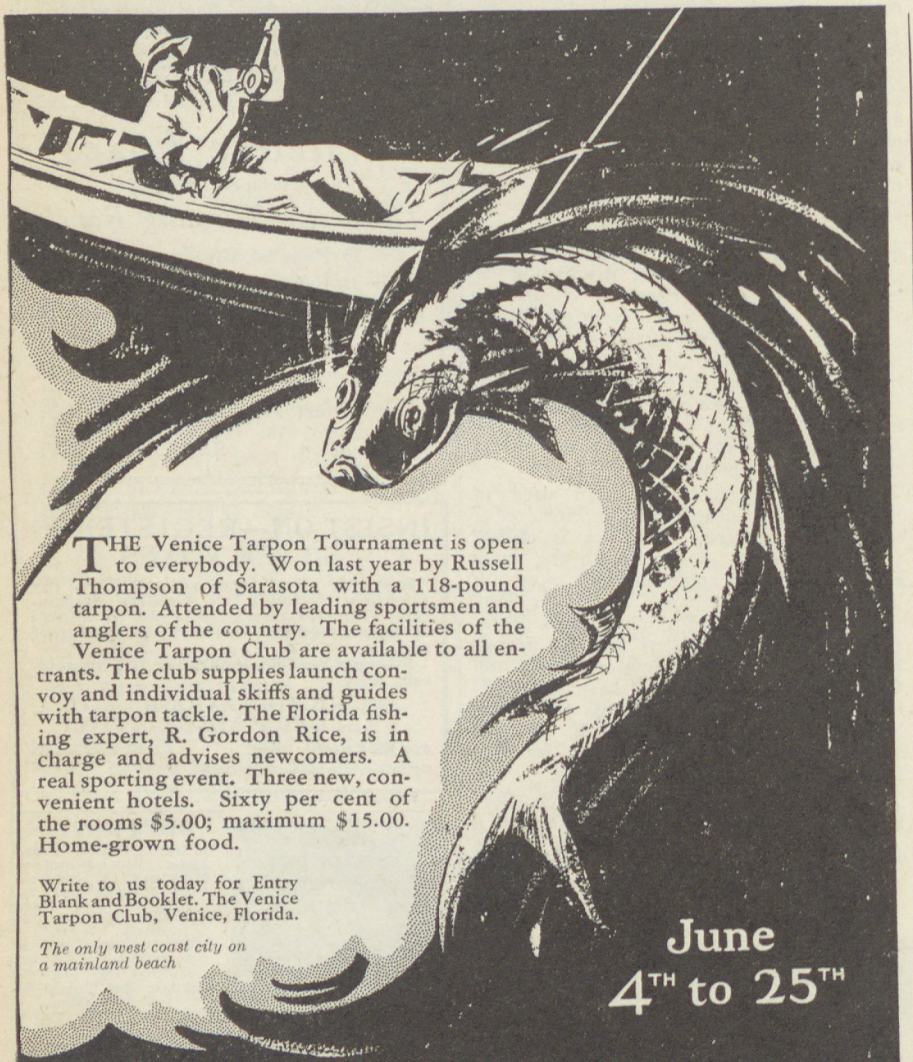

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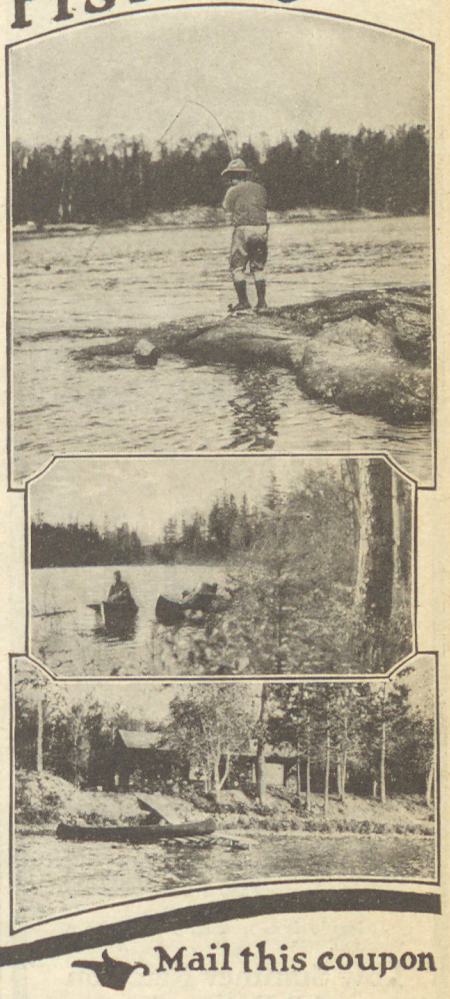

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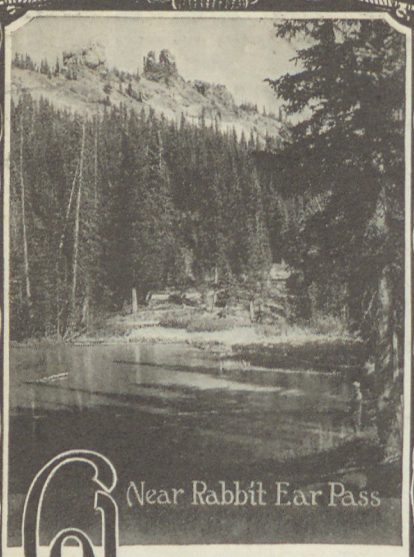

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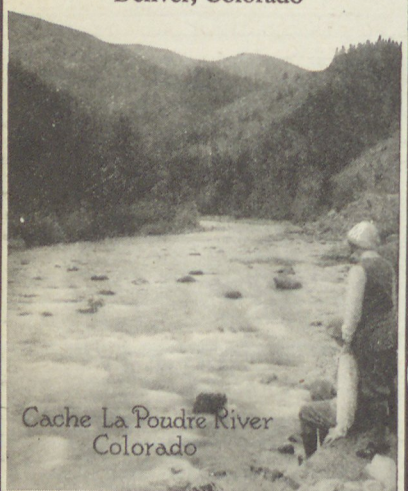

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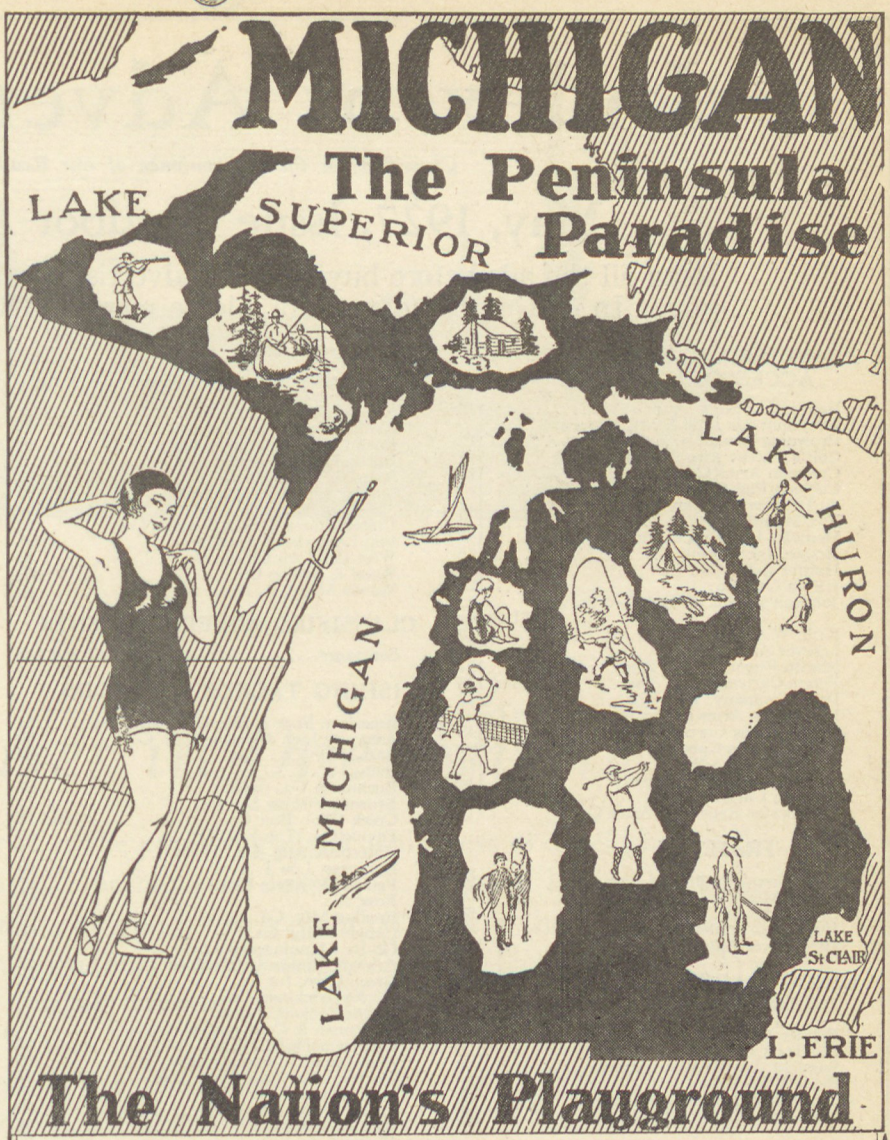


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## Camps and Cottages—Continued

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RAISE your Decoys. Secure setting hen. Hatch Mallard ducks. Eggs, $3.00 a setting. Iris Pendleton, 206 Bitting Bldg., Wichita, Kansas. (3-7)

HIGHEST quality small English callers, $3.50 setting. Prepaid. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo. (3-6)

## Dogs

### Airedales

PEDIGREED Airedale puppies. Males $12.00. Females $7.00. Satisfaction, safe delivery guaranteed. Lawrence Gartner, Lexington, Ohio. (3-6)

### Beagles

BEAGLE puppies from good hunting and field trial bloodlines. Eligible for registration, $12.50 each. Alfred Greuel, Effingham, Illinois. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Pedigreed Beagles, young and matured stock, bitches bred. State your wants. Enclose ten cents for photos and price list. D. J. Miller, Shreve, Ohio, Rt. 2. (3-7)

BEAGLE pups. Males, $8.50. Females, $7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-6)

BEAGLES. Bred from Field and bench champions. A. K. C. registered and eligible. None Such Beagles, La Valle, Wis. (3-5)

### Bull Dogs

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull pups, $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-1)

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CHOICE coach puppies, good bone, sturdy, well marked. Eligible to registration. Kane, Leland, Ill. (3-5)

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## Dogs

### Hounds—Continued

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started, at $15.00 each. High class pointers and setters, foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive price list ten cents. (3x26)

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REGISTERED Irish wolfhound pups for sale. Bear Valley Kennels, Zumbro Falls, Minn. (3-6)

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REDBONE Coon Hounds, also pups from champion cooners, photos to buyers. G. R. Eddington, Macomb, Illinois.

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-7)

BEAGLES, coon, fox hounds. Trial. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-6)

### Labradors

LABRADOR retrievers, Sire, Champion Wolferton Sapper. Pups are natural retrievers and beautiful in appearance. $25 up. Carl McCormack, Mirror, Alberta. (3-5)

REGISTERED Labrador Retrievers. Bred from best hunting stock obtainable. The Dakota Kennels, Box 924, Fargo, N. D. (3-7)

### Miscellaneous Dogs

THE World's Largest Kennel has Oorang Airedale watch-dogs, automobile companions, children's playmates, hunters, retrievers, stock-drivers. Also big game hounds, coonhounds, foxhounds, rabbit hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by canine specialists and shipped on trial. Prices $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies $25.00 to $45.00 each. Catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-6)

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THREE real ones at stud. A. K. C. and F. D. S. B. registered. Bred from champions. English Setter, Walker Foxhound, and English beagle. Write for reservations and pedigree. F. G. Klett, LaValle, Wis. (3-5)

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FOR Sale. Llewellyn and English Setters. Also rabbit hounds. On trial. Pamphlets free. O. K. Kennels, Marydel, Maryland. (6-9)

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REGISTERED greyhound track dogs, rat terriers. Guaranteed. Peter Bielen, Springfield, Minn. (3-5)

SNOW white police, English bulldog, Boston and American bull terrier pups. Eligible. Eyrie Nelson, Englevale, North Dakota.

### Newfoundlands

NOBLE Newfoundland puppies from the very best registered A. K. C. stock. Prices reasonable. Kennebec Fur Ranch, E. L. Moulton, Woolwich, Maine. (3-6)

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland puppies, pedigreed. Wonderful guards and companions. Lone Cedar Farm Kennels, Hartsville, Indiana.

## Dogs

### Pointers and Setters

POINTERS and setters. Have some extra fine puppies, all ages. Also some partly trained dogs and a few thoroughly trained dogs, in both pointers and setters. All extra fine individuals and the best of bloodlines. They are priced to sell and all shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

FOR Sale: A few high class English setter puppies, age 8 weeks, 8 months, by Ch. Bench Show & Ch. Field trial stock, excellent grouse and quail dogs, dual type. Farm raised. Priced reasonably. Red Rose Kennels, Lancaster, Pa. D. H. Nissley, D. D. S., Owner.

ATTENTION Sportsmen: We make a specialty of high class shooting dogs. Can furnish either pointer or setter at reasonable prices, usually have registered pups, at $10.00 each. Ozark Farm Kennels, West Plains, Missouri.

BARGAINS, 100% Llewellyns, sire by Cobb's Hall, runner up National Championship, dam by Champion Riley Frush. Papers for registration furnished; $20, each. Michalek Bros., Victor, Iowa. (3-7)

ENGLISH Setter puppies three months old. Riley Frush, Count Moring and Gunner blood lines. Real ones. All papers. Males $25, females $20. Llewellyn Setters at stud. F. H. Adams, Druggist, Hartley, Iowa. (3-6)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

CHOICE very dark Irish setter puppies, grandchildren of Champion Bran of Boyne, $20.00-$25.00. All papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebraska. (3-7)

FOR Sale. Well bred English Setter puppies 3 months old. Eligible to register. Price $20 and $25. Dr. I. G. Howe, Belmont, N. Y. (3-6)

NOW is the time to buy your pointer or setter at reduced prices. We ship anywhere on trial. Write us your wants. McLister Bros., Brighton, Tenn.

POINTER Breeders. Breed your bitch to "Doughboy's John Proctor" for winning puppies. Write for leaflet. Gilbert Hensley, Green City, Mo. (3-6)

IRISH setter pups. Fifteen and twenty. Write for copy of pedigree. A. Weingartner, Minneota, Minnesota.

REGISTERED male pointers bred right, priced right. Guaranteed to please. Ralph Denny, Freetown, Indiana. (3-7)

SETTERS for sale cheap. Irish male 132084. English female 132871. Dr. W. E. Blymire, Dallastown, Pa.

WRITE me for prices on Irish setter and pointer puppies. Albert McKnight, Tilden, Nebraska.

PEDIGREED Irish Setter Pups. J. Chapman, Palmyra, Ill. (3-5)

### Police Dogs

PROVEN Bitches bred and in whelp to Champion Amor von Geyerberge, Sch. H. Am making special prices to reduce my kennel. Amor puppies this fall have won sensationally in the East and Mid-West. Puppy sons and daughters of Amor, excellent show prospects, at $100.00 up. Will repurchase at eighteen months. Cassius Winkelman, Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-5)

60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (6-10)

50 POLICE puppies, papers to register. Imported and domestic breeding. Sired by Nephew of Strongheart. All colors. Females, $15.00, males, $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (3-5)

FOR Sale. Fifty police pups, grown dogs, bitches open and bred. Finest imported pedigreed blood. $20.00 up. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Write: Karnak Kennels, Coopers-town, North Dakota. (3-5)

BEAUTIFUL police dogs, bitches, pups and stud; reasonable. Hedback Kennels, Cumberland, Wisconsin. (3x27)

CHAMPION police puppies above ordinary quality but below ordinary prices. Hermosa Vista Farm, Route 1 AP, Saint Clairsville, Ohio. (6-10)

## Dogs

### Police Dogs—Continued

GERMAN police puppies, eligible for registration. Ready for shipment. Stanley Jamison, Appleton, Wis. (3-6)

PEDIGREED police Pups. Finest bloodlines. Dark and wolfgray. Prices reasonable. Herman Melle, Alexandria, Minn. (3-5)

### Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels, Genuine curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (3-5)

SPRINGER at Stud. International field trial winner Downton Bob. Two firsts and cup for best dog entered Spaniel Field Trial Club of America trials. Pups now winning. Stud card on request. Springers for sale. Dean Swift, Edgerton, Wis. (3-5)

CLOSING out springer spaniels, champion blood lines. Puppies and grown stock at one-third value. Custer Kennels, Miles City, Montana.

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. Fine litter. Several ready to train. Excellent breeding. Reasonable. F. E. Schneider, Stoughton, Wis. (3-6)

FINE litter Springer spaniels; liver and white; two months old. Sired by "Joe of Ware." Males $25.00, females $20.00. E. T. Hall, Sterling, Colo.

CHAMPION bred Springer pups. $25.00 up. Whirlwind Flush at stud. Fee $25.00. Peck's Kennels, Lawler, Iowa. (3-6)

FOR Sale. Irish Water Spaniels. Genuine curly coated rat tail strain. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-6)

FOR Sale. Black cocker spaniel puppies, pedigreed. Sired by Bonny Moore Prince field trial winner. Sidney Adema, Roscoe, Ill. (3-5)

GENUINE Irish Water Spaniel puppies. Eligible. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reasonable prices. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Mont. (3-6)

IRISH water spaniels. Pups and Adults. Finest stock, registered, priced to sell. Walter Magnus, Webster, South Dakota. (3-7)

SELLING Irish Spaniels retrievers. Price reasonable. John Resheske, Redgranite, Wisconsin. (3-6)

SPRINGERS. Broken. Partly broken and pups from champion stock. Dr. A. C. Johnson, Winthrop, Minn. (2-5)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Farm raised pups; registered. Sent on approval. $25.00 up. Lakeland Kennels, Olivia, Minn. (3-6)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Classically bred for work. Famous Rivington strain. John Stewart, Minot, No. Dak. (3-5)

SPRINGER spaniels for sale, cheap. Denver Ackley, Cattaraugus, New York.

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DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

SMOOTH Fox Terrier puppies. Best of breeding. $15.00 to $25.00. Maridell Kennels, Eldorado Springs, Missouri. (3-6)

### Trainers—Dogs

WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training, also spaniels. Yard work and force-retrieving taught; faults corrected in dogs any age. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Winnfield, La. (3-6)

### Wanted—Dogs

PUPPIES wanted—All breeds, no Champions. Write what you have in first letter, stating breed, age, sex and lowest prices. Biddle's, 22 N. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (4-6)

## Dog Remedies and Supplies

MINEROLA. The only cure for distemper I have found in thirty-five years' training and breeding, writes Mr. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa., one of our most reliable and best known dog trainers. $1 post paid. Quantity prices to dealers and kennels. Minerola Remedy Co., Owensboro, Ky. (3-6)

## Dog Remedies and Supplies—Cont'd

REVILO. Genuine Tetrachlorethylene, the new wormer discovered by the Government. More effective than carbon tetrachloride, and the safest anthelmintic known. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running-barking fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 9, Quincy, Ill. (9x26)

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MANGE remedy. Unconditionally guaranteed. Quart $2.00. Richmond Kennels, Harriston, Miss. (3-6)

MARNEY'S worm capsules—for puppies or dogs—$1.00 a package. 400 Broadway. East St. Louis, Ill. (3-6)

## Firearms and Ammunition

HUNTING Scopes, Cleaning Rods, Watson Sights, Bolt-Sleeve Sights, Target Scopes and Reloading Tools. Any folder free. Complete handbook 50 cents. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-7)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles, Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in the U. S. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-7)

THE OVR-UNDA gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-7)

WALNUT gun cabinets—Beautiful high light piano finish. Direct factory prices. Illustrated folder free. Corbett Cabinet Mfg. Company, St. Marys, Pa. (3-7)

ANTIQUE Firearms—Send for list. F. Theodore Dexter, 910 Jefferson St., Topeka, Kansas. (3-7)

SELL: 100 rifles and shotguns, 22 caliber to 8 bore. Printed firearms list 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minn. (3-7)

## Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Rice! Wild Celery! Will bring ducks and fish in swarms to your favorite waters. Guaranteed planting material ready for spring sowing. 35 varieties. 31 years experience. Expert advice—helpful planting literature. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 56 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-5)

NATURAL duck food plants gathered and packed by hand. Wild celery, widgeon grass, sago pondweed. Russell A. Griggs, Hampton Lodge, Waterlily, N. C. (3-6)

WILD Celery. Sago Pond Weed. Widgeon grass. All best kinds duck food attractions. Whites Game Preserve, Waterlily, N. C. (6-7)

## Fishing Tackle and Bait

ANIMATED weedless bucktail and feather Bass flies, $6.00 per dozen; or your ideal from sample or faithful description at reasonable prices. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kansas. (3-7)

BEST yet, catfish bait, a little better than the best. Doughbait and prepared liver for throw lines. Price 50 cents each prepaid. Dealers wanted. W. W. Hughes, Bayard, Nebraska. (4-6)

CATFISH will bite. Send 50c for secret how to prepare a natural bait. No drugs or anything to buy. Bait easily gotten and prepared. Guaranteed or money back. Carl A. Haberlein, McPherson, Kansas. (5-9)

ATTENTION Waltonians. Gilman Rod Co., 104 Maple St., Rome, New York, manufactures high grade split bamboo fishing rods. Write for particulars. (3-6)

FINE Fishing Tackle: Flies, rods, reels, lines, etc., at reasonable prices. List free. M. E. Hoag Fly & Tackle Company, 5310 Templeton Street, Los Angeles, California. (3-7)

MR. FISHERMAN: Are you interested in a better silk casting or trolling line for less money? Inclose stamp for sample cards and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Ill. (4-5)

## Fishing Tackle and Bait—Cont'd

CATCH cat fish! Enclose one dollar for successful plan; full description baits, tackle, water conditions. L. H. Davis, Calmar, Iowa. (3-5)

MAKE your own leaders. Use "Tug." Fools fish. Holds them too! Ten foot sample 25c. Fletcher-Fletcher, 1796 N. Lake Ave., Pasadena, Calif. (3x27)

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for carp, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-5)

GUARANTEED Anti-backlash attachment for any reel. $1.50. Circulars. Reel Co., Windfall, Ind. (3-6)

ANGLEWORMS. Anytime! Formula 10c coin and stamp. Merrill Holmes, Broadford, Ill.

## Food Products

SPRUCE Gum—Refined from high-grade stock fresh from Maine forest; twenty 5c packages to box, $1 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-6)

MAPLE Syrup, Maple Sugar; Puré, fresh—right from the Camp. Write Bob Blackman, Neillsville, Wisconsin. (3-5)

## For Sale or Exchange

NEW and second hand guns, revolvers, watches, diamonds, binoculars and Indian goods for sale or trade. Robert G. Parman, Arkansas City, Kansas. (3-7)

SPRINGERS registered, for sale or exchange for radio, umbrella tent, shotgun, boat motor or fly rod and reel. Ernest Elmen, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

PEDIGREED pointers—Llewellyns. $25.00 up. Exchange for good gun. Dr. Robert Boggs, Richmond, Ky. (3-6)

## For Smokers

HOMESPUN Tobacco—mellow, sweet, aged in bulk. Smoking, 15 lbs. $1.50; chewing, 15 lbs. $2.25. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pay when received. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky. (3-6)

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 15, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-7)

TOBACCO postpaid, guaranteed Best Mellow, Juicy red leaf chewing, 5 lbs. $1.40; 10, $2.50. Best smoking 20c lb. Mark Hamlin, Sharon, Tenn. (3-6)

TOBACCO—Kentucky natural leaf, six pounds chewing $1.50, six pounds smoking $1.20. Pay when received. Oscar Luther, Wingo, Ky. (3-6)

## Game, Birds and Animals

PHEASANT Eggs: I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Mongolian, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver; all guaranteed to be from strong, pure-bred non-related birds. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Illinois. (3-6)

"SUCCESSFUL Mink Raising" revised and amplified. This large new book is highly illustrated and full of practical and detailed information. The writer has had ten years experience in mink raising. Mailed postpaid for $1.00. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-5)

FOR Sale. Buffalo wolf pups, tame as kittens. Fifty dollars each, either sex. Shipped, weaned May 12th. Largest wolves in the world. Affectionate as dogs. Send ten cents for literature and pictures. Robt. Jones, Mgr., McCleery Wolf Pack, Kane, Pa. (3-5)

LIVE squirrels and rabbits for sale. Fresh caught from the Ozarks. Order now for later delivery. Ship squirrels June first to January 31st. Rabbits in fall and winter. Live arrivals guaranteed. H. S. Ferrell, Cassville, Mo. (3-7)

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Stocking Pheasants and Games. Deer and fur-bearing animals. Milk Goats. Jersey and Holstein cattle. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

SILVER Foxes, Chinchilla Rabbits, Pigeons, Mink, Muskrat. Tell me how you are situated and I'll show you how to make big profits. Conrad's, 721 California Bldg., Denver, Colo. (3-5)

PEAFOWL, pheasants, bantams, pigeons, wild geese, ducks, stock, hatching eggs. Free circular. John Hass, Battendorf, Iowa. (6-6)

## Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

FOR Sale, for June, July and August delivery, mink, raccoon, skunk, cross, blue and red fox. All good, healthy, northern animals. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minn. (3-5)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

THOROUGHBRED Roller and Yorkshire Canaries. Choice breeding stock. Guaranteed full-note singers. Frank Caduff, 317 16th Ave., Newark, N. J. (3-5)

BLUE Fox pups delivered at reasonable prices. San Juan Fox Company, Petersburg, Alaska. (3-7)

ENGLISH grey call duck eggs $3.00. Setting Blue Sweeds, $2.00. 1 Egyptian Goose, $12.00. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Indiana.

MINKS—Best Northern Mississippi Valley Minks. Orders taken any time. Cold Spring Fur Farms, Box E, Homer, Minnesota. (3-7)

PHEASANTS — Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-5)

PHEASANT eggs, Ringneck, from choice stock, hardy birds, $3.50. Setting of twelve eggs. Alpheus Coe, Suffern, New York.

RAISE Muskrats; Mink, Raccoon for big profits. Write, Fur Farms Bureau, London, Ontario, Canada.

SQUIRRELS, Black, Gray, Fox, Parti-colored, Flying; for pets, parks or propagation. Write Wildwoods Fur Farm, Woodville, Texas.

BEAVER—Breeding Stock for Sale. Thompson's Beaver Farm, Motley, Minn.

ENGLISH call eggs. Twelve, $2.25 postpaid. Gale Ford, Wilton, Iowa. (3-6)

FALLOW Deer for sale. White, speckled and brown. C. E. Thomas, Prattville, Ala.

FOR Sale—Ringneck Pheasant eggs for spring delivery. Eric L. Hoffman, Branch, Mich. (4-5)

FERRETS. Hand trained. Tame. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-6)

PRAIRIE Dog pups, May delivery, $3.50 pair. Webb, Protection, Kansas.

SALE: Wild red fox, Coyote pups. Claude Clinton, Fayville, Ill. (3-5)

WILD red foxes for your hunting grounds. Eyrle Nelson, Englevale, North Dakota.

## Help Wanted

FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Mr. Ozment, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (11x26)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, 2190 Broadway, N. Y. (3-6)

MEN, get forest ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; permanent; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton, 236 McMann Bldg., Denver, Colo. (3-5)

MEN wanting forest ranger job; $125-$200 month, nice cabin. Hunt, trap and patrol. Write for list National forests. Rayson, Dept. B-28, Denver, Colo. (12-3)

## Home Supplies and Furnishings

DRYFT-GLO. For your fireplace. Gives the flames the leaping, dancing colored lights of real driftwood. Send 50 cents for large package. Enough for 30 evenings. C. J. Pope, 431 Washington Blvd., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-5)

## Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

INDIAN crafts: Send for list of guaranteed hand-made Indian pottery, basketry, buckskin work, woven goods, beadwork, coin-silver, jewelry, weapons, birchbark, articles, etc. Reservation Prices. Address Mille Lacs, Indian Trading Post, Onamia, Minn. (3-7)

ALASKA hair seal skin beaded moccasins, $2.50. Send outline foot. Carved wood Totem pole six inch, with legend, $1.25. Postpaid. Curios Bear Totem Store, Wrangell, Alaska. (3-5)

## Miscellaneous

SALMON and trout fishing, also elk and stag shooting, interesting offers on application. Reliable information and service from experienced salmon fisher. Personally shot 76 elks. Best references. Bernhd Brekke, Trondhjem, Norway. (12-10) Established 1880.

NOTICE: My private yacht available to your own party for Georgian Bay Canadian scenic and fishing trip. July or August. Wonderful outing. Low cost. F. W. Atkins, Bay City, Michigan. (3-7)

DOG Collar name plates, 20c; key checks, 15c. All kinds of lodge emblems on key checks. L. H. Eckels, 1331 Wallace St., Harrisburg, Pa. (3-5)

EGGS for sale. Pure bred small type grey English call ducks. Also big twin Johnson outboard motor (new). Write Earl R. Haswell, Tekamah, Nebraska.

FOOT trouble. If your feet ache, burn, scald, swell, blister, perspire, offensive odors, don't suffer. Write to the Miller Drug Co., Kimball, S. D. (3-5)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-7)

NEW Poison kills coyotes instantly. 12 free. Circular explains. Coyote Tyson, Kimama, Ida. (3-6)

## Outing Equipment

BARGAIN—New Chevrolet 1 ton truck with enclosed special body. Screened sides and curtains on back half. Shelves in front half of body on each side, full height. Ice box in center. Several closets inside and storage boxes below body. Railing around entire top for carrying boxes, etc. Oversize tires 30x5 front, 32x6 rear. This truck would make a wonderful camping or touring outfit, as two berths could be arranged in back as well as front. Cost new $1,600.00. Our price $950.00. Harvey Motor Truck Works, Harvey, Illinois. (Chicago Suburb.)

PORTABLE House Tent 12x24 Complete $115.00. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wisconsin. (3-7)

TENTS for sale, new and slightly used. All styles. Write for catalog. The Hettrick Mfg. Co., Toledo, O. (3-6)

WALL tent Haiki ten ounce. 9½ by 12. And fishing tackle. Chas. M. Hudson, 922 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois. (2-6)

## Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

## Photography—Cameras

FILMS developed—with six Hi-Gloss prints 31c. Our famous enlargements from your kodak negative 5x8 with folder, 35c. Mail your film today. Merchants Film Service, Dept. 2, Winona, Minn. (3-7)

HUNDRED best markets for your photographs. Booklet gives names, addresses, wants. Written by a successful correspondent. 20c silver. R. Snyder, Publisher, Guilford, Conn. (3-6)

WANTED. Bell and Howell projector for cash. Schoepflin, 95 Meadow Road, Buffalo, N. Y. (3-5)

## Poultry

THE most talked of bird in the world today—Schaefer's Turken, the turkey pheasant-chicken; the most delicious table fowl in existence; only linebred stock in America from original birds. Eggs $6.50 setting. Infertiles replaced free. 12-page historical bulletin, a textbook on breeding, free. George Schaefer, Menlo Park, California.

DAY-OLD chicks and ducklings. Single comb Anconas, Barred rocks, Mammoth Pekin ducklings. Reasonable. Circular free. Lyonstown Hatchery, Bellefonte, Pa.

OLD Reliable—Strong, vigorous, true to breed, thirteen varieties. Twenty-seventh annual catalog free. Uhl Hatchery, New Washington, Ohio. (3-7)

## Poultry—Continued

MAMMOTH bronze turkey eggs. $6.00 per twelve, postpaid. Now booking orders. Fertility-safe arrival guaranteed. Highland Farm, Sellersville, Pa. (3-6)

BRONZE turkey eggs. 10 for $5.00. Prepaid. Order now. Aaron J. Felthouse, Goshen, Ind. (3-6)

## Pigeons

PIGEONS, all varieties. Circular free. John Smith, 1407 Ford Ave., Alpena, Michigan. (3-5)

RACING Pigeons for sale, breeders, youngsters. Hoosier P. Lofts, Indianapolis, Indiana. (3-6)

## Printing, Stationery and Rubber Stamps

CAN you beat these prices? 5,000 letterheads, 20 lb. bond paper, 5,000 XXX white wove envelopes, $8.75. Other prices and samples on request. The Low Cost Printing Co., 123 West 21 St., New York. (3-5)

RUBBER Stamp! Name, address, two lines 25c. Three lines 35c. A. Brush Co., Auburn, Nebr. (3-5)

"NEARGRAVURE" Process Printed Stationery—better, unique, distinctive, Samples. Sollidays, Knox, Indiana. (3-5)

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-6)

## Rabbits

JAGGERS Champion Strain Chinchillas; pedigreed registered, prize winners for sale. Jaggers Rabbitry, Box 1061, Station A, Pueblo, Colo. (3-7)

CHOICE pedigreed Flemish Giants, Reds, Chinchillas. John Robert Hemeyer, Snow Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. (3-6)

RAISE rabbits—It pays. Buy pedigreed stock. Illustrated book 10c. Malkranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (5-7)

PEDIGREED Flemish Giants, guaranteed. Close Rabbit Farm, Tiffin, Ohio. (3-6)

## Radios for Sale

300-MILE "Pocket" Radio, $2.00. No tubes nor batteries required. Useful and practical, loudspeaker volume. Order direct today. Spencer Laboratories, 116 Atlas, Akron, Ohio. (3-6)

## Real Estate

THE finest and most complete summer home in Northern Minnesota, known as Homaji Lodge, located 54 miles north of Duluth, includes 200 acres, of which about 175 acres is Virgin pine, spruce, birch, and other varieties of native timber. The main building is of large pine logs, stained a dark mahogany, all modern conveniences, completely and tastefully furnished and comfortably accommodates 12 people. Located on the shore of one of the three beautiful lakes which front on the property. Ten other substantial buildings, including caretaker's cottage and extensive fruit, flower and vegetable gardens. Splendid facilities for bathing, boating, fishing, and hunting. A most desirable property for a family or a small club. Isolated by a private half mile drive through the woods but easily accessible by owner or guests. Price $32,000 on terms. Improvements alone cost over $50,000. Half mile frontage, with the finest sand and gravel beach on the North Shore of Lake Superior. Nearly all of this tract of 94 ¼ acres is covered with a splendid growth of 10 or more varieties of timber, enough of which could be used for building several cabins, without detracting from appearance of the balance. Located on State Highway No. 1, Duluth to Port Arthur, one of the best hard surfaced roads in the State, and no doubt the most scenic, and only half mile from Brule River, a famous trout stream. Price $4,500. For full particulars of either of above properties, or other lake and river frontage, write Church Land Co., Duluth, Minn. (3-7)

SIX hundred forty acres desirable hunting and fishing grounds located one mile from M seventy-six main Highway, seven miles north of St. Helens. Section eleven, town twenty-four, North Range one West. Three excellent trout streams, plenty of timber in which deer are plentiful. Friends tell us this is best deer hunting ground in Southern Michigan. Price five thousand dollars. Desirable for hunting and fishing club. If interested address Ambrose Wood Co., 408 Crapo Block, Bay City, Michigan. (3-7)

## Real Estate—Cont'd

FOR Sale: Beautiful 8 room house, all modern improvements, built on grounds 132 foot frontage, 154 feet depth. Separate summer kitchen on grounds. Situated at Old Forge, New York (foot of Fulton chain of lakes), in Adirondack Mountains. Good fishing, hunting and an ideal home. Apply J. W. Oehl, 657 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (3-7)

NORTHERN Michigan Hunting and Fishing Camp. 10 acres Cheboygan County, overlooking Burt Lake. Heart of resort region. Good log dwelling, chicken house, etc. Fine bearing orchard. Ideal summer home. Best fishing and hunting. Good auto roads. Only $1,000. Liberal Terms. O. Herrmann, 566 East 35th Street, Chicago. (3-7)

LAKE frontage. Direct from owner. Three-quarters of a mile of white sand beach on little Star Lake. Suitable for club. One-half mile on Boulder Lake. With cottages, 22 lots, on outlet of Boulder and Wool Lake sand beach. All in Vilas County, Wisconsin. Wm. Paquette, Boulder Jct., Wis. (3-5)

FORTY acres, 200 ft. frontage on good lake in Northern Wisconsin adjoining the beautiful virgin forest of the National Playground Ass'n. Has good ccttage, garage for two cars and shed. For particulars write, Ralph R. Oxley, Boulder Jct., Wisconsin. (3-6)

FOR Sale: 176 acres, Cass Co., Minn. Ideal summer resorts, hunting or country club. Some virgin timber; two lakes; fine fishing and hunting $4,800.00. Off Highway No. 19. For further information write First National Bank, Walker, Minnesota. (3-7)

20 ACRES. With ¾ mile timbered shore line on Round Lake, Mason Co., Mich. Best game fishing. Good cottage furnished complete. Splendid well water. Perfect title. For information write, Bert Seeley, Owner, Benton Harbor, Mich. (3-7)

FULLY furnished home in heart of Northern Michigan's finest hunting, resorting and fishing. Seven rooms and bath, hot and cold water, electric lights. Good cash investment. Write B. H. Belknap, Grand Marais, Michigan.

BEAUTIFUL lake shore tract—hunters' and fishermen's paradise—Itasca County. Address, Itasca Lumber Company, Land Dept., Deer River, Minn. (3-7)

CHOICE Wisconsin land, suitable for hunting lodges, summer cottages, game preserves, etc., priced right. N. Emerson, 1222 McKnight Building, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-7)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

FOR Sale: Seven thousand acres of southwest Louisiana marsh land. Best duck and wild game location in America. Address, S. Arthur Knapp, Lake Charles, Louisiana. (3-6)

FOR Sale: 1,200 acres cutover land Gogebic County, Michigan; will sell whole or part. First class hunting and fishing locations. Call or write L. E. Redmond, Marenisco, Michigan.

FREE Information: Lake Cottages, Fishing, Duckpasses, Muskrat lakes, Chicken-ranches, etc. Cooperative Sales Agency, Box 405, Frazee, Minn. (3-7)

LARGE lake lots, virgin timbered, sandy beaches, good fishing. $10 down, $10 monthly. Free folder. Harry R. Bradley, 204 West Irving St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-5)

LAKE and river frontage, farms, cutover land; tracts suitable for fur farms; best fish and game section of Wis. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wisconsin. (3-7)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-7)

6,000 FT. finest sand beach. Large lake. Central Wisconsin, Virgin timber. Ideal for platting or Club. $125.00 an acre. J. E. Ford, Sheridan Building, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

ALL year lake cottage on one of Wisconsin's best stocked lakes; beach; fireplace; boat; all $1,350.00. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wisconsin. (3-7)

FOR Sale. Lakeshore properties in Arrowhead Country. Arrowhead Lakes Land Company, Tower, Minn. (3-6)

FINE Summer home on good lake in Wisconsin. Real bargain. W. F. Volz, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

FOR Sale: Desirable Cabin on Yellowstone Highway, seven miles east of Yellowstone Park. Barnett, Box 662, Powell, Wyoming.

LAKE and River frontage in Northeastern Minnesota at $5 to $50 an acre. Church Land Company, Duluth, Minn. (3-6)

$235 BUYS log cabin on fine fishing lake, Minnesota. Arthur Gerken, Fort Dodge, Iowa. (3-5)

## Real Estate—Continued

FOR Sale—River Frontage Nine Room Cottage including furnishings, screen porches front and rear and five room farmhouse and 120 acres of land on south branch Manistee known as Pine River near Luther, Michigan. One of Michigan's best trout streams; ideal place for trout fishermen or Club. L. J. Kempf, 331 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

## Schools

CARTOONING and Commercial Art. 25 lessons, 300 illustrations, 2 clothbound volumes and drawing outfit $5 postpaid. Catalog free. Nu-Way Art School, 220 W. Graham Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (3-6)

## Situations Wanted

SITUATION Wanted: Barber and valet for hunting and fishing lodge, public or private. Paul Schroder, 1702 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

## Stamp Collecting

FREE mammoth illustrated price list of wonderful bargains in packets and beautiful sets. 12 scarce Azerbaijan free to approval applicants. Pennsylvania Stamp Co., Greensburg, Pa. (3-5)

FINE approval selections at 50% discount. 100 stamps free for 3c postage. Write now. Wineholt Stamp Co., Woodbine, 14, Penna. (3-6)

APPROVALS. 50% discount. Noemus Stamp Co., 312 East 23rd St., New York. (3-6)

BIG surprise packet free with 10c packet, any country, 1,000 mixed. 35c. H. Simmons, Box 18, Horton, Michigan. (3-7)

FREE 100 different to applicants sending postage. Hawkeye Stamp Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-7)

20 PAGE United States and Canadian list free. Stanley Gibbons, Inc., 35 Ann St., New York, N. Y. (3-5)

105 CHINA, etc., 2c. Album (500 illustrations), 3c. Bullard, 26BB, Boston.

## Taxidermy

TAXIDERMISTS—Mount that next head, fish or bird on American Beauty panels. Your customer will appreciate the difference. Catalogue free. Nippon Panel Co., Williamsport, Pa. (3-7)

F. SCHUMACHER & SONS, Manufacturers of Glass eyes for taxidermists. Taxidermist's supplies. Indian beads, furriers' supplies. 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Bobcat fur rug; mounted deer head. Zoller, 1102 W. 63rd Street, Chicago, Illinois.

## Travel

EARN trip to Europe. Organizing for lowest cost tours. 37 days $295. Allen Tours, 915 Little Bldg., Boston. (4-5)

## Wanted

WANTED. Old Colts and Remington Revolving rifles, cap and ball. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-6)

CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 133. (7-7)

WANTED to buy high class guns. Priced right. Redshaw, Granville, Ill. (3-7)

## Wearing Apparel

HARRIS Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland, postage paid. The "real thing," hand woven and hard-wearing. Sport Suits to measure, exclusive cut, $32.00. Postage paid. Booklet and latest patterns free. T. B. Macauley, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-8)

SWEATERS re-modeled, high turtle neck slip-overs made V neck slip-overs for $1.50; slip-overs made buttoned coat style, $2.50. Send that old sweater today. Pure wool sweaters made to order for teams or individuals. Send for circular. Bullard Knitting Mills, Duluth, Minn. (3-7)

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162B Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

# I *thought* I SMELLED *SMOKE*

REMEMBER the fire at the Mountain View last summer? You must have seen it in the papers. Well, *I* remember it. It comes back to me now like a nightmare.

Along toward early morning, I was awakened by the pungent odor of something suspiciously like wood smoke. I grabbed my Eveready flashlight, which fortunately was parked on a chair next to my bed. I snapped on the flashlight and, sure enough, smoke was seeping under the bedroom door.

I snatched up what clothing I could carry and made for the hallway. All about me was confusion. It seems that when the fire started, every light in the hotel had gone out . . . *like that!* Except for my Eveready, the place was in darkness. By the aid of its bright, penetrating light, I guided all the guests on my floor to safety before the entire structure broke into flames.

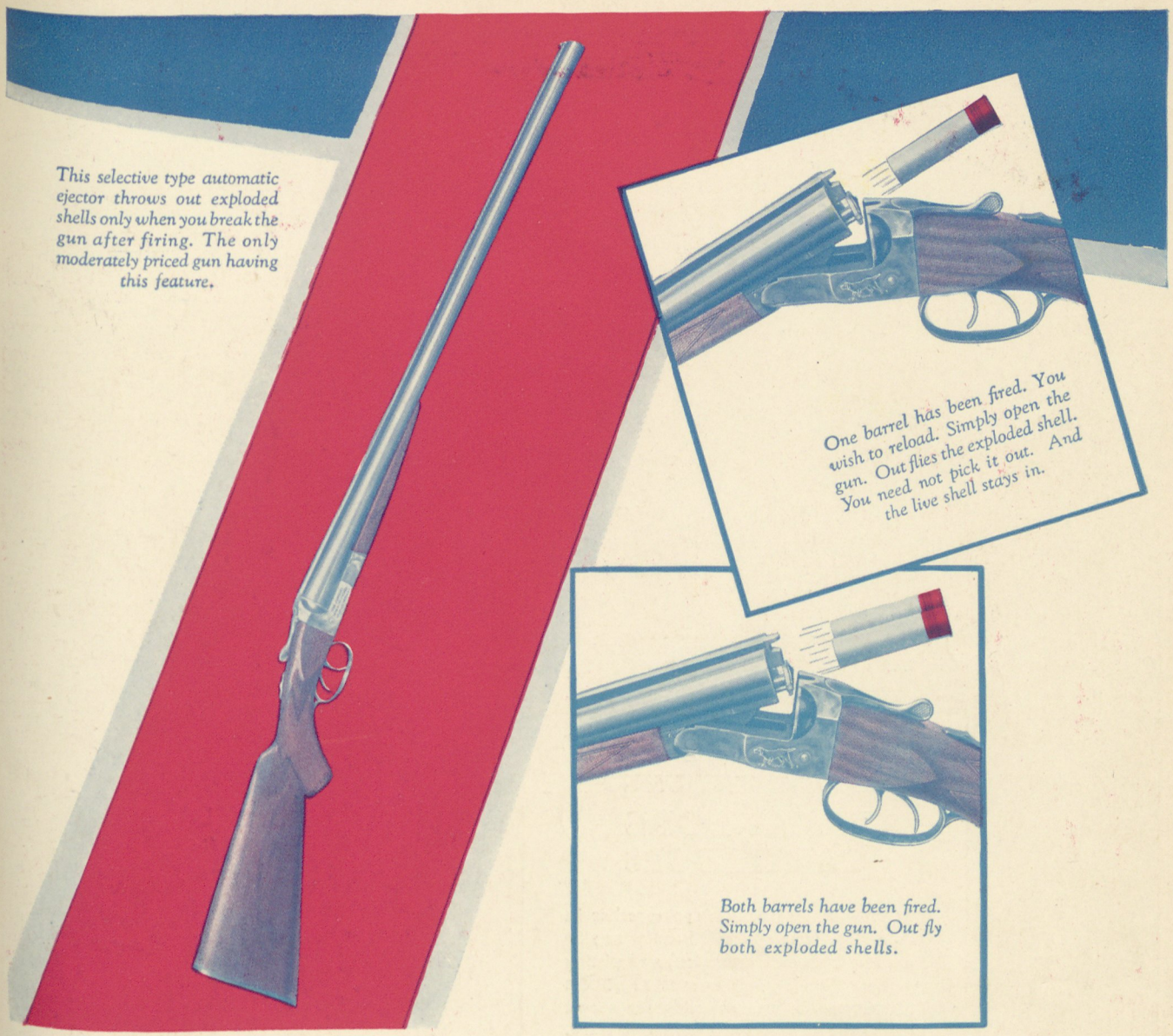
I had paid $1.25 for that Eveready. It was worth a million dollars to me that night!

* * *

Every outdoor man and woman needs an Eveready Flashlight. It is always a convenience and often a life-saver. Keep it loaded with fresh, strong Eveready Batteries, which fit all makes of flashlight cases and are "best in every case." Eveready Batteries are *dated*—you *know* they're fresh.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York San Francisco
*Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation*

A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK




# *Now!* The IVER JOHNSON automatic ejector double barrel shot gun

FIRE one barrel. Then open the gun. Out flies the exploded shell, clear of the gun. *The live shell stays in.*

Fire both barrels. Out fly *both* shells. A truly selective Automatic Ejector of improved type. The ejecting mechanism is of rugged construction and is completely housed in the forend. The gun has many other features of merit. The hammers can be lowered without snapping.

A close, hard-shooting gun, made with three-piece lightning lock composed of large, rugged members—proof against breakage. Cocking rods work by direct contact with anti-friction rollers in the forend. All parts drop-forged, accurately machined, highly polished and heat treated. Stock and forend of real black walnut, hand-finished and handsomely checkered by hand.

Made in different gauges, including the .410 bore. Choice of barrel lengths. This gun also comes with Plain Extractor instead of the Automatic Ejector, at a lower price.

*Get your complete Firearms Booklet*

Catalogue "A" illustrates and describes the complete line of Iver Johnson Shot Guns, as well as Iver Johnson "Hammer the Hammer" Revolvers. Free Color Bicycle Catalog "B" also sent if you wish. It shows the entire line of Iver Johnson Bicycles for men, women, boys and girls. Catalog "B" also describes Velocipedes and Juniorcycles for little children.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 453 RIVER ST., FITCHBURG, MASS.
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